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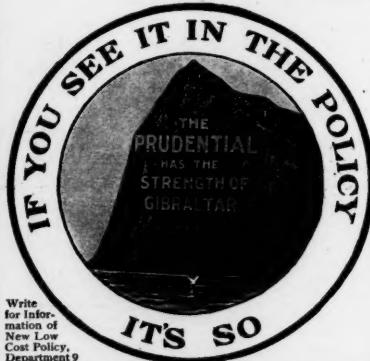
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A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

APRIL

CONTENTS

1908

<b>Theatrical Art Studies</b>		1
Sixteen New Copyright Photographs of Operatic Stars.		
<b>The Long Reckoning</b> —A Novelette	Anne O'Hagan	17
Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald.		
<b>Apples of Gold</b> —Verse	Beth Slater Whitson	64
<b>A New Transcontinental Railway</b>	Cy Warman	65
Illustrated with Photographs.		
<b>Judith: Solver of Mysteries</b> —A Story	Maude Radford Warren	71
I.—Judith Becomes a Financier.		
Illustrated by F. X. Chamberlin.		
<b>The Passing Hour</b>		81
An Illustrated Chronicle of the World's Doings.		
<b>Letters from an American Girl Abroad</b> —II.	Mrs. John Van Vorst	89
Illustrated by Sigurd Schou.		
<b>Ballad of the Boat</b> —Verse	May Kendall	97
<b>What is Worth While in American Music?</b>	Rupert Hughes	98
<b>Bitten Off</b> —A Nautical Ballad	Wallace Irwin	104
Illustrated by Hy. Mayer.		
<b>On Venting One's Spleen</b> —A Sermon	Charles Battell Loomis	106
<b>Lydford Law</b> —A Story	Eden Phillpotts	109
Illustrated by Laura E. Foster.		
<b>The House of the Past</b> —Verse	Ralph D. Nicholls	120
<b>A Belated Blossoming</b> —A Story	Leigh Gordon Giltner	121
Illustrated by C. J. Freeman.		
<b>Retrospection</b> —Verse	Beth Slater Whitson	130
<b>The "Damniliter"</b> —A Story	Holman F. Day	131
Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald.		
<b>The Out-of-Town Girl in New York</b>	Grace Margaret Gould	144
Illustrated by A. M. Cooper.		
<b>The Banking</b> —A Story	Annie Hamilton Donnell	151
Illustrated by L. F. Grant.		
<b>What Makes a Woman Charming?</b>	Florence Augustine	159
Illustrated by Harriet Adair Newcomb.		
<b>What the Editor Has to Say</b>		167

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# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 7

APRIL, 1908

NUMBER 1

SIXTEEN

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OF

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# THE LONG RECKONING

by ANNE O'HAGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

## CHAPTER I.

THE leisurely spring-morning procession through Seventy-second Street, between Riverside Drive and the Park, slowed down as it approached the Hargreaves' house. Horsemen curbed the speed of the beasts, the drivers of high carts lost for a moment the inordinate pride of position which usually keeps their gaze distant; even correct and impassive coachmen permitted an eye to flicker toward the curb, while such humble folk as stray bicyclists and pedestrians were frankly curious and delighted with the sight.

Before the wide house, its windows already blossoming with flower-boxes, the red-bodied tally-ho waited, its four, shining, beautifully matched horses champing and fretting to be gone. The grooms stood alert at the heads of the leaders; a sedate man in livery was actively stowing away hampers and rain-coats in the body of the coach. On the top half a dozen members of the party were already seated. Julie Hargreaves from the seat of honor on the box was complaining in her sprightly fashion, now to the whip, Sir William Barclay, who laughed up at her from

the pavement, now to her sister, Mrs. Sothern, who sat behind her and smiled faintly as she counseled patience.

"Are we a trolley on a single-track in the suburbs, waiting on a switch for another trolley to pass, that's what I'd like to know," she demanded.

She did not wait for a reply—it was one of her characteristics seldom to wait for replies—but swung around again and leaned down to address Sir William.

"Sir William," she called, his attention having momentarily wandered from her piquant face to the nigh-wheeler, "Sir William, I dare you to take the reins and start the picnic without waiting any longer for father and Bob. Dare you!"

"I am afraid of your father, Miss Hargreaves," answered the Englishman, after one sorely tempted glance at the ribbons. The frank look of his brown eyes straight into her blue ones, the slight emphasis on the possessive pronoun called a shadowy flush into Julie's small tantalizing face.

"Pouf!" she exclaimed, with exaggerated airiness. "I'm a much more formidable person myself, and I am getting really angry."

"Save your rage, dear," advised Mrs.

Sothern. "There are father and Robert now."

The door of the house swung wide, and the manufacturer and his son stepped into the morning sunshine, the older man tall, broad, white-haired, fresh-skinned, with shrewd eyes and a kindly mouth—a picture of consciously worthy prosperity, of consciously worthy enjoyment, and of a clear apprehension of merit; the younger man shorter, slighter, with more nervous motions, a paler skin, and more dreamy eyes; the one an upright, self-satisfied man of large affairs, the other a groping idealist.

"Hurrah!" cried Julie, making a trumpet of her small, heavily gloved hands. "Not another moment should we have waited. Genevieve was just about to give the nod of command, Sir William to seize the reins, and McCarthy to wake the echoes."

Her voice was clear above the babel of greetings from the other coachers and the apologies from the belated hosts. But it broke off suddenly as her father reached the coach. Two men had approached him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hargreaves," said one, "but may I delay you a few minutes? I am Toleman, John Toleman from the Works."

At the mention of the Works the party on the coach peered down. Only Genevieve Sothern, after one glance toward the cause of the fresh delay, averted her eyes. She looked ahead into the manifold tender greens of the Park, her brooding gaze brightening after a moment at the glory of spring beneath the wide blue sky. Evidently she wished to be deaf to the conversation on the sidewalk. Julie, on the contrary, was interested and resentful almost to the point of bubbling into speech.

"What is it you wish?" Mr. Hargreaves had asked the speaker.

"Five minutes with you if you can spare the time," said Toleman. His voice was resonant, his bearing assured. The party felt indefinitely the power of his personality.

"I cannot. You see that you are detaining me."

"I see." John Toleman's eyes swept the party of merry-makers without any apparent scorn, and his tones were unironic. Yet the sense of contrasts between the business which he had interrupted and that which he had come to represent stirred at least two of his hearers. Robert Hargreaves urged his father, in a low voice, to hear what Toleman had to say; Genevieve was drawn to look down upon him.

"I see," said Toleman. "But if you can send any message to the effect that the petition given to you ten days ago will meet with even consideration—it might be worth a few minutes' delay."

"I treat all these matters through my superintendent, Mr. Manson, as you know. I can't be bothered in this fashion. Pardon me."

He pushed by Toleman with a decisive air. His son nodded in friendly half-apology to the tall, austere-looking workman and his companion.

"How are you, Toleman?" he said perfunctorily as he swung to the roof of the coach.

Toleman nodded absently in return, then touched his companion on the arm and moved away toward the avenue. Sir William, with a final tug of his gloves, a final flick of the white gardenia that adorned his long driving-coat, a final settling of his beaver-top hat, caught the reins and the whip in one hand, and leaped to his place beside Julie. The champing horses were off; the grooms ran after the moving vehicle and swung themselves aloft; the long mellow notes of the horn sounded on the morning air, and made themselves part of the spring, its light and its color.

"Nine thirty-seven and a half," announced Julie after peering at the coach clock. "Now, let's see what you'll make it in, Sir William. Jack Fraser did it in—what was your record, Jack?"

"Nineteen and a half," boasted one of the men behind her.

They dashed by the two workmen walking toward the Park. John Toleman's hand was raised to his hat as he glanced up and caught Robert's eye.

"Your man seems rather well-bred,

father," remarked Genevieve, noting the action. "And his voice was—"

"If I could hear it somewhat less," interrupted her father, "I think I might appreciate its quality more."

"You certainly did your best to abbreviate its sonorousness this morning," laughed Genevieve.

"Well, I should hope so!" called out the exuberant Julie. "Is this a morning, I should like to know, to listen to an oration on the wrongs of the workingman? McCarthy, do give us 'Garryowen'!"

McCarthy complied. The rollicking measures floated high and clear. They had entered the Park now, and its crowds of morning pleasure-seekers looked around at the sound of the bugle. The drivers of restless horses gathered their reins more closely, bicyclists hugged the sides of the road, nurses and their charges dashed across the carriageways in swift flight to the safety of the foot-paths; the chugging, snorting automobiles seemed to shrink into something approaching a subdued state before the glorious tumult of the prancing horses and the echoing horn. On, on—down through the Park, past bushes of sunbright yellow blossoms and bushes of red stars, past meadow stretches where the sheep were once more nibbling picturesquely on the vivid green grass, past the scurrying pauper squirrels and the important aldermanic robins; on, on with a rattle of harness and exuberant beat of hoofs, with merry blasts from the horn and merrier laughter.

The frown that had darkened Mr. Hargreaves' forehead at the interruption of the two men was smoothed out; the spirit of questioning seemed to leave Robert's too sensitive face; Genevieve's eyes, beneath the violet and black of her hat, grew less somber; Julie's, beneath her roses, grew more brilliant; the guests' spirits seemed to share the general uplifting influences.

As they bowled out of the southeast gate of the Park and into the tangle and glitter of Fifth Avenue, Julie began relating to the whip tales of the prowess of other whips.

"From the north end of the Park," she said, "the north end, One Hundred and Tenth Street, clear to the Holland House—that's Thirtieth Street, you know—Freddy Warburton took the *Pioneer* in seven minutes. It was late afternoon, too, and the Avenue was jammed."

"Don't inflame me to competition," begged Barclay, bringing the great vehicle easily into place between a crush of victorias and cabs on one side and a slow-moving stage on the other. "Remember what you told me of Mrs. Sothern's nerves. I don't want to frighten her on her first outing in so long."

"Poor Genevieve! That's true. She has had a beastly time," declared Julie elegantly.

"How long was it she was ill?"

"Oh, nearly two years. It's a little more than two years now since—since her husband was killed." Julie had lowered her voice. "That was what made it so dreadful. Death is bad, anyway—but murder!" She shuddered.

All the whip's attention for a second seemed riveted upon the turbulent scene below him—the confusion of horses and harness and leather. But he found time for one swift, sympathetic glance at the pretty face beside him.

"Blooming shame," he muttered.

"That's what makes dad so down on the workmen now, you know. Mr. Sothern was his partner. There was some trouble among the workmen—there always is, of course. And they wanted a friendly conference! So poor Francis—that was my brother-in-law—went to meet some of the leaders; and was shot down."

Behind them, the crowd was talking and laughing gaily. Before, the attentive policeman, whose shrill whistle had just forbidden cross-town traffic on Thirty-fourth Street, touched his helmet in salute to Sir William, who raised his whip ceremoniously as the coach rolled on.

"The murderers?" asked Sir William.

"Never caught! It was no one in the conference, for not one of them had a weapon. He was shot through an open

window; it was a warm spring evening. Mr. Manson, the superintendent, came in a few minutes afterward. He had heard the shot and had run in the direction from which he thought it came—but found nothing. Of course, it was some confederate of the men."

"Of course! The brutes! And Mrs. Sothern's ill health dates from then?"

"She had not been well that winter and was at Palm Beach when it happened. We telegraphed non-committally and she came on. But before she reached home she saw it in the papers and the shock nearly killed her. She had brain fever, though they say nowadays that you can't! Anyway, she had a delirious fever for a month, and when she recovered enough to be moved, we went abroad—as of course you know, for you met us then—with Aunt Jessie and two trained nurses, and for twenty months she barely existed. Nervous prostration! It's a cheerful disease. She is just beginning to be herself again. And she has determined to find the murderer! Isn't that a charming life quest? Poor Francis! I suppose I'm a heartless wretch——"

"I hope not!"

"But I should rather let any number of murderers go free," continued Julie, ignoring the gallantry, "rather than devote my days to such a task."

"But if it had been your husband, Miss Hargreaves!" protested Barclay. There was anxiety in his tone; it was patent that he was interested to gage the intensity of emotion which Miss Hargreaves might feel. She blushed a little under his eager gaze.

"But poor Francis was so much older. I don't mean," she went on with hasty loyalty, "that he and Genevieve weren't devoted to each other. But—well—you understand, don't you?"

Sir William seemed to think that he did. He swung the big coach into the side street leading to the ferry. The tenement windows open to the spring air filled immediately with gaping onlookers. Those who lived in the front called loudly to their less favored neighbors to come and see the wonderful sight. The children brought the whip

to the verge of insanity by their joyous sallies from the curbs almost to the horses' hoofs, but their Providence protected them and the trip to the ferry was marred by no more serious mischance than the knocking off of a groom's hat by a well-aimed apple in an advanced stage of ripeness.

Once on the boat, in front of the jam of drays and express-wagons, with the grooms again at the leaders' heads, Sir William permitted himself the luxury of a lax rein and a glance at the crowd behind him on the coach.

"Well, Sir William," began the genial Mr. Hargreaves, "this is a somewhat bigger river than the Thames," waving his hand with a proprietary air toward the Hudson River, alive with water traffic.

Sir William laughed. "It's true enough," he agreed, "that we don't see anything like that near London Bridge." He nodded toward two giant ocean-liners heading, side by side, for the Bay.

"Were you never here before, Sir William?" asked one of the girls in the seat behind the box.

"Oh, yes! About three years ago I came over for some big hunting and didn't stay in the East at all," and he laughed reminiscently. "But I was bigger game myself than any that I brought down."

"What happened?" asked Fraser. "What did you get into in the West?"

"Poker," replied Sir William laconically.

"They do know how to play it out there," said Whipple, another of the men.

"They do, indeed," acknowledged Sir William handsomely. "It was in Bake Oven, Idaho, that I met the past master of the art. He didn't seem a sporty chap, either, but he cleaned me out. Something went to my head, and I found myself putting up everything I owned. That solemn stranger got away my money, my hunting outfit, my very cuff-links. But the thing I minded most was the loss of my pistols."

"Did you need them—socially—in Bake-Oven?" asked Julie.

"No, it wasn't that. But the govern-

or gave them to me the first time I went to India, when I was a young chap, and went over with him. I've always wanted to come up with that chap again, but it's useless to go back to *Bake Oven*, for he was a traveler like myself, and there's no telling where those pistols are now."

"Why don't you advertise for them?" asked one of the girls. "A personal now—"

"You've never been in the true West, Miss Gray," said Sir William. "In casual poker games one doesn't inquire the pedigree of the players; indeed, I never knew my fellow's name."

They all laughed, but Whipple, still anxious for the renown of the Stars and Stripes, broke into the laughter argumentatively.

"Well," he said, "you've got Monte Carlo over there."

"Heavens," cried Julie, swinging about, "are we going to keep on the merits of our respective countries all day? That must be stopped at any cost. Give me the horn, Mr. Fraser."

The obliging Mr. Fraser leaned back to possess himself of the horn and handed it to Julie regardless of the protests of Robert, who warned her that she would frighten the already restive horses, and of the pleas of the rest of the party who begged her to spare their ears.

But Julie was deaf to entreaty and warning. As the boat chugged its way to the opposite shore she puffed her cheeks out grotesquely and blew a shrill volume of discords.

Robert's prophecy was promptly fulfilled. The noise of the machinery and the unexpected blast combined to drive the horses almost over the chain which stretched between the posts. The grooms were swung nearly off their feet by the rearing of the frightened beasts. While Sir William hastily tightened his hold upon the reins, Robert descended from the coach, and went quickly to the horses' heads.

For a second there was a small panic among the passengers at the front of the boat. The screams of the women and the low growls of the men added to

the general confusion. Conscious of the disapproval of their fellow-passengers, and even of her own party, it seemed wise to Miss Hargreaves to defy public opinion to the utmost. She started to raise the horn to her lips again for a second blast. Her pink cheeks were distended, her blue eyes flashing defiance above the brass, when she suddenly felt the horn firmly removed from her grasp. She looked stormily at the whip.

"What do you—" she began.

"Thank you, Sir William," called Genevieve, who had witnessed the performance.

"It really wouldn't do, you know, Miss Hargreaves," declared the Englishman earnestly. "You would frighten them too much, and where would our trip be then?"

"I wasn't thinking of the horses," declared Julie, "but of the foolish mob there. Their screaming made me want to give them something to scream for."

At this moment a short, bent old man pushed his way to the front of the crowd. His thin gray hair fell in longish wisps on each side of his pale, furrowed face. His eyes were blazing. He shook off impatiently the detaining touch of a slender young woman who seemed to have him in charge.

"No, Madeleine, no!" he cried. "You shall not prevent me. It is time these people heard the truth. Their ears are closed to it, their doors are barred to those who speak it, but here, here they are delivered to me."

His strange, half-threatening, half-inspired manner arrested the attention of the coachers as well as of all the crowd. Mr. Hargreaves looked at him keenly.

"Ah!" he said. "It's old Ohls."

"Who is he?" asked Genevieve, gazing half-pityingly at the old man, sympathetically at the girl with him.

"One of the superannuated trouble-breeders at the works," sighed Mr. Hargreaves in a resigned tone. "We keep him because he has been there since my father's day, but—"

"Listen to me," cried the old man shrilly, holding a hand aloft toward the



*The dark figure against the dark hangings by the window escaped her for a second.*

coaching party. "Listen to me, children of idleness, breeders of sin—"

"Oh, father, father, please don't!" begged the girl.

"Are you my daughter?" demanded the old man, turning toward her with sudden fierceness. "Have you seen me grow old and feeble in the service of that man there?" His shaking hand indicated the manufacturer. "Have you seen your brothers and sisters die when

food and care, when money might have saved them? Have you seen your mother fade and fail, pine for the air and the sunshine, pine for mere bread; have you seen her die, to bid me be quiet now?"

"Old Ohls has been a little 'touched' since the death of his wife a few years ago," explained Hargreaves to his guests. "Sorry to make you a scene."

"Coaching!" Ohls' voice went on. "Coaching! Those horses are better housed and better cared for than we, whose labor produces the wealth these people squander. When have you ridden in a coach, my Madeline, you who are more beautiful, more good than any one of those—"

"Oh, come, old chap, draw it mild," interpolated Barclay in an aside.

"Never save when you rode behind the hearses of your dead!"

The crowd of hearers listened to these remarks with varying expressions. Some laughed, some jeered, and some nodded their heads in sympathy. But the flow of eloquence suddenly ceased as the boat-policeman pushed his way forward, apologizing to the coaching party.

"Just heard there was a row now," he explained, laying a heavy hand on the orator's shoulder.

But Robert went forward.

"It's all right, officer," he said. "He's one of our own men—a little eccentric—had a good deal of trouble. We don't want to make any complaint."

"Disturbance on the boat, sir," blustered the policeman. But a judicious transfer from Robert's pocket to his own banished his scruples.

"Thank you." The old man's daughter spoke to Robert. It seemed to him vaguely that her voice, deep and rich, and her grave eyes were of the same quality. He called it to himself a cathedral quality. "My father is not well; he is going over to the works, and I was afraid to let him go alone. He is not generally like this."

"It was nothing," Robert answered. "I remember your father since I was a child. I am sorry for his troubles and yours."

She bowed to terminate the conversation, and tried to draw her father, suddenly stopped in his eloquent flights, to one side. But he looked eagerly at Robert, and held out a hand to detain him. The boat was pulling into the slip. It was no sooner made fast and the gates opened than the impatient horses dashed forward, the grooms running madly to climb to their places.

"You'll have to run for it, Hargreaves," shouted Sir William to the young man as the coach whirled by.

"All right," shouted Robert.

"He'll overtake us at the Works," said Genevieve, anxious to escape the crowd that had witnessed the scene and that still hung about watching the coachers as if they had been visitors from Mars. "We have to stop there, you know, for Mr. Manson."

"And are you Master Robert?" the old man was saying. "I used to know you when you were a little boy, when your grandfather was alive, and lived on the hill above the works. You used to come to visit him. But I wouldn't have known you now."

"I daresay not," said Robert, falling into step with the two as they climbed the road from the slip. "I've been away a good deal since then. I've been studying in your old country, Mr. Ohls."

"Studying!" said the old man. "Did

they teach you the rights of those that work?"

Robert sighed.

"Books are rather vague teachers about that, Mr. Ohls," he said, "but I've come back to learn what I can on that very subject. But tell me, have you any especial grievance?"

"No, no, indeed, we have not, Mr. Hargreaves," interrupted Madeleine quickly. "You know your father respects absolutely your grandfather's rule that employees of more than thirty years shall never be discharged—only pensioned when they are beyond work. And father, ill as he has been and irregular, has not yet been even retired."

"Yes, charity for the wreck," said her father bitterly, "but where is opportunity for the man?"

## CHAPTER II.

The office and factories of the Hargreaves Locomotive Manufacturing Company stand just out of Hoboken, on the flats. They have grown year by year since the day of their founder, the present owner's father, until now the original plant is but the office and the executive headquarters of the business. All about this low building rising, smoke-stained, rectangular structures of brick.

All day long the air vibrates with the awful din of machinery. Every evening the thousands of shutterless windows, staring and harsh like lidless eyes, flash with the yellow glow of the sunset without, or the white radiance of the electric light within. A quarter of a mile beyond, the old Hargreaves house used to stand on an eminence. But it has fallen from its high estate and has been made over into workmen's tenements. Near the office is a little knoll by which a tiny stream trickles slowly. Its banks are the one green spot in the wilderness of brick and smoke and clay.

As the coach drew up here, the horn playing a commanding summons, the door of the office opened and Lloyd Manson appeared. The idlers on the coach looked at him with interest—the man who had won by his own exertions

so commanding a place in the world of manufacture, the favorite and possibly one of the future partners of Hargreaves.

He was a man of medium height, rather broadly built, with a close-featured face. His keen, cold, unfaltering eyes of light grayish-blue were closely set; the jaw that might have been brutal in a less determined face was in his only forceful. The mouth that suggested native coarseness was nevertheless molded into a line of power.

As he walked toward the coach the smile that did not light his face, but only moved his lips, was for every one, but his eyes were at once directed toward Mrs. Sothern. There was a confused medley of greetings, for most of the party had met the superintendent before.

"We'll have to trespass on you, Manson, while we wait for Robert," said Mr. Hargreaves. "He got left at the ferry."

"Delighted, I'm sure. Perhaps the ladies would like to see the works while we wait?"

At the sound of his voice, which was peculiarly hard and level, Sir William turned and looked at him with a sharp, inquiring glance. Julie, observing this, called out: "Why, you two have never met, have you?"

Sir William hesitated, his eyes full upon Manson's strangely familiar, strangely unknown face. But before he could voice the doubt that was in him Manson quickly made the commonplace answer, "No, I've never had the pleasure."

Julie introduced the two, and the party walked toward the office. Only Genevieve seemed reluctant to enter. Manson turned at the door. "Aren't you coming in, Mrs. Sothern?" he asked.

"I—it's so warm, I believe I'll stay outside," she faltered, "but don't let me keep you. The others will want you to explain things."

Manson paused irresolutely, but hearing Mr. Hargreaves asking for him, went inside.

Sir William, looking from the win-

dow of the office, saw the lonely figure of Genevieve. "See," he said to Julie, "Mrs. Sothern is outside alone. Shall I go for her?"

"Oh, the poor dear!" exclaimed Julie. "I forgot. This is the room, you know, where her husband was shot. Of course she won't come in. Indeed I don't know but father has pushed the thing too far in bringing her to this place at all—just to pick up Mr. Manson! We could have got on extremely well without Mr. Manson—the eternal Mr. Manson! Anyway, he might better have met us at the ferry."

As they started to join Genevieve, Robert, with his two charges, approached.

"Now we sha'n't have to wait any longer," cried Julie, running back to where the others were looking at some small models of locomotives.

The customary gravity of Robert's look had deepened. He turned from the pale, thoughtful, reserved woman by his side, with the shadowy depths of sorrow and of mystery in her eyes, to the smartly gowned girls crowding about the coach. The difference of their aspect affected him strongly. Always inclined to despise the more frivolous side of life and to exalt the gloomier, it seemed to him impossible to join any longer that day in the merry-making.

"I won't go with you any farther today," he said abruptly, approaching them. Madeleine and her father, after a perfunctory leave-taking, had made their way toward one of the factory buildings.

"Mettle more attractive here, Bobbie, me boy?" inquired Jack Fraser, who was not renowned in his circle for tact and delicacy. Robert flushed angrily, and Sir William interposed hastily.

"Fraser, the next stretch is yours, if you'll take them," he said, offering the ribbons. "Miss Hargreaves was inclined to criticize me and quoted your record every half-mile."

Fraser brightened with pleasure, and Julie, who had lost neither his stupid reference to Madeleine nor Robert's angry look, shot an amused, half-grateful,

half-apprehensive look at Sir William. Fraser mounted beside her, and in a few minutes all the party was reassembled, Barclay with the elder Hargreaves on the seat behind Manson and Genevieve.

It was not without premeditation that the Englishman had chosen this station. Manson's face and voice haunted him with a persistent sense of acquaintance which he could neither place nor explain. It was contrary to his healthy British nature to harbor mysteries. He wished to study the superintendent at closer range and to remove him from the category of puzzles.

They were out among the blossoming trees and the green-bowered farm-houses, the hoofs were clattering, the horn blowing spasmodically, and talk and laughter bandying back and forth again, when under cover of the gay noises he said to Mr. Hargreaves:

"Interesting looking man, that Manson."

"Interesting!" exclaimed Hargreaves enthusiastically. "He's a wonder. I look to see him the largest labor controller in the United States in time. His power with the men is tremendous, his grasp of business amazing."

"I shouldn't have thought him popular," said Sir William musingly.

"I don't know about his popularity, but he understands every man jack of them and he dominates them. They're afraid of him, the most reckless of them. He understands them all—roisterers, drunkards, agitators, weaklings and all. It's a marvel, for it's pure intellect, not sympathy or experience that makes him understand."

"Is it, indeed?" said Sir William. "Now, he looks to me like a man of strong appetites and passions."

"Not at all! Nonsense!" blustered Mr. Hargreaves. "He's pure mental force, that's what he is—a man of steel and iron. You couldn't tempt him to any weakness. He's a tremendous intellectual machine—accurate, systematic, oh, a wonderful man."

"Married?" inquired Sir William laconically. There was a gleam in his brown eyes as he asked the question, for Manson's attitude as he leaned to-

ward Genevieve was unmistakably that of the anxious lover.

"Married? No!" exclaimed the manufacturer. He did not catch the direction of Sir William's glance, and he said sagely: "He's one of the men to whom women are absolutely nothing. I don't believe he ever had an emotion concerning one in his life."

Genevieve's attitude was not particularly receptive. She was still agitated from the feelings that had surged in her at the sight of the place where her husband was killed. She wished that she could be alone with her recollections and the self-reproachings that visited her when she thought of him. Now that he was dead she admitted that she had not been an ideal wife. She had been dutiful rather than loving, and that knowledge stung her. She only half-listened to what Lloyd Manson was saying to her.

"What is it?" he suddenly asked. "You aren't hearing me, you aren't looking at the cherry trees that the rest are raving over. What is it? Where are your thoughts?"

She turned her sad eyes upon him. "My thoughts are in that office of yours," she said simply.

"Of mine!" A half-bewildered, half-hopeful look struggled on Manson's face.

"Yes. I am thinking of what happened there that spring night two years ago. I am always thinking of that."

The light suddenly passed from his face, leaving it very grave.

"Oh, that—" he said.

"Yes. Mr. Manson," she went on with sudden earnestness, speaking as though impelled by some force from without, "I must find my husband's murderer. To-day has taught me that I cannot be at peace until I do."

No one who heard the drawn, lifeless voice in which he answered her could doubt that love and jealousy struggled in the man's heart.

"You may count upon my help to the utmost," he said. "I have always thought that even for our own sakes we should have continued the search even after the authorities gave it up. And

now—since you feel as you do—count on my assistance!"

### CHAPTER III.

Madeleine moved lightly about the sitting-room, which was also the dining-room and kitchen of the small tenement on Orchard Street where the Ohls lived.

Beside the dining-table, which she had cleared of the supper dishes, her father sat, pretending to read a German paper, but in reality watching her with a patient wistfulness. Sometimes he glanced toward the crayon portrait of his wife that hung above the mantel. It was not a beautiful picture; that of a worn, tired, middle-aged woman made blank and expressionless by the heavy hand of the East Side artist. But he looked at it with a sort of fierce tenderness. Madeleine had put the last of the dishes in the white-curtained closet in the corner before her father spoke.

"Madeleine," he said, "why is it that you never sing now when you work?"

She started guiltily and a flush dyed her pale face.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed. "Do I never sing now?"

"No, not for a long time; not since your mother died, and she has been dead more than two years."

Madeleine looked at him and her eyes filled.

"I didn't realize that," she faltered. "I'm a bad daughter to go about the house so gloomily."

"You must not say that even in jest," her father answered angrily. "You are the best of daughters. There is no one, not the richest man on earth, not the greatest manufacturer that oppresses the poor, that kills wives and stops the song on young girls' lips, who can boast a daughter to compare with you, my Madeleine."

She smiled and shook her head.

"You think that because you are such a doting old father. I'm not such a good girl as you imagine."

"You are," said the old man testily, "and that's why I want you to be happy. I want to see you happy, I want to hear you sing. Surely you do not think it

would please your mother to know that since she died you have never sung about the house?"

"Oh, father," she moaned, "it isn't that."

"Well, what then? Of course you are poor, my child, but you always were poor even when you sang most joyously. If it is not grief for your mother that has changed you so, what is it?"

She looked at him with her soul trembling upon her lips for a second, but the sight of his bent figure and drawn old face seemed to change her half-formed purpose.

"Oh, it is nothing," she answered. "It's only that I've grown older." She took her hat from behind the door and pinned it to her thick brown braids.

"It's the evening for the English class at the settlement," she said.

"Settlements! Sops! If they gave us our rights, our chances to be men and women and to educate ourselves, we wouldn't need their settlements."

"Perhaps not. But anyway, it's my night for English there, and I must go. Will you come for me as usual?"

He nodded and buried himself again in his Socialistic sheet as the door closed behind her.

As Madeleine made her way down the narrow hall and stairs and out into the teeming streets, she thought of what he had been saying to her.

"Oh, if we could only be honest with each other!" she murmured passionately.

Twilight still lingered, though the street lamps flared. The dusk was thick, the air heavy with noises. Push-carts, with flaming torches to light their multitudinous wares, blocked the middle of the road. Here stout women in wrappers haggled over the price of shining tinware; there men, bearded and bent, fought to bring down the cost of suspenders another cent or two. Young girls, their arms about each other's waists, walked up and down the side-walks. A hand-organ at the corner ground out shrill tunes, and half a hundred children danced elfinlike in the middle of the street. In the doorways

mothers nursed their babies and exchanged the neighborhood gossip.

Madeleine made her way swiftly through the crowds and confusion, stopping now and then to speak to a neighbor. All greeted her respectfully. They all knew her devotion to her father and the education she had managed to acquire in the face of difficulties, and however little they might feel like emulating her, they paid her tribute.

As she threaded her way along, her mind was busy with a different scene. It was Genevieve Sothern's face that haunted her—that face so gentle and so proud, stamped with the look of unrest.

She saw again the deep violet eyes that took no note of the beauty of the day; she saw again the red lips whose smiles were merely courtesies; she saw the delicate curve of the cheek, the graceful line of the neck. A woman to be adored, to be cherished, this one was. And yet Madeleine felt that beneath the softness, behind the grace, there was some inflexible purpose, some sad, grim determination.

"Perhaps," she said to herself and shuddered, "she has come home to find the slayer of her husband. Oh, heaven forbid!"

"Ah, there, sweetie! In a hurry this evening?" A voice broke in upon her meditations. She jumped back, unnerved. A flashily dressed young man lurched toward her.

"Ah, come, don't put on airs," he said as she drew herself up.

"Let me pass," she said as he blocked the path.

For answer he put his hand upon her arm.

"We've got to be pals, you an' me," he announced. "I work out at your old man's place. I saw you the other day when you come marchin' up with the young boss. Don't let that set you up so. Come on, I'll show you a good time."

"Let me go," said Madeleine fiercely, wrenching her arm free. She did not wish to cry aloud, to make a scene. And in that mob scenes were not of too much importance at best. The passing populace generally inclined to the be-

lief that two disputants could best settle their own affairs.

"Oh, I'm not high enough game for you, my pretty," sneered the man.

At that instant, as Madeleine struggled to free herself, a firm hand was inserted behind the roisterer's collar. He was hurled swiftly toward the curb, and Robert Hargreaves turned to Madeleine.

"That creature was annoying you, Miss Ohls," he said. "Permit me to walk with you as far as you may be going."

"Oh!" cried Madeleine, unstrung by the ugly experience. "Oh, how glad, how glad I am to see you."

"How glad I am to be of any use," answered Robert.

"Ah, ha, so this is your game, is it?" growled the voice of Madeleine's persecutor, who had recovered from his surprise, and had made his way after them from the gutter.

They were in front of the Settlement House, and Robert hastily piloted Madeleine toward the entrance.

"Stay here a minute, Miss Ohls," he said, "until I settle that beast."

He waited for no answer, but as the swinging doors closed upon her, turned to the sidewalk again. But nowhere could he see the bully. A policeman swung his club beneath the lamp-post at the corner; some children clustered about the settlement steps, but the towering figure of Madeleine's persecutor was not visible.

"Oh, well," said Robert to himself, "he evidently wasn't looking for trouble after all. I thought he was a regular ugly customer, but he got enough soon."

He entered the vestibule again. Madeleine's pale face gleamed excitedly upon him.

"Oh," she cried, "you didn't hurt him, did you?"

Robert, subtly flattered by the suggestion that his moderate strength could so swiftly have prevailed over the brawn of the big fellow, laughed.

"He's disappeared," he answered, "and to tell you the truth, I'm not sorry. He could have done me up. Now, where may I take you?"

"Oh, I was coming here. I come to Miss Kellogg's class in literature Thursday evenings."

"That's a coincidence. I'm living here for a while. Mr. Stanton, the head, is an old classmate of mine, and he has interested me enormously in the work. It seems good to see conditions at first-hand, and I need to, if I am going to take hold of my father's business."

An admiring, almost reverential, look crossed Madeleine's face. Louis Ohls' teachings and her own thinking had made her very receptive to the notion of a new order of relations between employer and employees, but she had never before met one of the employing class who seemed to share the feeling.

"Ah," she said gently and earnestly, "how much you can do! But speaking of the Works, do you know, that man—the one who was bothering me—said that he came from the factory?"

"If that is so," said Robert, "he'll have no chance to say it again after tomorrow. But may I not take you home after your class?"

The glow faded from Madeleine's face. Her eyes, that had been warm with friendliness and interest for a minute, grew cold, almost frightened.

"Oh, no, thank you," she said curtly. "My father always calls for me."

Repulsed but not daunted, Robert hurried on.

"Oh, your father!" he exclaimed. "He can tell me so much that I want to know about labor conditions, he has made such a study of them, and he has actually experienced them. I want to talk to him a lot. When am I most likely to find him at home?"

The expression on Madeleine's face deepened to actual terror. Her gray eyes were wide and hunted.

"No, no!" she cried breathlessly. "You mustn't, you shall not."

And before the amazed Robert had recovered himself enough even to protest or ejaculate, she had turned and was hurrying toward her class.

"No, no," she repeated as she went. "He must not come, he must not question. Not her brother."

Again the face of Genevieve Sothern, pale beneath the black of her hat, stamped with the look of sad determination, rose before her.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Tush, tush," said Mr. Hargreaves peevishly to his son one night a week later. "Manson knows what he's about. I can't be bothered with these details. It's absurd. Your notion of a pleasant personal relation between a capitalist and his men seems to be that he should spend his time administering paregoric to their sick babies, and teaching them to eat with their forks."

"Nonsense, father," interrupted Robert.

"A lot of business you'd get through in a day!" his father went on. "If Manson says the fellow is all right I shall not interfere with him, and you must not. The agitators have gotten us into a pickle over there, anyway, and no one but Manson can pull us out. So, my son, don't monkey with the man behind the gun."

Robert flushed angrily. At times he had the supersensitive, impractical man's jealousy of his own dignity.

"You don't seem to understand," he said frigidly, "that I am making this a personal matter. It seems a little odd that I haven't influence enough to discharge one man from my father's employ."

The elder Hargreaves smiled cynically as he snapped his cigar-cutter.

"You'd better see the union about that doctrine," he said. "But unions aside, Manson is the last court of appeal at the works. Who is the fellow, anyway, and what has he done?"

"I find that he is known as Lon Davis, and he has been employed in the rolling-room for about a year. He is an inefficient malcontent and firebrand."

"There are a great many of those," said his father philosophically. "I don't suppose it was on those general grounds that you wanted him let out?"

Robert looked uncomfortable and studied the toe of his boot for a minute. Then he spoke with a formal air.

"He very grossly insulted a young woman—the daughter of one of the older employees—in the streets the other night. I happened to be a witness of the outrage."

"Really, Bob, you are a little too absurd," his father interrupted. "We can't interfere in the amours of the daughters of our men."

"The young lady in question," began Robert in a furiously polite tone, his eyes blazing directly upon his father, and his embarrassment wholly gone, "was, as I have taken the trouble to state, grossly insulted by a ruffian in the street."

The older man settled his glasses more firmly upon his nose and looked critically at Robert.

"Ah!" he said. "And do you know the young lady in question, as you call the young person?"

"I have that honor."

"And who is she?"

"She is Miss Ohls, the daughter of the old man, Louis Ohls."

"Ah, yes, the young lady on the ferry-boat to whom you played knight-errant the day of our run to Tuxedo, and for whose sake, I now recall, you gave up the trip."

"You are confusing your recollections with your speculations," said Robert angrily.

"At any rate," answered his father, controlling his temper by a masterly effort and speaking conversationally, "I'm quite clear as to my intentions. I shall do nothing whatever about this same Lon Davis, and I wish you to understand that I will not countenance any entanglement of yours with that young woman. And while we are about it, I have a few remarks to make about your conduct in general since you came home from Germany last October. You have shown yourself very prolific of impossible theories, and that's all. The place for you to learn something about labor and capital is at Manson's knee, and not mooning around with a lot of other impracticable faddists at a settlement. I have promised to let you have your own way for a year more, but, by the Lord Harry, sir, a year ends it, and if you

get yourself mixed up in any disreputable liaison in the meantime——"

"You have said quite enough," interrupted his son hotly, "and I have something to say to you in reply."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the butler, whose knocks had not been heard, "there's a"—he hesitated for the proper word—"there a party wishes to speak to you."

"Well, who is he, and what does he want?" demanded Mr. Hargreaves.

"His name, sir, he says is Toleman, and he comes from the Works."

"I'll not see him. He knows perfectly well I'll not see him."

As the butler turned toward the door again, Robert said hastily: "Wait a minute, father."

In a flash he saw that he was imperiling the cause for which he had claimed to stand, the cause of a more direct and more humane dealing between the workmen and their employers. The quick temper that he had inherited from his father was likely to wreck his ambition. The anger that had held him in its power vanished before this saner mood, and he approached his father half-smiling an apology.

"I say, dad, don't let your anger at me keep you from seeing him. Little as I've been at the Works, and insignificant as you think my knowledge of them, I've noticed that Toleman controls the better element among the men. He's really a power, and you will have to reckon with him some day. Manson's mistake is that he can't appreciate that. Do see him, do listen to him. It will do more to avert trouble than all of Manson's system."

Mollified and a little flattered, Mr. Hargreaves turned to the butler.

"Well, show him in." And then to Robert: "It can only be for a few minutes, as Genevieve and I are to meet your Aunt Jessie and Julie, with Barclay and some others, at Sherry's for dinner. Aren't you coming?"

"No, thank you," answered Robert, "I have an engagement this evening."

"Mr. Toleman, sir," announced Jenkins, the butler.

John entered the great room with the

air of quiet assurance that was characteristic of him. The unaccustomed magnificence of the surroundings in no way dwarfed him. Mr. Hargreaves was a tall man, but John's eyes met his on a level. He was lean and muscular as an athlete, and a momentary pang of resentment shot through the manufacturer's heart at the sight of him—a better built man than his own son!

His features were forceful rather than merely handsome—the gray eyes set wide and deep, the firm lips almost a straight line. But that the earnestness, even the austerity, of his face could relax was quickly manifest when he saw Robert. The smile with which he answered the young man's greeting illumined his whole person. It was a smile of singularly winning sweetness. Seeing it, Mr. Hargreaves understood Robert's admiration for the man and dimly felt that the influence ascribed to him was not a mere exaggeration.

"Well, Mr. Toleman?" said Mr. Hargreaves, a note of impatience in his voice in spite of his intention to please Robert.

"Mr. Hargreaves," began the workman, "I've been delegated to get speech with you and to ask if you gave your personal consideration to the petition sent you three weeks ago?"

"Petition? What petition?"

"The statement of the conditions prevailing in your Hoboken works; did you not receive it?" questioned John. "The reply through Mr. Manson was so unsatisfactory that we wished to be sure that it was your position before taking further steps."

"Ah, a threat, Mr. Toleman?" said Hargreaves blandly.

"A statement merely," answered John coldly. His calmness, his quiet dignity irritated the always irascible capitalist.

"Whatever you may call it," he replied, "I don't care to be browbeaten in this fashion. Mr. Manson is in full charge of the matter. He represents me entirely. Whatever he has said on the whole subject, is said for me. I don't enjoy this intrusion upon my privacy, nor do you, Mr. Toleman, improve your standing by it."

"I am not here, Mr. Hargreaves," said Toleman quietly, "to stand upon any question of personal dignity. I am here solely to beg your individual attention to matters in the business of which you are supposed to be the head. However, since you tell me that Mr. Manson acts for you and acts to your satisfaction, the only thing I can do is to report this to those who sent me."

"Quite so. You have grasped the idea," said Hargreaves.

"I am to tell them that Manson was speaking with your approbation when he said that the question of a ten per cent. increase of wages could not be considered. You understand, Mr. Hargreaves, that the average rate of payment in your works is ten dollars a week; that this is the sum on which whole families have to be brought up."

"I have heard all this many times before, Mr. Toleman," interrupted the manufacturer.

"But you have not heard many times before that the men are desperate; that the long hours, the low wages, the terrible strain of the work, the enormous increase in living expenses, have driven them to the point where they will bear no more. If you will not consider their demands and confer with their leaders, they will go out on strike. At the worst, it is only a question of choosing between quick starvation and slow."

"Mr. Toleman," said the manufacturer, with a grim suavity, "no member of the company of which I am the head has forgotten the last conference with your leaders which one of us attended."

John Toleman's lips grew a little ashy at this reference to the murdered partner, but his eyes never flinched. He was about to speak when the door behind them opened and Genevieve Sothern entered the room.

The eyes of all the men were turned upon her, but she saw only her father before the fireplace, and Robert by the great library table. The dark figure against the dark hangings by the window escaped her for a second, and she laughed as she said:

"What a pair of owls! What have

you been saying to father, Bob? Don't keep him any longer. I—"

But something in the tense atmosphere of the room and in the set faces of the two men whom she saw stopped her. She turned slowly, as if impelled by a strange fascination, to the corner out of which John Toleman's eyes burned into her own. Breathless, questioning, she looked at him, and it seemed to her that the gaze had lasted whole eons before the silence was broken.

Instinctively, in a flash, she knew that they had been speaking of the tragedy that had darkened her life. A question faltered on her lips, but before it could be voiced her father came forward and drawing her arm through his, led her from the room. Robert turned deprecatingly toward Toleman.

"No good this time, I'm afraid, old man," he began, but John seemed scarcely to hear him. He looked toward the door through which Genevieve had passed; and half-incoherently answering, he also left the room.

The straight, slender, black-gowned figure seemed to float before him. The mission upon which he had come grew dim; the looks of the women old before their time, the hungry eyes of the little children, the pitiful bent figures of the old men—all the cause for which he had labored and to which he was pledged—faded for the moment, and he was thrall to the beautiful proud face that had stirred him as no face ever had before.

#### CHAPTER V.

All the evening Genevieve had been unable to free herself from the strange



*"Leave women alone while you're on my job," he snapped. "I don't want gabbling."*

agitation that had taken possession of her when she saw John Toleman in her father's library.

At the dinner at Sherry's the others had rallied her about her preoccupation, and she had received their sallies with a blush almost painful in its embarrassment. The quick-eyed Julie had noticed and, in her own mind, commented upon the difference between this acute absorption and that languid variety to which she was accustomed in her sister. It was not the sad, half-reproachful attitude which she had so long and so vainly tried to overcome in Genevieve, but the almost girlish reverie of one who is living again a moment of deep feeling, who is recalling a moment's thrill.

At times her eyes would brighten and glow with a brilliancy long a stranger to them, her laugh would chime out, melodious and merry, as in the days of her forgotten girlhood. Her jests and her witticisms would sparkle fascinatingly. Then the look of aloofness would come upon her again, and the

lovely eyes would be veiled with a soft mist through which they seemed to be seeking some distant object.

"Were you home this afternoon, father?" asked Julie, in the confusion that attended their entrance into their box at the opera. "Were there any callers?"

"Robert looked in for a few minutes, that's all." He frowned a little, remembering Toleman's interview, but never thought to mention him as a caller to his daughter.

Julie meditated, her birdlike head inclined to one side, her bright eyes on her sister.

"How much more like herself Genevieve is to-night! I believe the experiment will be a success, once we get her going in her old activities."

"Yes, I'm glad she seems to be getting out of the morbid state she's been in so long. Poor girl, it was a terrible thing, but still she is a young woman yet. There ought to be some real happiness in store for her."

Julie nodded sagely as she took her place in the front of the box.

It was a brilliant scene—the last night of the supplementary season and a complimentary performance for the German grand duke who was making a semi-official visit to the country. Every box in the horseshoe blazed with jewels, and in the visitors', at the center of the curve, brilliant uniforms added an unusual bit of color. Bare shoulders gleamed, soft colors shimmered, and lights played iridescently upon gems worth the duke's little duchy. Even in the galleries there was more of life and color than usual. The rails were hung with American Beauties; the flags of the two countries were entwined wherever there was space. The orders and the ribbons of distinguished foreigners flashed among the black-and-white background that the men made in the back of the boxes.

Genevieve, after the involuntary tribute of an exclamation, was silent, as very few others in the great house were. For them, almost unheeded the orchestra rose and fell, the voices of the singers rose high or sank. Their eyes were

all for the grand duke's box, their chatter all about him.

But Genevieve seized upon the music as a pretext for silent, throbbing thought. It accompanied and intensified her mood—the lovely measures of that most beautiful and mysterious of operas, "Lohengrin." She saw again the dark background in her father's library against which had suddenly appeared to her vision the earnest face, the magnetic, commanding gaze of John Toleman. When she had entered the room it was the fact that they had been speaking of her and of her sorrow that had forced itself upon her nerves; but what she remembered now was only the message of his compelling eyes to her.

"A wonderful scene, isn't it, Mrs. Sothorn?" broke in the voice of Lloyd Manson upon her meditation. She started. For the first time she was conscious of an active distaste for him.

"Oh, very," she answered. Manson's gaze rested jealously upon her. He was puzzled at the subtle change in her manner. He had marked the party from the floor and had been half-annoyed that he had not been included in it. He was not jealous of Barclay or of Fraser or of any of the men who belonged to the set, but he felt the self-made man's intuitive resentment of the attitude of those born to all the pleasures that he had to labor hard to achieve.

He made his courtesies to the party and was about to leave the box as the curtain went up on the second act, when Mr. Hargreaves stopped him.

"Oh, just a moment, Manson," he said. "Are you alone? Yes? Then can you give up this act? I want to talk to you. We'll walk in the foyer. That man Toleman," he added as they brushed their way out, "invaded the house this afternoon."

Julie, overhearing, flashed a sudden look full of question at her sister. Genevieve, after the brief perfunctory animation of the entr'acte, had relapsed into her reverie. Julie stared at her, puzzled. Then, with a quick little movement of disbelief, she shook off the suspicion that had assailed her. She leaned back toward Sir William.

"Had it ever occurred to you," she began solemnly, "that I was losing my head?"

"I've been so much more interested," he said, "in your disposal of your heart. But why do you ask?"

But Julie, disdaining to reply, pretended to give her whole attention to the opera.

Meantime in the foyer the two men walked and talked.

"That fellow Toleman came to the house this afternoon with what I take to be an ultimatum," began Hargreaves. "Was it a bluff, or has the trouble really been allowed to reach this point?"

His manner was not conciliatory, and Manson flushed angrily at the tone of his employer. He controlled his wrath, however, as he controlled most of his emotions.

"I don't think I understand you," he answered. "Do you mean that you gave Toleman an audience?"

"Scarcely that, but—er—Robert persuaded me to hear him; he had come to the house."

Manson shook his head ominously.

"Better keep amateurs out of it just now," he said. "It will take experienced hands to pull us through smoothly, as I have already told you."

"Oh, Robert ventured no advice," answered Hargreaves. "He merely persuaded me to see Toleman."

"Ah, but that was the great mistake. Now if you don't grant their absurd demands—"

"Are they so absurd?" said Hargreaves musingly.

"And in justice to your associates and your shareholders you certainly cannot comply," Manson went on evenly and as though he had not been interrupted. "If you don't grant their demands now that they have gotten to you, they'll blame you, not me. As long as we kept them from you, they were much less likely to take any final step. I'm very sorry that you saw him."

"But are they on the point of a strike? That's what I want to know. With those orders from the South African and West Coast railroads, and the Siberian companies giving us more work

than we can fill, a strike would be disastrous."

"I hardly think it will come to that," said Manson thoughtfully. "I know our men pretty well. They realize that they are working for the fairest and most considerate of employers. Of course they try to impose on you—but they know on which side their bread is buttered. They won't strike; they'll give up even threatening once they understand that it's wasted effort. As for that fellow Toleman—"

"He seemed rather a superior sort," Hargreaves broke in, "and Robert tells me that he is a power among the men."

"A power!" Manson laughed shortly. "I shouldn't call him that. He has a following, to be sure, and he has tried to stiffen it against me. Of course, I'm the visible enemy to the malcontents. And as I am a mere employee they are always hoping to see me deposed."

"You're more likely to be deposing me," laughed Hargreaves.

"No fear of that! And as to the rest, it's really not a time for dilettante socialists, Mr. Hargreaves. Of course Robert is your son and heir, and perhaps the future head of the concern. But by that time he will have learned that soothing syrup is not what is needed to keep the wheels of manufacture oiled! And just now—under the influence which he is—"

"You mean the settlement nonsense?"

"Partly that, and the university abstractions and the German philosophy—but especially under the Ohls girl's—and she—"

"I beg your pardon, Manson, but I think your implication does Robert some discredit."

"I imply nothing discreditable at all—unless a quixotic democracy is discreditable. I am quite sure that Robert is incapable of trifling with the girl's feelings—a blamed sight too incapable, if you'll pardon my brutality."

"I doubt if there's any acquaintance between them which warrants our talk," said Hargreaves, with what his daughter Julie called his "air."

"Perhaps you are right." Manson

was nettled by the "air," as he always was. "But seeing them here to-night, together——"

"What?" thundered the father.

"Didn't you know it?" The superintendent feigned surprise. "They're in the dress-circle."

They paced the foyer in silence—a fuming silence on the part of one, an anxious silence on the part of the other. After all, Manson did not desire to inflame his chief to too violent a rage that evening.

"Well"—the older man spoke finally, as though to clear his chest of oppression—"it's only more of his theory, I suppose. But I shall speak to him seriously on the subject. He wouldn't care to submit the girl to unpleasant talk, if I understand him at all—which I sometimes think I don't. The young people are growing beyond me, Manson. They're as incomprehensible as the workmen."

"Mrs. Sothern seems to have improved in health vastly," ventured Manson, seizing upon the slight chance to speak her name.

"Yes, poor girl! It was a grim experience for her. She was always an emotional being, and it did knock her out completely. I hope that the future will hold some compensation for her. Sometimes I think that the match was not the best in the world for her—though Heaven knows I didn't when I suggested her acceptance of Sothern's offer. But he was forty—and she only twenty—I don't know. Perhaps the seeds of that melancholy and languor which developed so after his murder were sown in the marriage itself! And that's pretty subtle reasoning for an old-school manufacturer, Manson!—Shall we go back to the box?"

"One moment." Manson was paler than his wont. "But your speaking as you do of Mrs. Sothern leads me—I don't know how to go about this, Mr. Hargreaves, but I must say it. To-night—something about her to-night—hastens me——"

"About my daughter, Genevieve?"

"Yes. Well, there's no use beating about the bush. Would you object to

my presenting myself, in the future, as a suitor for her?"

"You—you are—you care——"

"I love her devotedly. I have loved her for years—when it was hopeless, when it was impossible. Now, all that I want is the knowledge that you won't oppose me?"

"Oh," said Genevieve's father evasively, "she's wrapped up in her grief."

"Don't you wish for some healthy interest, some healthy emotion, to replace it?"

But Mr. Hargreaves could never control his irritability for long.

"Hang it, Manson!" he burst forth. "This is an unfair advantage you take of me. You make yourself invaluable, indispensable to my business, and then, at a crisis in it, you come to me with—this. I have nothing to do with the matter, anyway. Genevieve's her own mistress, and she holds her own property. But as far as I am concerned——" He looked at his superintendent, and could not quite bring himself to say how little to the satisfaction of his pride such an alliance would be. "As far as I am concerned," he finished more mildly, "I don't think you choose a fair moment for making the proposition."

"I admit that I have wronged myself by speaking here and now," said Manson. "As for the threatened strike—I haven't given it any consideration except just now with you. But since you find a taint of bargaining in me, let us consider this talk blotted out. I'll put the works in such a position that I'll not be indispensable any longer—in a position where Robert or old Ohls himself couldn't run them disadvantageously—and then, when we're not agent and owner, I'll put the question again."

"You misunderstand me——" began Hargreaves, hating to be suspected of snobbery. Was he not one of the most fervent advocates of democracy in the Better Element Club?

"Well, perhaps. But, anyway, I'll get after this muddle before it grows any worse. Good night!"

He nodded and was gone. Hargreaves looked after him with an expression in which anger and admiration

were blent. But he gave voice to none of his opinions as he rejoined the party in the box. Once or twice he scrutinized Genevieve earnestly. Once or twice he frowned, thinking of Robert in the dress-circle.

Perhaps, after all, though no one knew whose Manson's forbears were, though he did not have a great fortune except potentially—perhaps, after all, the Works that old Robert Hargreaves had inherited from his father would be safer so, than in any other keeping to which he could leave them.

## CHAPTER VI.

Where the tenements lurch down toward the wharves and warehouses of the East River, those initiated in the rough evil of the city know Jake's Hole. It is so near the water that sometimes the tarry odors of shipping and the salty breath of the winds from the Bay almost overcome the stale smells of spilled beer and whisky, the heavy fumes of tobacco and the more offensive aroma of unclean humanity which make up the normal atmosphere of the place. It is near enough to the river to be a convenient spot for sailors upon shore leave to spend their wages; and consequently it is near enough to be of use, now and then, to sailing-masters whose crews are short-handed.

As an impresser of unwilling seamen Jake enjoyed almost as deserved a renown as he did in his capacity of ex-gang leader. Only age and the heavy habit of body with which indulgence in liquors had afflicted him, had removed him from the active list of gang men. But the signal service he had rendered in his prime to certain election leaders in close and hotly contested campaigns bore its reward in the evening of his days; although his Hole, as its patrons called it with the bravado of young toughs, was well known to be a thoroughly evil resort where deeds of violence were planned and executed. Jake enjoyed immunity from punishment. And indeed he could still marshal out a formidable body of rowdies

when the political needs of his party required it, though he could no longer lead them. And a less famous gang than his own of his palmy days made his resort their headquarters.

It was to this pleasant spot that Lloyd Manson journeyed after leaving the opera-house. He went by street-cars, modestly, thriftily; and, considering his destination, wisely, abjuring cabs. There was a frown of deep thought upon his forehead as he rode, and his lips were rather thinner and grimmer than usual.

Jake, like a vast, gray spider, stood behind his bar. He greeted Manson with the nod of familiar recognition, and with none of the deference or of the resentment which so splendid a figure as Lloyd's is mistakenly expected to command in such a place. Jake had dealings with all sorts and conditions of men, and could see any sort of garments quite unmoved. Lloyd did not even pretend any convivial errand. In reply to the dive-keeper's query, he announced that he was "taking nothing" that evening, and demanded shortly to know if Lon Davis had arrived. Jake replied succinctly that that worthy had been present for some time, and that, failing to find Mr. Manson immediately, he had comforted himself temporarily with a "skoit," as Jake designated his female patrons.

"He's dancin' wit' her now in de hall," he added. "He'll come down. I'll send word."

Manson nodded and retreated to a back room where there were a few tables and chairs. It had no other occupants, the dance-hall above the saloon being the more popular resort. And in a few minutes to him, as he brooded in the dingy light of the malodorous den, swaggered in Lon Davis. Manson scowled upon his tool.

"Leave women alone while you're on my job," he snapped. "I don't want gabbling."

"If you've got any kick comin'—" began Davis belligerently.

"I haven't. But I want to guard against having one. That's all. You understand me well enough. Well, get

down to business. "What's the good news from your precious union?"

"Am I to talk dry?"

Manson impatiently sounded the small gong-bell on the table. Jake himself shambled in for the order. When it was placed before him and he had refreshed himself with a long drink, he began.

"Well, we ain't goin' to declare no strike this week."

"Why not?" Manson's voice and manner were harsh.

"Why not? Because the young man has been talkin' to Toleman an' holdin' out hopes of all sorts of a good time comin'."

"But the young man—the young fool, Robert—isn't even in the business. He may never be. He probably never will be."

"Well, he's been givin' Toleman a song an' dance that Toleman thinks there's somethin' in. He—the young jackass—says that he'll be in the biz in a year, that he's all for a new order of things, that there's to be some damned kind of cooperative game, if only the men will hold off from makin' trouble now. He hands out a fancy pipe-dream about his dad's bein' an old-schooler who's only waitin' for the illuminatin' ray of modern somethin'; says the old boy ain't a bad sort, only uninstructed—that's what Toleman says he says—an' that he, Bobbie-boy, will take on the job of instructin' him, if only the boys won't complicate the lessons at present. An' so, at Toleman's say-so, the strike is deferred."

"You're a valuable ally, Davis," said Manson, with concentrated anger. "You allowed this to happen?"

"Allowed hell!" retorted Davis, with prompt independence. "I up an' made the laborin'-man—the pore-deluded-laborin'-man speech of my life! I told them how, even allowin' Toleman was straight an' wasn't on the side with the Hargreaves gang—an' some of them are thinkin' of that now—how even then he was a pretty soft proposition to be fooled by the guff of the young feller. It was plain as the nose on your face, I told the meetin', that young Robert was

the company's tool. He was the soft-soaper. He was to make all the half-promises to keep us quiet, until they had a fresh lot in from Chicago to take our places—an' then we could go an' whistle for our cooperation. I made John tell exactly what satisfaction he got from the old man. That was the next thing to a bootin' out of the door, an' he had to admit it. An' then I asked the meetin' to consider that it was only the youngster, who hadn't any authority, who was talkin' the dove of peace; the old one was just the same old sixpence as ever. But Toleman had 'em that time. They voted to back him up. No strike yet."

Manson leaned across the table, his face hard in the glare of light from the unshaded gas-jet on the side wall. Above their heads the shuffling sound of dancing feet and the harsh tinkle of the dance-music sounded.

"See here," he said. "You know what I want. You know your orders. You fill them—or you know the consequences! A strike—now—at once. A strike, in spite of Toleman. After that, riot, trouble—I don't care where you stop! And when I—I, mind, you and no other—give the sign—a return to order, a willingness to compromise. If you can't manage that, Mr. Lon Davis, your wages will all be found in your pay-envelope at the end of the week. There'll be no side-bits. And you know what else will happen."

Davis scowled sullenly.

"I'm doin' my best," he answered.

"Results are what I'm after—no man's best is worth a damn to me unless it accomplishes what I want. I give you fair warning. If you can't foment the trouble—well, you know for what you're wanted behind bars, and so do I."

"Toleman's got 'em doped."

"Well, you wake them up. Where's that young fool now? Still 'studying conditions' down at his settlement?"

"Conditions be hanged! He's out after old man Ohls' girl—wit' her mornin', noon an' night."

"It would be like his fine sense to marry her."

"Oh, he ain't so nutty as that, is he?" Lon Davis was forced to the defense of the absent Robert.

"Pretty near. However, I guess it will be possible to use that bit of information so as to make a public break between him and his father—pompous old snob!" Manson's face darkened as he spoke. "And then the men'll see how much there is to hope from Sunday-school Robbie. Anything else, Davis?"

"Sure will I," declared Davis. And again the bell was pressed, and again Jake shambled in and took Mr. Davis' order for drink. Manson went out, leaving his worthy ally swallowing the last of the liquor in the glass and declaring his intention of joining the merry crowd above. The leader's grim face was grimmer as he heard. A moment's swift sense of contrast sickened him. He saw again the brilliant, beautiful scene at the opera-house. He saw the delicate, high-bred beauty of the woman to whom he aspired. The noisy squalor of vice about him nauseated him. He would be glad when all his schemes had matured and he could be finally free of such tools as Davis, of such rendezvous as Jake's Hole.

"They're useful," he told the night sky when he had stepped into the ill-lighted street through which a south wind blew cleanly, dissipating the foul atmosphere of the dive he had just left. "They're useful—but, gad! I'll be glad when I'm through with them."

## CHAPTER VII.

With a long-drawn sigh Genevieve awoke from troubled sleep. Her dreams had been sad ones. The light that filtered in through her rosy curtains could not quite banish them. They had been dreams so frequent, so constant, since the day when she had read in that newspaper, whose black headlines even yet reeled dizzily before her memory, the news of her husband's death! They had been dreams of her last talk with him before she had gone South that fatal winter.

He had come to her the morning that

began her journey, with more of ardor in his voice and manner than had ever been there since their marriage—and she had shrunk from it, withdrawn with a sort of alarm from it, and from him. Her attitude, that of a woman surprised into a frank repulsion, had chilled him, hurt him. He had stood away from the desk at which she was sitting to write her farewell notes and directions, and had said to her that she did not love him. And she had fumbled her reply, her assurance tremulous and half-hearted, her explanation of her manner stupid and constrained.

"Of course I do," she had said, honestly enough out of her real inexperience of love. "But—you—you are so different! You—why, you aren't like yourself, Francis. You—you seemed rough." The last was a whisper.

And Francis had smiled a little grimly as he apologized to his young wife for an embrace a little too strenuous, for a kiss snatched instead of gently received, gently bestowed. And he had said that great as was the difference in age between them, he was not yet a mummy, and that if his wife had found his morning greeting too violent, there were only two possible explanations—she did not love him personally, or she was incapable of any warm feeling toward any one.

"If you cannot love me, my dear," he had said, "I have done you a great injury. I shall never forgive myself if that is true."

Genevieve had squirmed uncomfortably under the remark. She had always fought shy of love-talk, of love-making. She had not reasoned why, merely telling herself that she enjoyed Francis' society so much more when he was like a kind, well-liked uncle. And that last morning the talk had been closed by her uncomfortable, perfunctory assurances of wifely feeling, and his sad acceptance of them.

On the whole journey South she had been haunted by his eyes. She had been remorseful, miserable. She had tried to think of ways in which she could make up to him for the lack of intensity which she felt, and which she believed to be



*"Answer me honestly, Julie; haven't I any chance at all?"*

more of a general characteristic of her temperament than a personal attitude toward Francis.

And then in the midst of her self-reproachings the tragedy had come. Morbidly her mind had dwelt upon his death as in some way the outcome of her lack of devotion. Her husband's look of kind, tender renunciation as he had bade her good-by dwelt continually in her waking thoughts, haunted her dreams. Because she had been so conscious of the want in her feeling toward him, because she knew that he, too, had suffered from it, the shock of his murder had been unendurable.

Her illness had followed, and had refused to be broken until suddenly the idea of atonement had come to her, in the shape of a determination to find his slayer. Her family had discouraged her, declaring that where the law had failed so utterly, she with only private resources could not succeed. And she had wavered, growing half-ill again between her sense of guilt toward the dead man and her gentle desire to be guided by the wisdom of those about her.

But this morning the familiar, haunting dream was strong upon her. Her own resolution was renewed. She would devote her life to that wretched quest for the murderer, in spite of all the advice of relatives and physicians! She would begin at once. And she was vaguely alarmed and unhappy because she was conscious that it was the stirring of sympathetic emotion toward John Toloman in her father's library the evening before which had reawakened the sense of all she had denied Francis, had reawakened remorse and desire for atonement.

She was the most impractical of women. She had the haziest possible notions of how to proceed. But it occurred to her, as a fitting preliminary step, to visit the scene of the tragedy. The other day, when the coachers had stopped at the Works, she had felt only a desire to escape the region of such reminiscences. To-day it became a spot for her to explore. Dimly, foolishly, as she herself half knew, she recalled tales of clues long mysteriously overlooked by hired detectives, which yielded themselves finally to such a seeker as she was.

She did not tell any one in the house her intention. After luncheon, she

made ready for the little trip, and left word that her father and Miss Julie should not wait dinner for her. Then made her way to the ferry.

As she crossed the great, busy river, shining in the glory of spring, alive, teeming with business, a strong sense of contrast smote her. These were the concerns of life and youth—business and pleasure, blowing winds, sailing clouds, the rush of sensation, the leaping of the blood in the air and the sunshine—not the dreadful search for the agent of death, not a morbid duty toward—ah, Heaven!—toward one past all care of duty, all desire of sweetness, all need of devotion; toward a handful of dust. The vision of mortality was often in Genevieve's sick imagination. To-day it was more dreadful than usual, in the midst of a world concerned with all the business of life.

She walked from the ferry toward the Works, busy with her thoughts and fancies. Suddenly a little thrill of life, of excitement, went singing through her veins. John Toleman crossed a side street so that they met upon a corner. He bowed gravely, half-absently, and would have passed on. But she called him.

"Mr. Toleman!" Her voice was always sweet, with the sweetness of violin strings that may be played to any pitch of love and longing. John's heart obeyed its melody, as his feet obeyed the call itself. He fell back beside her, inquiry in his eyes.

"I am so glad to have met you," she said, smiling gratefully.

He felt, stalwart democrat though he was, as though a princess, a queen, had stooped from her throne to compliment him boundlessly by asking him to do her a favor.

"I shall be glad to do you any service," he said formally, "if I can."

"You can if you will," said Genevieve. She was acting wholly upon the moment's impulse. "Can you walk with me toward the Works? Then I can tell you what I am doing, what I want to do."

"I was going there, anyway."

To Genevieve it seemed that what she

was about to do was the cause of the excitement that dominated her, coloring her cheeks, deepening her eyes, making her breath come irregularly. She was going to ask the assistance of a man of another class than her own, of one of her father's opponents, in doing something which her father did not approve! It was enough to excite a conventionally reared young woman, and she looked no deeper for causes.

"Mr. Toleman, I want to find my husband's murderer," she began abruptly. He started a little. She turned her lovely eyes frankly toward him. "My father does not approve," she went on. "He says that absolutely every means of search was exhausted by the State and by the company at the time. He is sure that the matter is bound to be wrapped in mystery forever. I—he may be right. But I cannot believe it. I want to find my husband's murderer. I will tell you more. I can never again be a contented woman, a useful woman, unless I succeed. There are reasons—I need not trouble you with them—which make me see this quest as my first duty; the one thing that must be cleared out of the way before I have the right to think of anything else. You were here at the time?"

"Yes, Mrs. Sothern. I have been at the Hargreaves Works for five years now. I came when I was twenty-five."

"Where had you been before?" Genevieve, for all the directness and energy of her first speech, for all her fancied absorption in her own affair, found herself easily interested in Toleman.

"The Pacific coast. I was born in Oregon. But you don't want to talk about my career, Mrs. Sothern. And about what you have been saying, will you pardon my declaring that I think your father and your friends are right? I know"—he hurried on at the signs of dissent in her face—"I know how cruel it must seem to you; how you, perhaps, desire revenge, how the fancy that you may be taking the hand that dealt you such a wrong, that you may be breathing the same air as the slayer of your husband—I know all this must hurt you.

"What your father says is so. Every effort was made at the time. All means were exhausted. If, as many believe, it was a disgruntled, crazy workman who fired the shot—the employees are a shifting lot; half the hands have changed twice in that time. If it was a private enemy, the years have only covered his traces better. And since the undertaking is foredoomed to failure, it is not for you. It would mean an endless invitation to morbidity. A woman like you must not dwell with thoughts of death, with revengeful desires—since they are able to accomplish for her nothing of what she wishes. If you desire to honor your husband's memory, to prove your own deep devotion to his memory, there are ways of life and hope, works of love and enlightenment. Oh, Mrs. Sothern, it's a mean proof of your love for him merely to try to send a man to the gallows. And even that must fail, I am almost sure."

His eloquence had moved her profoundly. She was not used to being "addressed" as though she were a public meeting, and now she felt a little as though she had been. But the sonorously of his voice, the sureness of his words, the utter lack of that verbal cowardice so common in her own class, where it requires a hero to dare display emotion in ordinary conversation—all these delighted her in some substratum of her consciousness.

"You say what they all say, Mr. Toleman," she answered him, smiling. "Only, if you will let me tell you so, you say it much better. I do not wonder that you have great influence over the men, as I hear that you have. But—you have not convinced me. You may think it unwomanly for me to wish to deal so harshly with any one, even my husband's murderer. But what I tell you is so. Our—our circumstances were such that—that I have to do that before I build libraries in his memory and establish settlements. I suppose they are the sort of thing you think worthier."

"I do, indeed," replied Toleman promptly. "Though I do not by any means consider the settlement and the

library the final agents of social salvation."

"What do you think are the final ones?" she demanded. She was strangely interested in his views, switched with a strange ease from her own topic.

He laughed.

"You've accused me of 'orating' already, Mrs. Sothern, and yet you are luring me to a further flight. Good morning, Mr. Manson."

They had come to the turn which led directly into the yards of the factory. Manson was hurrying out of the great iron gate. He paused, frowned, lifted his eyebrows.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Sothern," he cried, ignoring Toleman for the moment. "This is a delightful surprise. But"—he turned and scowled upon her escort—"I hope this fellow has not been annoying you as he has tried to annoy your father?"

Genevieve's neck stiffened.

"Mr. Toleman has been good enough to be of service to me—at my request," she answered icily. Then she turned with marked manner toward John. "I suppose I ought not to detain you any longer," she said, with a charming smile. "But I am truly obliged to you—and I shall at least think over what you have said. Good-by." She extended her gloved hand.

Manson watched the performance with a black face. When John had left them, he had sufficiently recovered to control his features. He smiled and shook his head reprovingly at Genevieve.

"Oh, Mrs. Sothern, Mrs. Sothern!" he exclaimed in a pretense of mock despair as they walked toward the office. "What are we going to do if you come over and set the workmen up like that? That firebrand has been bothering your father and me to the last degree. No time or place is free from his intrusions with insane demands. I did not know but that he finally dared to bother you with his threatened strikes and burnings and pillages."

"What!" cried Genevieve.

"Oh, yes, he's very incendiary! But I am glad he was not annoying you."

"No, I was asking his advice about how to proceed with the task I have undertaken."

"You mean?"

"You know," replied Genevieve impatiently. "We spoke of it on the trip to Tuxedo last week—the search I must make for—for my husband's murderer."

"But Toleman—why Toleman?"

"He seemed to me able and trustworthy."

Manson laughed. "I'll never deny his ability," he said. "But trustworthy! Tell me, Mrs. Sothern, what did he advise?"

"He advised," confessed Genevieve reluctantly, "that I give up the search—he said it was bound to be unsuccessful."

"Oh, he did! Well, I am not surprised."

There was something in Manson's voice which irritated Genevieve. They had entered the office and she sat down in the chair Manson pushed forward.

"What is it you mean to imply?" she asked coldly.

"Simply that, though there was never enough evidence to take him into custody, most of us believe John Toleman was your husband's murderer."

"What?"

"Mind you, there was no evidence on which to hold him, much less to convict him. But his attitude toward Mr. Sothern was well known—there had been a quarrel that afternoon—"

"And with this suspected against him, he is still allowed to remain here?"

"My dear Mrs. Sothern, like most of our fellow manufacturers, we run a union shop, and Toleman is the idol of the union's local branch. Besides, he was never even held for the indictment of the grand jury. But—talk with the men! Why, that belief in his guilt is one reason why they adore him! Naturally, he advised you not to search farther."

Genevieve looked at him searchingly, out of wide, affrighted eyes. But there was no faltering in his regard. He returned her gaze frankly, pityingly, it

seemed to her. She shuddered and covered her face with her gloved hands.

"Oh, hideous, hideous!" she cried. Then she sat erect. "I am a nuisance, coming over here on my melodramatic errand," she declared. "Mr. Manson, you will have to enlarge the sign upon your gate to 'Pedlers, beggars, and Mrs. Sothern, keep out.' But you need not. I shall not come on any more such missions—though I shall never give up the search. Only, I shall do it by detectives. And now—I feel less vigorous than when I started; what you have told me is so—oh, so horrible! So—can you manage to call me a carriage?"

"My motor-car is here. Let me take you down in that—let me take you home in that."

She demurred weakly, but in the end he had his way. And as he guided the machine through the tangled traffic of Fifth Avenue, with her, proud, beautiful, admired, by his side, Manson's blood sang paeans of victory in his veins.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"What I want," declared Sir William Barclay obstinately, "is a plain answer to a plain question."

A section of revolving door engulfed Julie, to whom he was delivering his remark with as much of an ultimatum effect as he could compass. He swore mildly as he himself was in turn caught in a segment of circle, and then disgorged into the hall of the Waldorf. He knew Julie well enough by this time to be quite sure that even so brief an interruption to steady discourse would give her opportunity to change the subject. He was quite right.

"Do you know I love to come here?" she said when he was precipitated toward her. "It's so heavenly vulgar. You see the most wonderful things, human and sartorial. Just look in there now"—she nodded toward the subdued splendors of the Turkish room. "Waiting at the church, so to speak. Half of them are just trysting."

"The church is the spot to which I want to recall your thoughts. The

church, the altar, to which I have several times asked permission to lead you."

Piloted by the lithe Miss Hargreaves, they had reached the tea-room, filled now at this hour with a mob, perfumed, sibilant, decorated, gay. They found a table and seated themselves.

"Do order the tea before you go on with this talk," commanded Julie. "It's totally inappropriate to the place, anyhow."

"That's good!" snorted the young man. "As though I hadn't tried every place, appropriate and inappropriate!" Then, in true British style, he demanded tea and bread and butter of the waiter.

"You're in America and with an American, Sir William," Julie reminded him. "I want some cakes."

"It's a wonder you don't ask for pie," he retorted, when he had changed the order. "But you'd better get used to the British way, you know."

Julie looked at him with an unexpected gravity, and his bantering expression changed to match her earnestness.

"You have been very unsatisfactory in the answers you have given me," he said, "or perhaps in the answers you have declined to give me. But this time I am not going to let you evade me. The Waldorf-Astoria on a crowded spring afternoon may seem to you an inappropriate spot in which to press one's suit, but you know whose fault that is. I love you, Julie, and I want to take you home with me, my wife. Will you go?"

She was silent yet, and she looked a little troubled. He hurried on.

"Although you have so persistently refused to take me seriously, I can't think you are entirely indifferent to me. That isn't conceit, vain as it sounds, but belief in you; you aren't the sort to keep a man dangling if there is no hope at all for him. Answer me honestly, Julie; haven't I any chance at all? England is so near—you need never be homesick! And—of course, your father will hate to have you go away, but he knows that I'm square enough; not one of the breed out of which we have sent you so many bridegrooms. The title is

insignificant, perhaps, but it isn't of the beverage patent of nobility; and the estates are unencumbered."

Julie shook her small, well-poised head impatiently.

"Of course I know you're a decent sort," she interrupted his businesslike recital. "It isn't that. It isn't even that I don't—care. I do think"—she looked up with one of her rare blushes and a smile of unexpected sweet shyness and honesty—"I do think that you and I would hit it off capitally. But—do you know, I'm fond of my own land, and I'm particularly fond of my own family?"

"Darling!" cried the enraptured lover, leaning across the table.

"S-sh! The tea."

"Hang the tea!" But he waited until the viands were spread. Then he went on. "You can come over here as often as you please, and your father and Mrs. Sothern will be with us every June in London for the season, and at the Barclay, Manor for the summer, and at Dooliemacoochie for the shooting."

"Oh, I daresay we'd manage to see enough of each other, the family and I. It isn't just that. It is that both father and Genevieve are rather—rather up against it just now, and that I can't decide to leave them. If you can devise a method of placating workmen and averting strikes, or if you can either induce Genevieve to give over this dreadful notion that she must find Francis' murderer or else find him for her, I should not feel so necessary to the peace and welfare of my family."

These orders left Sir William's face rather long.

"I'm afraid I'd mess the labor problem pretty badly. I'm rather in favor of giving the poor beasts what they ask for; they look to me to have a discouraging time of it. I don't mean your father's men in particular—indeed, I hear they're exceptionally well off. But—gad, what a life they all lead!"

"Not much cakes and ale in theirs," agreed Julie, colloquial even in the gloom engendered by altruistic visions of duty.

"Not much! But I might make a try

at private-detective work. If the mystery were off Mrs. Sothern's mind, I suppose she could stand by your father through his difficulties, and let you off?"

"That's about it," Julie nodded. "I simply can't plan for my own happiness—"

"Dearest!"

"With everything in such a wretched muddle," she finished, serenely deaf to the interpolation.

"Well, behold me in the guise of the sleuth! But seriously, darling, oughtn't we to try to shake Mrs. Sothern's intention? If every effort failed at the time when the clues were *flesh*—"

"We've all been over that a hundred times with Genevieve. But my lovely, gentle, yielding sister is as obstinate as a mule once she determines upon a thing. If only she could fall in love and become so absorbed in that as to forget her grisly search! But she's the sort that would feel she had no right to happiness until she had accomplished her purpose."

"Speaking of her falling in love, I thought the other day that that superintendent of yours—what's his name? Manson?—was hard hit in that direction."

"Mr. Manson!" Julie was indignant. It was evident that she would regard his aspirations as impertinence.

"You don't care for Manson?"

"No. I dislike him. I know that he is tremendously able, and that he is father's reliance at the Works. But I don't like him. He's cold and calculating, and, I think, cruel. I don't trust him."

The young man watched the frowning, thoughtful, piquant face opposite him with interest blent with his admiration.

"You know," he began, "I really think that there's something in this theory of woman's intuition, after all. I don't care for Manson's style myself—he strikes me as a pushing sort of cad. But I could tell you a really amusing yarn about him—"

"Here he comes—with Genevieve!" whispered Julie, and the really amusing yarn was lost.

Genevieve bore down upon her sister and Sir William. In one glance she managed to convey a brief, pointed lecture on the practise of taking tea in the society of young men without a chaperon, and then she became all that was cordial and charming. The two parties consolidated. When they had finished their tea, Genevieve sent both the men away.

"Since I've met my sister, Mr. Manson," she said, "I shall not trouble you to take me home. I've been interfering with the routine of business abominably," she explained to the others. "I don't doubt that I've delayed the Siberian railroad a day by dragging Mr. Manson away from the Works. But now I shall make Julie walk home—she takes too little exercise, anyhow."

"And we are both dismissed?" asked Sir William lugubriously.

Mrs. Sothern laughed and nodded. "I am inexorable," she said.

On the way home there was a sharp sisterly passage at arms between the two young women, the older one upbraiding the younger for permitting the conspicuous attentions of the British visitor, and the younger demanding to know what had become of the older's standards that she could bear to be seen with that "pushing cad from the Works."

"An Anglicism, I presume," commented Genevieve coldly. Then she laughed. "But I'm not going to quarrel with you about Lloyd Manson," she added. "I think you're a bit of a snob concerning him, but I confess I don't altogether like him myself. Yet he has been very kind to me." She shuddered. "He— Oh, ke hept me from making a horrible mistake!" But she explained no further.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Old Louis Ohls was very fretful under his daughter's ministrations one afternoon toward the end of May. He had been ill for several days and was still weak and shaken. But he had arisen and declared his intention of going to a meeting in Hope Hall, a resort

much patronized by gentlemen and ladies with grievances against society and plans for its readjustment.

The meeting which Mr. Ohls was bent upon attending was an anarchistic one; its keynote was found in the placards which announced it; it was to denounce "government outrages" in the case of certain union workmen accused of conspiracy to murder, and it was to pass resolutions of confidence and support for the men under trial on this charge. The newspapers predicted a stormy meeting, and special police reserves had been ordered to the hall for the evening.

Though all Madeleine's sympathies went instinctively toward the causes her father loved, toward the poor, the pinched, the cramped, the rebellious everywhere, yet she had no desire that her inflammable parent should spend the night behind bars. And she knew by experience to what lawless lengths he might be led by his passion for speech on the subjects close to his heart. So she besought him not to go.

"It is not like you to be a coward, Madeleine," he cried irritably. "Do I fear their cells? Do I fear their poor, uniformed monkeys of police? And if they put me in jail for exercising the right—the divine right, the God-given right—of free speech, do you know what that will do? It will enroll me on the humble roll of the little martyrs. To die for a cause is great martyrdom. To be imprisoned for one is little martyrdom. But even that helps to advance the great day of liberty and enlightenment. I tell you, my girl, when a man is put behind bars for speaking the truth aloud, then every stone of his prison has a tongue to speak for him. Put me in jail! I hope they will!"

"But, father, you have been so ill. You are so weak."

"Strength will be given me. Foolish, anxious child, do not worry. Are you so slight a creature, so little devoted to the sacred cause of freedom for all men that you would mind a day's, a week's, a month's, imprisonment for having carried the torch of liberty—or the weapon that ends tyrannical oppression? Then,

why mind for me what you could courageously, heroically, endure yourself?"

Madeleine had not answered the rhetorical question. But when she heard the words "the weapon that ends tyrannical oppression," her eyes grew dark and foreboding, her color ebbed. She repeated them slowly, watching her father's thin, waxen-white, excited old face meantime.

"The weapon that ends tyrannical oppression." Would you indeed kill, father?"

"Kill?" he repeated, beginning nervously to pace the narrow room. "Yea, and would be God's agent in killing!"

"All laws, human and divine, forbid murder." She spoke the words in a low, tense voice.

"What law forbade the murder of your mother, inch by inch, slain by vile air and poor food? What law forbade the murder of her little children, whom she could not nourish? What law forbade the more than murder of your brother who lies rotting behind prison doors for a crime done because he had to grow up in the midst of evil associates, because I could give him no playground but the gutter, no friends but the gutter children? Law! Murder!"

"Oh, father," she cried, "you terrify me, you terrify me! Tell me that you never will! Promise me. And, oh," her voice fell to a whisper, "tell me that you never did, that you never did!"

"I promise you nothing, I tell you nothing!" the old man answered, with shrill anger. "Only this—no one suffers by me who does not deserve it! No women, no children, starve for me. But if it is granted that I shall strike a blow of deliverance, shall my own child stay my hand?"

There was a rap at the door. Madeline, blanched and nervous, opened it. Robert stood on the threshold. Madeline made a motion as though to bar him out, but her father, rejoicing in the interruption, greeted the young man joyfully.

"Ah, Mr. Hargreaves!" he cried. "You are welcome. Madeleine, move aside that our guest may enter. You are welcome, Mr. Hargreaves, to-night



*He sat on a chair at the head of the couch, pity in his eyes.*

doubly. I must go from home. I shall not leave my Madeleine alone. I go to the mass meeting for the martyr miners at Hope Hall. You—you do not go?"

"As you see," replied Robert. "I—my father's business—no, I thought it better not to go."

"All in good time, all in good time," the old man answered soothingly, as though to comfort Robert for a privilege denied. Meantime he was fumbling beneath a curtain in the corner for his hat and cane. "Some day you will be wholly of us, Mr. Hargreaves. You are of the new order, I of the old. You bring peace, I a sword. Yours will be the better way in your time because of the work that I and my kind have done to clear the path. Good night, young sir."

The door closed behind him. Madeleine was still standing, and she made no move now toward a chair.

"He is very much excited over the meetings for the miners, is he not?" asked Robert sympathetically.

She nodded, silent, listening to the sound of the careful, old footsteps retreating down the stairs.

"Has he quite recovered from his illness?"

"Yes—no. Oh, Mr. Hargreaves, I don't know. It wrings my heart to

have him go out into that crowd tonight! He is so weak; he is so bitter; why do I try to deny the truth that you know, that every one must know? He is not—not—quite sane. Remember that always"—she advanced toward the young man eagerly—"remember it always; he is not quite sane. Whatever he does, whatever he has done—Oh, you do not think him accountable as another man would be, do you, do you?"

She burst into hysterical tears and flung herself upon the couch in the corner, stifling her sobs against the cushion. Robert, who had admired her immensely as the bravest, highest-minded of women, was profoundly touched. He sat on a chair at the head of the couch, pity in his eyes.

"Madeleine," he said, "poor girl, do not cry so. Do not feel so. Your father—ah, believe that I estimate rightly whatever his wrongs and sorrows may drive him to say. As for doing—he is the kindest man in the world. He would harm no one."

Still she sobbed, but with less of passion. He put out a hand and touched her brown hair tenderly, half-frightenedly. Gradually her grief and fear spent itself. She sat erect, brushed the disordered locks out of her tearful eyes, and forced a smile to her lips.

"I am ashamed," she said. "But—I am tired—a little. And—there is a fear I have sometimes. It has been much with me lately. I am not quite myself. You will pardon me?"

The young man was visibly shaken.

"Madeleine," he began, "do not talk of pardon. I am glad that you think well enough of me to let me see your heart—share your fears. I—I want to share everything with you, my dear. Will you let me?"

Madeleine looked at him with horrified eyes.

"You want—what?" she gasped.

"I want you for my wife. Do not look like that," as she made a swift gesture of repulsion. "Do not deny me hastily—unless you are already sure that you cannot love me."

"Oh, no, it is not that." The words came unthinkingly from her, but when she saw how they irradiated his face she sought to change them. "I mean, there is no need even to consider that. Mr. Hargreaves—it is quite impossible. Think what—oh, one does not even have to think!"

"Are you talking the jargon of class distinction now?"

"If I were, it would be wise and sensible talk. Oh, yes, I know that I despise rank and money, and that I believe in our equality before the State and before God. I remember everything that I have said, and that I have been taught, and that you have come to adopt. But there is an everlasting common sense in class distinctions. I am not your kind—you are not mine. Oh, if there were nothing else, that difference ought to be enough!"

"Madeleine, I do not ask you to come into a life of idle luxury and frivolity. You know my aims. You know how little lightness there is in my nature. To bring about the day of full enlightenment to all classes—to help in that great work—it is to that object that I am dedicated. My family and my probable possessions will require me to seek my end along definite lines, but that is my end, as it is yours. You are the loftiest, the wisest, woman I have ever known. And our life work is the same. What

nonsense are you talking of class distinctions? I had not meant to go on like this to you to-night, although I have known my own heart a long time now. But seeing you grieve, bent, worried, carrying a load too great for you, I could not wait. Dear, I am my own master, you are your own mistress. Let our lives be one."

"Never, never, never!" she cried passionately. "Do not try to shake me. It—it is not because I do not—love you. I do," she confessed with sudden, unemotional bravery. "You came from the world that does not understand or care, and you understand and you care so much! I could face the taunts of the people of your own class—I should not even hear them—but never speak to me of this again. There is a barrier, insurmountable, insurmountable! Never ask me to marry you again."

"Is it—has another man any claim upon you?" Robert asked the question quietly, but there was a confession of unusual feeling in his very calmness.

"You must ask me nothing," she said. She had arisen and stood, a tragic figure of renunciation, in the bare little room. She dominated the young man. He rose, also, and obeying the behest of her look, went slowly toward the door. With his hand upon the knob he turned.

"Perhaps I am not a very manly man, or a very vigorous lover, to accept this mystery as an insurmountable thing. But—somehow, Madeleine, there is nothing light in my love for you. If you deny me, I believe so utterly in your reasons that I accept them unheard, but—I think it would be kinder to tell me of them."

"No, no, no!" she cried fiercely.

He opened the door and went out; after a tense moment she, denying herself the luxury of tears, of reverie, moved about her tasks in the little room.

## CHAPTER X.

Genevieve Sothorn, sitting on the porch of the club-house at Ardsley one day in the early autumn, was thinking that never had she known so disturbed

a summer as the one just passed. Her mind almost ached with confusion as she remembered its perplexities—the subsidence of her determination to find her husband's murderer, the goading of her lagging spirit of revenge by conscience and by Lloyd Manson, the gradually closing in upon her of Manson's proofs that John Toleman had been implicated in the affair, and the absolute rejection of those proofs by something in her more fundamental than reason.

Chance had thrown her in rather frequent sight of the man during the late spring days before the Hargreaves had left the city, and the perpetual factory turmoil which had gone on during the summer had kept him constantly in her mind. The sights which she had had of him so utterly contradicted the reports which Manson poured into her ears! She liked to dwell upon the recollection of those glimpses—John with a party of young boys from the factory playing ball in an empty lot near the ugly buildings; John actually conducting a May party of small girls in Central Park; John coming to see Robert, not on any mission for himself or for his own advancement, but to beg assistance for poor old Louis Ohls who had, in the excitement of the late spring meetings, justified his daughter's fears and managed to get himself arrested and incarcerated. Every sight she had had of the leader of the workmen at the factory—for this she persisted in considering him in spite of Manson's denial that he bore that title or filled that position—had revealed him as that rarest of all creatures, a strong man using his strength for the kindest and tenderest of human purposes, the aid and the happiness of the weak.

The Hargreaves had been back in town only a few days and had come up to Ardsley for the great International Golf Tournament, which had been Sir William's ostensible excuse for remaining longer in America. The place was thronged with prettily dressed women and their attendants. The gallery following the players had been enormous. Never had the grass been so beautiful—green, never the October weather so

deliciously winelike and golden, never the river so blue and noble.

Genevieve found that she loved it all—the beauty, the luxury, the gaiety, the healthy excitement of the outdoor game. She wished petulantly that the dark side of life had never been presented to her knowledge, either in her husband's fate or in the constant labor embroilments which kept her painfully aware of the existence of many people to whom the gentle pleasures of life were denied. She would much have preferred, she told herself, to have lived like most of the women about her, lapped in ignorance of what the world meant to nine-tenths of the people in it. Then she thought of John and his work—to advance the time when something approaching this comfort which she enjoyed might be the possession of all the race—and she scorned herself for her littleness and selfishness.

Her father came up with Sir William and an attendant throng to the terrace on which she sat. Her father was the picture of health, of prosperity. He was what an old man should be—straight and ruddy, with bright eyes and a ready smile. And then, somehow, the vision of old Louis Ohls raised itself beside that stalwart figure of which she was so proud and fond. The arraignment of the whole social system, which made these lamentable contrasts, burned in her mind along with all that futile, miserable determination of hers about Francis' murderer. Why couldn't thoughts leave her alone? She could so have enjoyed life but for thinking! And if John Toleman had done that deadly, that dastardly work—was it not, perhaps, because he had seen these contrasts from the other side, seen them too long? But her nature revolted against this sophistry that tried to excuse the treacherous shooting down of an innocent man, whose only fault was the fault of the system by which he profited.

Her father and Sir William had just greeted her when a liveried attendant came out of the club-house and made his way toward the group.

"Mr. Hargreaves, you're wanted at

the telephone, if you please, sir," he announced.

As Hargreaves frowned his annoyance at the interruption, Sir William laughed. "The bally factory again, I suppose?" he hazarded.

"I suppose so—it always is that when I'm interrupted and harassed. But this time I'm not sure—I told Manson on no account to disturb me to-day if it could possibly be avoided."

He came back in about ten minutes, his irritation apparently replaced by a more serious anger.

"If I could find a man fool enough to buy me out at fifty per cent. of the value of that property," he said, "I'd sell to-morrow. It is absolutely unsafe for me to spend a minute away from the Works, even with a man like Manson in charge. I am a slave, an absolute slave. I hope," he turned pointedly to Genevieve, "I hope that you and your brother, Genevieve, will perceive by this outcome the absolute vanity of dealing with those creatures as human beings. Robert and his settlement socialism—you and your May parties and cooking classes! Much good they have done me!"

"What has happened now, father?" asked Genevieve.

"Happened? The strike has happened. That precious Toleman that Robert takes such stock in and that you yourself seemed impressed by, has had his way at last. The strike is declared. The men are going out from the yard even now. And there's a consignment of stuff due the Russian government by the end of next month. Kindness! Conciliation! Every concession I've ever made them has cost me more in the long run than it would have cost me to get the militia turned out to subdue them. You and Robert, Genevieve, might as well try to treat typhoid with rose-water as to remedy any factory troubles with concessions."

"What are you going to do now, Mr. Hargreaves?" asked Sir William.

"Oh, Manson has been prepared for this for some time. He understands their temper—the brutes. He's been getting new men in as unobtrusively as

possible, and he has his strike-breakers all engaged. He had already been talking over the long-distance with Chicago before he called me up. A body of workmen and strike-breakers will be aboard a train in twenty minutes."

"Able fellow, that Manson chap," observed Sir William. "I never told you the story—"

But again the uniformed servant interrupted. Again Hargreaves was wanted at the telephone. Genevieve was obviously worried and deaf to any reminiscences. Once again Sir William Barclay's story was not given out.

Hargreaves returned in a few moments. His face was white with passion.

"They are no sooner out of the gates," he announced, "than they begin firing bricks through the windows of the buildings. Manson is afraid that they will endeavor to ruin the parts of the Russian machinery already made. He is telephoning for police protection and wants me to get in communication with the governor in case I need the militia. I'm going over there now."

"Oh, no, father, not, not to-day, not this evening," cried Genevieve in a tremor, while Sir William also threw in a word of expostulation.

"I'm going there now," the elder man replied obstinately. "They can't intimidate me—the ungrateful blackguards! Genevieve, tell Julie and Robert, and remember yourself, that I never want the accursed word 'workman' uttered inside my house again. I'm through with conciliation and all that sort of thing. They're inhuman, uncivilized beasts, and they're going to be treated as such."

"Oh, father," pleaded Genevieve, "don't lump them all in that way. Think of some of the old workmen; and think of the lives they lead—"

"I want no more socialistic nonsense talked around me," her father interrupted her sternly. "It very ill becomes you who owe the loss of your husband to these devils to plead for them."

Genevieve flushed and paled a little at the thrust. But she controlled her-

self and said: "At any rate, please, please do not try to have the militia called out. You know what a horrible antagonism that always makes—"

"Antagonism!" thundered her father. "Do you suppose I care for their antagonism? And will you kindly tell me what I have gained by seeking to deserve their regard?"

He was off, and Sir William and Genevieve were left looking at each other.

"Don't be so down," Sir William begged the young woman. "It's a nasty mix-up, but it's bound to come out all right. What a splendid old warrior your father is when he's roused!"

"That is why I am so afraid for him," answered Genevieve. "If he were not a fighter, he might sometime learn to take care of himself."

That Hargreaves had not yet learned this salutary lesson was first definitely known in the Hargreaves household about four o'clock the next morning, when an automobile drew up in front of the town house and two men requested the servant's assistance in carrying its master within doors. He had been set upon in the neighborhood of the Works by a band of toughs, and had been badly maltreated. Lloyd Manson had had the good fortune to scatter the group. Almost at the same instant John Toloman had come running to the scene of action, and the two younger men had exchanged some bitter words over the prostrate body of the head of the business.

Manson had asked Toloman if he had come to finish the work begun by his friends, and Toloman had retorted that the assailants had scattered with suspicious speed at Manson's approach. Such speed, he informed the superintendent, made the whole affair look like a contrived job. Manson had laughed and sneered, and had said he understood that the favorite cry of the unions in all cases of trouble was that the capitalists were in the habit of seriously injuring themselves in order to bring reprobation upon the cause of labor.

And the result of it all was that Hargreaves, with a broken arm, many

bruises, a contusion in the forehead, and one badly damaged eye, was lifted into his own house. If he had room in his consciousness for any fact beyond his own suffering, he must know that his worst fears about the injury to the machinery already in shape for the Russian government had been realized.

## CHAPTER XI.

From his sick-room two days later, the autocrat of the Hargreaves' destinies issued two commands. His son Robert, who had been assiduous and solicitous in inquiries for his father, was to be summoned home from the settlement and was to learn that the Hargreaves Manufacturing Works would try no more experiments of an altruistic nature. He—the son—was to range himself openly and finally with his father, and the organization of which his father was the head. The second command was that his daughter Genevieve should receive Lloyd Manson as her suitor.

Robert, although not in his father's definition a robust character, nevertheless possessed a certain masculine directness of mind. That affairs at the Hargreaves Works were in a desperate condition, he readily admitted, but he denied that this was due to any policy of modern justice. Bruised and sore as his father was, both in body and spirit, the young man refused to wait for a more auspicious occasion on which to tell him that shillyshallying was not kindness and that Cerebus could not be quieted forever by small sops. No concession worthy the name had been made to the workmen, although there had been a great flourish of trumpets over some minor charities inaugurated early in the summer. Therefore, in spite of his regret at splitting with his father at such a time, he declined to obey the command issued to him.

"Very well, sir," his father said, looking very autocratic in spite of his dressing-gown and his bandages, "very well, sir." He pressed a button as he spoke. The violence with which he met smaller crosses was absent from him now. Anger was too deep for anything so trivial

as noise. "You will leave the house then, and will subsist upon your own endeavors hereafter. I fancy you will soon discover the difference of treatment accorded a parlor socialist, with a rich father back of him to supply him with 'tainted' money, and that dealt out to a working socialist. Any communications that you may wish to make with us—your sisters or myself—you can make through the lawyers. Good morning."

"Father," Robert began tremulously.

"Unless you wish to reconsider what you have just said, and to yield to my wishes—my orders—there is no necessity for any further words between us. I shall not recite what I have done for you, the opportunities I have given you, the freedom, the—affection—I have lavished upon you, the hopes I have centered in you. I only say—and I mean it—that you choose this day whether you will be a son of mine or not."

"Father, I have chosen. It almost unmans me to repay you in this way for all that you have done, but you leave me no alternative." He stood for another second waiting for some sign of relenting on his father's face. But none came.

A servant, summoned by the bell, entered the room.

"Mr. Robert will tell you where he wishes to have his belongings sent, Jenkins," said Mr. Hargreaves suavely. "As soon as he lets you know, have all his possessions—his books and pictures and everything—packed and forwarded to him."

Robert went out of the room in the wake of the impulsive servant, and Mr. Hargreaves sent for his daughter Genevieve. Not even Robert's impractical directness was hers. She wavered, she pleaded, she tried to explain and to defend herself. But the end of it all was that she went to her room, the affianced wife of the man whom her father had thrust upon her.

An hour later Sir William Barclay, making his daily call of inquiry as to whether or not the opportune moment for his proposal had arrived, learned all these doings from the tearful and volu-

ble Julie. He puckered up his lips in a long whistle. Then he begged the girl to cheer up. "Everything was bound to blow over," was his hopeful surmise.

Julie had refused to be comforted by any such vague optimism, and descended so far in gloom as to bid her lover go back to England alone, as she plainly foresaw that she would never be able to gain parental permission to accompany him. Whereat he laughed, and pulled her yielding fingers from her tear-stained face. He found some arguments to bring smiles and color back to the engaging little countenance. Nevertheless, it was with rather a grave look that he went out of the house soon after. Pausing on the steps, he shook his head and said:

"It doesn't look now as though I could ever jolly Manson about that game in the West."

## CHAPTER XII.

Robert had gone straight from his father's irate presence to the Ohls' flat. She was not at home, but he continued to go every day until he found her. In spite of the finality with which she had refused to marry him a few days before, he could not help thinking that his altered circumstances might plead with her in his favor. The conviction that his money and his position had been a barrier to her consent had remained with him in spite of her words. Now, at any rate, that barrier was removed. He was as poor as she—perhaps poorer, for he had no work and no pension such as old Louis Ohls had been finally prevailed upon to take from the factory.

Madeleine listened to his story with kindling eyes. To the ordinary observer Robert would not have seemed a very heroic figure—a serious looking young man, not very tall, rather thin, with something of the scholar's stoop at his neck. But to Madeleine he was a transfigured being. The glorifying light of sacrifice shone about him, added to his stature, kindled his grave face. Her own eyes deepened with pride and admiration as she heard how even in so close an appeal as his father's condition

had made to him he had been firm and had not renounced the cause to which he had devoted himself. But not even the ardor of imagination, which clothed him in new graces and nobilities, made her waver in her course.

"Indeed I spoke to you truly," she said, "when I told you that it was not position and not wealth that stood between us. The barrier is altogether on my side, and nothing that either of us may do can remove it. Friends—if we can be friends—comrades in the good cause, brother and sister." But as she said these last words a little shiver passed over her. She tried to obliterate them quickly, going back to "friends."

"We shall always be that," Robert answered her earnestly, "and I shall not try again to change your decision. As I told you the other day, I have absolute trust in you and in all you do and say and think. All the suitors of romance, I know, refuse to let anything less than the marriage of the woman they love put an end to their pleas. But I am not a very romantic figure, Madeline—I shall take you at your word, and you must take me at mine. I love you, and I shall not love any other woman. If ever you can come to me whole-heartedly, you will do so. Until then"—he took her hand and kissed it as though paying homage to a liege lady—"until then we shall be friends, workers for the same cause, comrades with the same heart, brother and sister."

The ordinary turmoil of the street heard through the open windows seemed to have been gathering volume during the conversation of the two young people.

Now, high above the roar of the elevated a block or two distant, the clang of the cable cars at the corner, the shrill whistle of the boats crossing the busy river at the foot of the street, the buzz and hum of sidewalk commerce, the shouts of children playing in the crowded gutters and around the doorways, arose a distinct noise. It was a shouting that had menace in it.

Madeleine, transfixed as she had been by her lover's words, turned her gaze

from him toward the windows, and moved forward to look out. She had to lean across the sill, clearing it of her potted geraniums in order to see the cause of the disturbance. What she saw made her draw back with a cry of dismay.

Before the door an irreproachable victoria was drawn up. The populace, chiefly children, was engaged in jeering its occupant, a delicately graceful woman. Some more adventurous spirits were gathering missiles with which to testify to their disapproval of the vehicle. Impassively a liveried coachman and footman sat in the midst of the clamor. On the steps old Louis Ohls, rejoiced as always at an audience and an object lesson, made to his hand as it were, was haranguing the crowd.

"Oh, do go down and bring my father in," cried Madeleine painfully.

Robert looked out of the window by her side.

"Why, it's Genevieve," he exclaimed. "What can she be doing here?"

He started toward the door, but as he moved away from the window the besieging army of young imps was suddenly hustled aside by a strong arm. John Tolerman made his way to the step of the victoria.

"Mrs. Sothern!" he cried. "What are you doing here? No, I didn't mean that. I only meant that I was surprised to see you here. I have come over to get some papers from Mr. Ohls. Did you wish to get out?"

Genevieve explained that having driven to the settlement to see her brother, and having failed to find him there, she had been directed to Mr. Ohls' abode as the place where she would be most likely to find him. She would, she said, like to alight and make her way in, if a path could be cleared for her. John and an opportune policeman succeeded in effecting the passage, and in a few minutes Genevieve, elegant and aristocratic to the last degree, stood in the bare little living-room of the girl whom her brother would so gladly have made her sister-in-law.

Madeleine, usually so self-possessed, shrank from the meeting. She had even



*She looked at him from her streaming eyes searchingly.*

begged Robert to save her from it when her survey of the street showed her what was about to happen. Her face was blanched and her eyes frightened as she greeted Mrs. Sothern on her threshold.

After a conventional word or two to Madeleine, Genevieve asked her brother to accompany her in the carriage. She had something to tell him, she said, and besides she would feel a little more comfortable driving through the district if some one known in it and respected in it were with her. Robert, with a look of devotion and trust toward Madeleine, went with his sister.

"Robert," said Genevieve, "I have promised to marry Mr. Manson."

Robert looked at his sister doubtfully, as though he could not believe that he had heard her aright.

"Lloyd Manson," she repeated woodenly, indifferent, deaf, to the comments her progress excited along the street.

"That means that you ally yourself with the retrograde movement, that you throw your influence in for the old injustice," said Robert.

"It may mean that," the young woman answered forlornly. "I scarcely know what it means yet myself, except that my father demands it, except that I feel that we owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to Mr. Manson, and that I seem to be the only one able to pay it. I do not love him, I have told him that, but I respect him; I believe in his disinterested devotion to the family and to the business, and—and—well, since you and father have definitely broken, he represents the future of the concern. And I can do more for all the causes which you have at heart and which you taught me, too, to care

about, as his wife than as my father's disinherited daughter. You know, though, Robert," she ended pleadingly, "that there is nothing mercenary in it."

"Oh, as for that," Robert dismissed the idea with a motion of his hand. "But Genevieve, a marriage without love—it seems to me a desecration." He flushed as he uttered the words, and Genevieve's eyes filled with tears.

"I am beyond loving," she whispered. "But there is something about which I want your advice. I—I—when I first came back last spring, it seemed to be my duty to find Francis' murderer. I began my search in a sort of ineffective

way. Mr. Manson gave me his assistance soon after; and oh, Robert, I am afraid, I am afraid that he has found the murderer."

"Afraid?"

"Yes, afraid. He has all the proofs apparently. He told me his suspicions as long ago as last spring. Now he has more tangible evidence—affidavits of accomplices—Robert, he says that it was John Toleman. Wait a minute. Do not say anything just yet," she hurried on as she saw her brother about to speak in horrified protest and indignation. "Wait a minute. Even if it were true—even if it is true—I can understand—oh, Robert, I can almost forgive. If he did it, if he planned it all, as Lloyd says, it was because he was driven half-mad by the injustices and inequalities he saw. And Francis, my husband, he was—a good man, Robert, but oh, he did not understand so many things! If John Toleman did instigate—did commit that crime—I can understand."

"But he never did anything of the sort," Robert exploded.

"Are you sure?" pleaded Genevieve, as though she hung upon Robert's assurance for her life.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. I tell you I know the man intimately. He is the sanest, the most temperate, the most kindly human being that ever lived."

"But the testimony—the affidavits that Lloyd says he has collected?"

Robert frowned in a puzzled fashion and shook his head. "I confess I don't understand it," he said. "Manson's an able fellow, and I think that he has a certain sort of rude justice—the justice of the period we are leaving, not the period we are entering upon—in his make-up. But he may be deceived by some enemy of John's. At any rate it will all be easy enough to settle. If you can find out who his accusers are, and what their allegations are, I will put the matter before John and he can dispose of it."

"I think," whispered Genevieve miserably, "that Mr. Manson—that Lloyd—means to lay the evidence before the district attorney."

"What!" shouted Robert angrily.

"Without consultation with the family? Without any authority, without anything but these trumped-up tales?"

"Father is in no condition to be consulted about any further troubles," said Genevieve. "And I—I was Francis' wife. Lloyd seems to think that consultation with me is enough. Oh, why did I ever begin such a wretched search?"

"Tell Manson to hold his horses for a day or two," said Robert tersely. "I'll find out what this thing means and put John on guard against it."

"Oh, if you only would," sighed his sister. Then as though she feared that she had revealed too much of her feeling, she explained in a stilted manner that of course her only interest in the matter was that no further injustice should be done a man who seemed born to help the cause of labor, to which she, too, in dilettante fashion, was wed.

### CHAPTER XIII.

But Robert found it less easy than he had expected to see John Toleman over night and to discover the true inwardness of the charge which his instinct and his reason alike denied as impossible. In the morning great headlines in the papers described the state of riot existing at the Hargreaves Works. On the night before an incipient fire, started by the striking workmen, had been discovered only in time to prevent an immense conflagration. Several strikers were taken at the time, and some of the ringleaders arrested. Among the latter was John Toleman.

When Robert prepared to see him on the day following his talk with Genevieve the young mechanic was already in jail on the minor charge. For the first time, Robert felt his poverty, a poverty only a few days old. When he had hurried across the river and appeared in the court prepared to appeal for his friend's discharge, he was suddenly confronted with the fact that he was not qualified to offer bail. He rushed back to the city to find a more prosperous bondsman for Toleman, but men who a week ago would have been proud to be

asked to do him a service, showed a decided disinclination for the same thing to-day.

It was afternoon before he had found a man willing to return with him—a man who had property in New Jersey which would be acceptable bail. And by that time the evening papers were out with strange insinuations in them. Nothing definite was said, but it was hinted that even a more serious charge than that of inciting to riot and arson was likely to be lodged against the workman, and that the district attorney would be lamentably lacking in public spirit and in discretion if he should permit his prisoner to escape on bail. Genevieve's revelations made these hints comprehensible to Robert, and he sighed as he read them.

Arrived in Hoboken, he found his suspicions justified. He was told that John Toleman would be held, certainly for a day or two, and perhaps for the grand jury's action in a very grave matter indeed. Finally he obtained permission to visit the prisoner.

John was placid in his incarceration—even cheerful. He had not yet engaged a lawyer, although the services of certain half-baked, notoriety-seeking, socialistic attorneys had been offered to him. He scarcely thought that he should require them. He explained his presence near the Works on the night before on the ground of his fear of just such a catastrophe as had occurred and of his desire to keep his men—he seemed always to think of them as his—out of exactly the harebrained mischief into which some of them had fallen.

"It lies deeper than appears," he told Robert. "These things do not happen by accident. Your father's injuries were received at a time when, I have found, his superintendent and certain of that superintendent's secret allies were in close conversation. Some of the same men were near here last night. I know that they have been at work trying to stir up trouble. Manson's at the back of all this."

"Has he anything against you personally?" asked Robert.

"Nothing, except that I have opposed

him in almost everything that he has undertaken," Toleman smiled grimly.

"Because," Robert went on, "he has told my sister Genevieve—they are going to be married, I am sorry to say—"

"Married? Gen—Mrs. Sothern and that—that—and Manson?" Surprise and agitation made John almost inarticulate.

Robert nodded briefly, careless of his friend's manner.

"Yes. They've gotten around her with notions of duty and all that. I don't understand it—but all women of her class are incapable of clear, straight thinking." His eyes glowed; he thought of Madeleine.

"But Mrs. Sothern is not to be classed with the rest of them," John insisted.

"Oh, I don't know. I had hopes of her. But there's something intrinsically wrong in their education—girls like my sisters. However, there's something more important to talk about than theories of female pedagogics. Manson has told Genevieve that he has proofs that connect you with—"

Suddenly Robert paused. It seemed to him that as about to be very tactless, but a man waited for the continuation of sentence, looking at him with eyes that seemed unaccountably older than when he had entered the cell, he went on, whispering now, that no guard outside might catch his words. "That connect you with her husband's—er—death."

"So Manson has told her that, has he?" remarked John after a long, heavy silence. "Do I need to tell you how damnable false the charge is, how absolutely manufactured? I have always believed that there can be no decent outcome of the troubles between labor and capital unless each side conducts itself with absolute regard for the common law. I don't need to tell you this?" His voice broke at the end, and Robert's hand went out to him.

"Indeed you don't. I understand you. I know it is a trumped-up affair. But who is your enemy? Who has been poisoning Manson's mind against you?"

"Manson's my enemy. And Manson

is an unscrupulous rascal. I have always been sure of it; lately the conviction of my mind has become a certainty. Like him, I have had to have my allies, my tools, among the men. I know who his tools are. I know where he meets them. I can imagine the substance of their conspiracies from the outcome. But no matter about Manson. What did Mrs. Sothern say? What did she think?"

"Oh, she thought that even if you had done it—"

"Even if I had done it!"

"Yes. Not that she really believed it, you know; but if she did believe it, if she had believed it, she would have thought it a wrong-headed blow for the right side—the act of a zealot, you understand."

"Oh!" said John rather flatly. And then the jailer came and told Robert that his interview with his friend must cease. Calling back a promise to engage a reputable lawyer and to set the machinery of liberation in immediate motion, the young man went out.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

A few days after John Toleman's incarceration in jail, the papers came out flatly with the accusation against him—the accusation of the murder of Francis Sothern. They said that documents had been lodged with the district attorney which seemed to point conclusively to his guilt. The papers having the largest circulation along the crowded East Side streets were the ones which announced this in the largest headlines.

Madeleine Ohls, returning from an afternoon class at the settlement, saw the lurid headlines in one of her neighbor's hands. "John Toleman" in letters a foot deep and "Murderer" in letters a foot deep were linked by some negligible type explaining that the conjunction was not yet an established one. Madeleine rushed to the nearest news-stand, and buying a lot of papers, hurried home.

Her father, quiet to-day, was sitting by the window looking peacefully at her little row of plants and at such glimpses

of the sky as he could catch between the high roofs. Contrary to her usual custom, she wasted no time in greeting him, but rushed into the dark closet which served as a bedroom. Here she lit the gas and read the stories. As she read, her grave face grew years older. Lines came upon it, and all the look of restrained calm and vigor which she possessed seemed to depart from her. She sat limp and huddled like a broken old woman for a while, after she had finished her reading. Then she put out the light, and with her papers again in her hand, went out into the sitting-room. Her father was smoking his pipe, and looked up at her entrance with an affectionate smile.

"Father," she began, "have you read these papers?"

The old man put out his hand, looking at her wonderingly as he did so. He saw the headlines and began exclaiming in horror and in contradiction. Madeleine listened to him quietly for a while.

"Father," she began again in a strained voice, "we know, do we not, you and I, that John Toleman never did this thing?"

With many exclamations, Louis assented to his daughter's statement.

"And shall we let him suffer unjustly for it?" she went on. She was like a woman speaking in a trance, like a disembodied voice. The old man looked at her in alarm.

"We?" he began. "You and I? But what influence have we? What can we do against all those forces that are allied against him?"

"We know the truth, and the truth can free him."

Still she spoke like a sibyl. Still her father studied her face with uncomprehending eyes.

"The truth?"

"Yes, we know it, you and I. Oh, father!" She threw herself upon her knees before him, the unnatural calm of her manner breaking into a tempest of feeling. "Oh, father, why have you never told me? Why did you bear it all this time yourself? Did you think that I would shrink from you? Did you not know that I would understand and

would protect you even with my life? With you, it was different. You were old, you had been goaded, it was forgivable—it was that man who had put my brother away from us—but for John Toleman it would have been different—”

The old man, dazed and dumb during her earlier sentences, grasped her wrists in hands that seemed suddenly to have again some of the vigor of their prime.

“Madeleine!” he cried in a ringing voice. “Madeleine! Do you mean that you believe that I did this thing? Have you thought that?”

There was so much genuine surprise, so much undoubted horror, so much real lucidity, in his manner, that the girl raised her head from his knees. She looked at him from her streaming eyes searchingly.

“Oh, father, father!” she cried. “Why do you take the trouble to pretend before me? I know. Oh, father, it was I who found the pistol that they were never able to find—the clue for which they had been looking. I found it in the bushes there by the little brook. And I recognized it. I had seen you with it—cleaning it—only two days before. Father, I have known it all the time, and have I ever shrunk from you? Have I ever loved you less because of it? Have I not understood how your sufferings had driven you mad? How you were not yourself? How you never have been yourself since that time? But now—now you must speak. As long as no one suffered because of your silence—because of our silence—”

“Stop, Madeleine,” her father commanded her. His faculties seemed to have gathered themselves together for a final effort. “You are wrong. You are utterly wrong. The pistol—have you it?”

Madeleine nodded. His failure to confess to her disheartened her terribly. How could she argue with him? How could she bring him to a realization of what he must do?

“Bring it to me,” he commanded her, assuming once more the authoritative position in the family which he had

long ago given up. She dragged herself to her feet, and into the dark room where she had read the papers. She fumbled in a little chest for a while. By and by she brought out the heavy old-fashioned pistol, curiously mounted in silver. She put it in his hands listlessly.

“Put on your hat,” the old man commanded her. His face was shining, his voice alive and eager. “Put on your hat and come with me. First to Mr. Robert. Then to the lawyers or to his father, as he thinks best. I understand everything now.”

## CHAPTER XV.

It was the rule of the National Invincible Fidelity Bank, Loan and Trust Company that the hirers of their safety-deposit vaults should be safe-guarded in the most complete manner. To open a box it was necessary that its original lessee, or his legal heir if the original lessee had died, with one other designated person and a representative of the company, should descend into the caverns below the surface of Wall Street and be present at the ceremony.

That rule of the company and the elder Robert Hargreaves' obstinate determination to advertise to the world that he controlled, and therefore disregarded, the troubles at his great manufactory accounted for Genevieve Sothorn's presence there one day. Her father was absolutely bent upon a great social festivity to celebrate her engagement to Lloyd Manson, and her return to the world of fashionable activities, as well as to advertise his own secure scorn for his striking workmen.

Accordingly, Genevieve, after many protests against the entertainment as tasteless, had yielded, and with one of the executors of her husband's will had gone down to the great marble building on Wall Street to obtain certain jewels that had been locked up since her widowhood. She herself had not placed them in the deposit vaults, but her sister Julie had performed that service for her, having to untie many knots of red tape before the irregularity was

permitted on the ground of Mrs. Sothern's illness.

The rite over and the rich woman bowed out of the great building with much pomp, Mr. Wright, who had accompanied her, excused himself from further attendance upon her on the plea of pressing business in the neighborhood. She had smiled her gracious thanks for his company and her gracious excuse for his departure.

"Home, I suppose?" he had asked her, as he closed the door of her brougham upon her. Genevieve had bowed assent. But before the carriage had made its way through that narrow, golden-paved street to Broadway roaring at its outlet, she had countermanded the order. She wished to be driven to one of the Jersey ferries, she said. And at Liberty Street the wondering coachman left her.

It was the consuming desire to see John Toleman, now accused openly in the papers of murdering her husband as well as on the minor charges of inciting to riot and arson, that hurried her across the water. Since troubles had come so thick upon her father and her home, her freedom had been markedly curtailed. On the plea of regarding her safety in a period of disturbance, her affianced husband had surrounded her with precautions—had dogged her movements. She was never alone, she told herself. He had assured her—and her heart assured her that he spoke falsely—that the allies of her husband's slayer were prepared to resent her part in the apprehension of that slayer by indignities offered to her.

"They recognize you for the moving power in the search that has landed Toleman where he deserves," Manson had said.

And so every hour was planned by him and her father so that no harm could come to her from the hottest-headed of these followers of John Toleman. To-day was literally the first time in a week that she had been alone. Only the elderly Mr. Wright's unexpected defection in the neighborhood of his broker's office had brought about this opportunity. And she was using it to hurry to the man whom, it was believed,

she had been mainly instrumental in placing in jail; she was surreptitiously going to him to tell him that she believed in his innocence and to try, by some silent, womanly method, to win his forgiveness for her engagement to his enemy.

Journeying toward the prison, reflecting upon herself and the action she was about to take, she saw herself more clearly than ever before—saw her weakness, her vacillations, her half-hearted, half-ignorant striving for better things than she had known, for a more unselfish way of life. It seemed to her that she failed in every great emergency of her existence. She had been at best only a dutiful wife; she had been an unsympathetic daughter, a timorous philanthropist, a watery compound in all those situations where red blood should have flowed in her veins. But she realized that whatever strivings she had felt toward a nobler, more sure, more sustained, form of life had come from the influence of this man whom she scarcely knew, and who, according to the popular view, was now in prison because of her burning desire to avenge her husband's death. The papers were full of the story of the determination with which she had returned from her long European sojourn. She could not bear that John Toleman should read and believe them.

There was some difficulty made about her seeing the prisoner. But he himself consented quickly when he heard that "a lady" was outside, and in a few minutes she stood in the corridor outside his cell. When he discovered who the "lady" was he was full of regret.

"Mrs. Sothern!" he exclaimed. "You should not have come. It will be—mentioned. It will be—misunderstood."

Her eyes filled with nervous tears at what she conceived to be a rebuke.

"I could not stay away," she faltered. "I feared—you might believe I thought—you might believe I instigated. You see the papers?"

"I see them," he answered somewhat grimly. His mind was upon the sensational "romance" in one of the Sunday sheets which ascribed her engagement

to Manson as a reward for the superintendent's services in unearthing her husband's murderer. "I see them, but of course I know how to value them. Though it is very kind—oh, very kind—of you to come here to deny their nonsense."

"Now that I have come," she went on, quavering a little, "I do not know what to say. I—I suppose it was that morbid notion of mine—that feeling that it was my duty to Francis to find out who killed him—which has brought about all this. Mr. Manson is so—so—energetic. But you know—you know"—she stressed the verb pleadingly—"that I do not believe this charge against you? And that I hope and pray——" She broke down, and hid her shamed face in her hands.

"Please don't, Mrs. Sothern," he begged, with a little indrawn breath. "You don't know how I feel to see you unhappy. Of course I know that you believe in my innocence. Your brother has assured me of it. I——"

"I believe it so much," she interrupted him, removing her hands from her face, "that I am willing to do anything to show it to all the world. That is why I am here. Robert has quarreled with my father. He has no longer resources at his command. But I—I am independent, financially, of my father. If anything—a lawyer——"

"Don't!" he cried. "Don't you see what a monstrous thing your generosity, your dear generosity, is proposing? That I should be defended from the charge of your husband's murderer out of your husband's wealth? But do not fear for me. I shall do very well. I am utterly innocent of that and of all the outrages that have been recently laid at my door. The latter are trumped up against me by—pardon me—by your promised husband. He—but I may not speak to you in this vein."

"He does seem to hate you," she said mechanically. "I feel that his—zeal for my cause makes him unjust. I wanted you to know that I am not like that?"

"I know it. Indeed I know it."

"And you won't think of me—as an enemy?"

"I shall think of you as I always have thought since I saw you first," he answered. She raised her beseeching eyes to him.

"And how—how——" She tempted him to reply.

"As the one woman who could make me forget that I was the apostle of a cause and make me remember that I was first of all a man," he answered, with sudden passion.

Her eyes grew glorious as she raised them to his face.

"And I," she answered him thrillingly, "have thought of you as the one being who could rob my life of its littleness, who could make me care for causes."

She snatched his hand through the bars and kissed it before he could divine her intentions. Then, with hastily lowered veil, she sped out of the corridor.

The afternoon papers were full of the visit of a mysterious veiled lady to John Toleman. Genevieve breathed more freely when she learned from them that she had not been recognized.

## CHAPTER XVI.

In the Hargreaves library an important consultation was in progress. The manufacturer, recovered from his rough handling of a month before, sat stately and stern at his desk. Manson, energetic, vigorous, giving the impression that dignity was with him expressed rather in action than repose, was there. The head of the law firm which had managed the Hargreaves affairs for half a century was there. So was the prosecuting attorney who was to conduct the cases for the State of New Jersey against John Toleman.

Perhaps he ought not to have been there; perhaps Hargreaves ought to have been in his office instead. But Mr. Hargreaves was a very important citizen—and if further excuse were needed, Hargreaves was an old man who had been confined to his house for some weeks by reason of a brutal attack made upon him by his striking workmen.

Mr. Lon Davis was also present, ap-



*The remainder of the sentence was lost in the entrance of Louis Ohls and his daughter.*

praising the value of the curtains and bric-à-brac with eyes that seemed averse to meeting other people's.

Muhlberg, the prosecuting attorney, had just finished his examination of certain papers. He looked up and scrutinized Lon Davis attentively.

"These documents are very important, very," he said. "The men who swear to the statements contained in them are all get-at-able, I suppose?" Manson and Davis nodded simultaneously.

"Umph. That they never came for-

ward before is a striking feature of the affair. But better late than never, I dare say. They swear"—he turned the papers over—"that they were parties to a plot to murder Francis Sothern as an object lesson to stubborn capital; that they were led into the conspiracy by John Toleman, who actually committed the murder, firing through an open window of the office of the Works; that said John Toleman had been due at the conference, but that it had been plotted that he was to remain outside until his confederates got Mr. Sothern seated oppo-

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site the window. And that one of them was detailed to stop him on his way to the meeting in order that, should the question of his lateness come up, he might have a good excuse to offer for it. And these same men have remained his tools and allies until the present time, entering into his schemes for the destruction of the Works and the strike outrages generally. Now, Mr. Davis, can you tell us why these men endanger their own safety at this time of day by giving us this information?"

"Sure I can," answered Lon insolently. "They wasn't gettin' nothin' from playin' Toleman's game, an' besides, they knew that the boss here"—he nodded to indicate Manson—"was on; they realized they'd better climb into his wagon if they didn't want to be jugged themselves. It's easy enough, that riddle."

There was a persistent rapping at the door. With a frown, Hargreaves gave the signal for opening it. The butler, much perturbed, stood there.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he began, "but there's a party here—a pair—that says they must see you, no matter what. I said you was much eng'ged, sir, I did indeed, but—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost in the entrance of Louis Ohls and his daughter. His face dark with wrath, Hargreaves arose.

"Ohls, what does this outrageous intrusion mean? Miss Ohls, I am surprised at you. You, at any rate, are not insane—"

But the old man, with no attention for the harsh words hurled at him, broke into discourse. He had come on an errand of justice. A crime was being committed.

"If you will permit me, Mr. Hargreaves," Madeleine interrupted her father, "I think I can explain with less loss of your time than my father. He has come with information concerning Mr. Sothern's murder. I do not myself know exactly what it is, but I know in part."

Manson was protesting against the intrusion, but Mr. Muhlberg interposed.

"Would it not be simpler to hear what

they have to say?" he asked. "It may be important, and it is certainly not irrelevant."

"Not irrelevant!" snorted Manson. But he was silenced by the man of the law.

Madeleine spoke first, spoke briefly.

"Two years ago," she said, "we were living in one of the workmen's tenements near the Works where my father was then employed. He had been, as I think you all know, a watchmaker in Germany before coming to this country, and he was an expert in fine machinery. Often he mended watches and the like in the evenings. He was already much broken in health and in mind by his sorrows, and by too much—perhaps by too much thinking upon his sorrows.

"He particularly disliked Sothern, who was active at the Works and who had—had been instrumental—in—sending my brother to prison for a—a crime of violence. A few days before Mr. Sothern's murder, I saw my father cleaning and mending a pistol of peculiar mounting. I asked him whose it was, but he did not answer me. On the morning after the murder I found the pistol in the grass—the thick grass—beside the little stream that trickled through the meadow about twenty feet from the office; it has since been filled in. I took the pistol home with me and hid it. I thought—I thought that my father—he had had wrongs, he had suffered—I thought that he had, in madness, done the—dreadful thing." Her voice was low, her eyes downcast. "I tried to shield him. So long as no one else was accused, no one else suffered for it, it did not seem to me to be wrong. But when another man was accused, and that a man so good, so earnest, as Mr. Toleman, I begged my father—to confess. He denies the crime—he has something to explain."

She was very white when she had finished. Even old Mr. Hargreaves was impressed by her bearing. He arose and pushed a chair out for her.

"Sit down, Miss Ohls," he said. He rang the bell, and when the butler immediately opened the door, he ordered wine brought for the girl.

"And now, Ohls?" he said. The lawyers had been talking together in a low aside, and Manson had been whispering to Lon Davis.

Louis produced the pistol.

"There it is," he said. The gravity of the situation seemed to quell his usual passion for oratory. "I had been mending it for Mr. Manson."

Manson started to his feet, his face ablaze with passion.

"Am I to remain here to hear a statement like that go unchallenged?" he demanded.

"Certainly not, Manson," answered Mr. Hargreaves. "Mr. Ohls—are you sure who gave you this pistol to be mended?"

"I am certain."

"I never saw the thing before," said Manson, rising and lifting it from the table, as though to examine it. "And as for the charge implied—this old man is known for a half-crazy fool."

Mr. Muhlberg looked at the weapon critically.

"You remember I conducted the investigation for the State," he said, "two years ago. The bullet extracted from the victim is still in my office. It is—it is for this make of revolver. The style is old—ten years gone by." He fingered the revolver for a minute and then dropped the cartridges into his hand. "Five left," he said. "And the one in my office makes six. I fear, Miss Ohls, that your original theory is correct. Your father—a little unbalanced—a fanatic—"

"Come on in here," trilled a girlish voice in the hall, Jenkins being temporarily off guard in quest of sherry for Madeleine. "I saw Aunt Dora in the drawing-room, and nothing on earth will induce me— Oh, I beg pardon!"

Julie and her constant attendant, Sir William, were in the room. The gentlemen in conference looked at them inhospitably. Julie stared in surprise at Madeleine. Mr. Muhlberg, standing, with the pistol in his hand, was the most conspicuous figure present.

"By Jove!" cried Sir William, cutting short his embarrassed apologies. "Where did you find my old gun?"

"Your pistol?" exclaimed the attorney, and "Your pistol?" echoed through the room.

Sir William was sure that he could not be mistaken. He advanced, looked at the weapon, called attention to the silver mountings and to a certain device upon them. "The crest," he explained. "But I'd know that queer mixture of silver and enamel and horn anywhere. My governor had them especially mounted for me—I had a pair—my first. I knew them as a man knows his sweetheart. I couldn't be deceived!"

Jenkins entered with the wine for Madeleine. All eyes were upon the young Englishman, Lloyd Manson's with a look of desperation.

"Sir William, under what circumstances did you lose possession of this weapon? Pardon my examining you, but your arrival is so opportune. We are considering the matter of—" It was the Hargreaves' lawyer who spoke.

"I lost them," confessed Sir William, half-laughing, "on my first visit to this country, a little over ten years ago. It was in the West. And at poker. It was a very reprehensible thing, of course, but I was new to the game. I assure every one here present," his merry eyes sought Julie's, "that I'm reformed, that I no longer play poker in distant camps or elsewhere. And I hope it won't be regarded as a very black crime, for a great model of decorum and of ability was my opponent and won my guns from me after he had won my money and my watch and my sleeve-buttons. Mr. Manson was the man."

That the speaker had no idea of the seriousness of the situation into which he had precipitated himself was perfectly apparent. He evidently thought that its portentousness was in some way mixed with the presence of the Ohlses. But he had a sudden awakening as, from the curtained recess where he had been standing with Lon Davis, Manson's voice broke in.

"That is a lie," he said hoarsely.

Sir William swung in his direction, the laughing light gone from his face.

"Be good enough to repeat that," he

said, advancing a step. But the others interposed. Manson recovered himself.

"This is the most ridiculous affair," he began. "Am I to be accused of murder—"

"Murder?" exclaimed Sir William, in the dark as to what had gone before. "Who accuses you of murder? I only said you played a good game of poker."

"Because a half-crazed socialist who is known to hate me as the representative of a corporation he detests in his socialistic way, and a profligate Englishman—"

"Draw it mild!" cautioned Sir William, with angry calm.

"Unite to fasten the ownership of that miserable pistol upon me? It's a plot between them!"

"I can easily prove to any one interested that I have never seen this man or his daughter since the day I saw them on the coaching trip last spring," said Sir William. "And for the rest, I don't understand what any one is driving at."

The meaning of the conference was briefly explained to him, and the unexpected part taken in it by Louis Ohls and his daughter.

"What are you gettin' excited about?" growled Lon Davis to his chief in an aside. "There was no harm in ownin' the pistol. All the harm you done yourself when you said it wasn't yours."

"Mr. Manson, you are naturally unduly excited," said the Hargreaves' lawyer suavely, "by finding yourself connected in any fashion at all with the—lamentable occurrence of two years ago. The fact that you owned the pistol—if indeed you find upon refreshing your memory that you did own it, and Sir William upon further examination still thinks it the one he lost to some one resembling you, that fact argues nothing."

"Certainly not," agreed old Robert Hargreaves heartily. "What motive would you have to use the weapon, even if you had owned it?"

"What indeed?" demanded Manson boldly. "But you can understand my feeling. It is possible that I won the pistols as Sir William has described. I played a great many games of poker in

my mining engineer days. I don't recall one of my several opponents. I forget my losses and my winnings. It was a rough life. I have been glad to outlive it. As for the pistols, if indeed I won them, they were certainly purloined from among my possessions. But—I spoke too hastily, Sir William."

"You sure did," muttered Lon Davis.

"And now I think it would behoove me to beat a graceful retreat," said Sir William, receiving the other man's apologies with a nod.

"Beg pardon, sir," whispered the despairing Jenkins at the door. "But Miss Vievy, sir—Mrs. Sothern, I mean—she wants to come in. She says she must—that all you gentlemen ought to hear what she has to say."

"An interruption more or less seems scarcely to be counted now," sighed Genevieve's much-interrupted father. "Mrs. Sothern may come in, Jenkins."

She was still wearing her hat and wraps, as when she had come in from her visit to John Tolerman and the safe-deposit vaults. But her face was blanched to a transparent pallor and her eyes were dark, blazing stars in the whiteness. In her hands she held a letter. When her affianced husband advanced to meet her she shrank aside from him.

"Robert has been with me for a few minutes," she said. "He knew the purport of Miss Ohls' visit here—to say that my husband was killed with a pistol of that man's." She indicated Manson. "And now—and now— Oh, father, look, look! Read!"

Bewildered, her father took the sheets of a letter from her hand. He stared from her to them.

"But this—this is Francis' writing!" he exclaimed, as though protesting against a manifest impossibility.

"Yes, yes," Genevieve broke in. "Here is the envelope—addressed to me at Palm Beach, you see, the very day that he was done to his death; mailed only a few hours before he was killed; returned from the hotel to the house here, after I had been summoned home by telegram. Oh!"

She was gasping. Julie put a gentle

arm around her and forced her to sit down.

"But—have you just found it, just read it?" asked the dazed father.

"Yes, yes. That is the mystery—the wonder. It was done up in the package I took from the vaults to-day—the package of jewels. I don't understand, but that is where I found it."

"That is my doing," struck in Julie. "Genevieve was in a state of utter collapse when the letter was forwarded back from Palm Beach to New York. I received it, I recognized Francis' writing, I would not for worlds subject her to reading the letter as she was then. So I thought the best way to take care of it was to put it away with other things which I was caring for, for her. Of course, I meant to tell her all about it when she was strong enough to bear reading it, the poor dear! But that time was so long in coming—she was ill so long—that I confess I forgot it."

"Read it, father, read it!" Genevieve's words were a cry of torment.

Her father, still a little bewildered, turned to the closely written pages. He murmured opening sentences, regrets over the young wife's absence, small gossip of the house. Then his voice grew loud with a sort of disbelief, and he read:

"But enough of these little things. There is real trouble at the Works—more real than the everlasting complaints and discontent. We are going to try what a conference can do toward relieving that part of the business to-night. The real trouble is about Manson. Your father has such implicit trust in him that I hate to inflict the blow which I am obliged to strike. Manson has been West for a few weeks, as you know. I have myself taken charge in his office.

"It seems inconceivable, but he has been feathering his nest, already so well-feathered legitimately, for the last four years, at our expense. He came back to-day. I called him in and told him of my discovery of his dishonesty. I suppose I should have consulted your father and some of the shareholders first; but I couldn't bring myself to speak to your father, already so worried about the labor complications and so absolutely trustful of Manson, until I was sure of my ground. You see, I had a forlorn hope that the fellow would be able to extricate himself. But no! He tried to brazen it out, then became abusive. When I told

him my intention to lay the matter to-morrow before all of the directors whom I could reach, he became very insolent. I don't know that you will ever pardon me, my dear, nor do I know exactly how it happened—but your name fell into the discussion.

"The fellow had the supreme audacity to declare an affection for you. I think he threatened me with your wrath should I injure him! He ate those words, of course—they were the pitiful bravado of a cornered man—and then came the outrageous avowal of his presumption. It may be that he hoped, by clouding my mind or by making me fear what he might say on the stand, to prevent my disclosures. He does not understand the feelings of a man of honor. And now, my dear—"

Hargreaves' voice died away on commonplaces again.

"The weapon—and the motive," said Muhlberg softly, picking up the pistol again.

"It's a horrible nightmare," protested Robert Hargreaves. "Manson—Lloyd—say something, can't you? Why—these affidavits—"

"Oh, damn the affidavits!" remarked Mr. Lon Davis. "I can get you all you want, on any side, if you pay for 'em as well as he did! The jig's up! Go down to Jake's Hole, if you want to know how he did the thing!" He nodded toward Manson. The superintendent sat huddled in a broad chair.

"Lloyd! Manson! Man, aren't you going to defend yourself at all?" cried the old manufacturer piteously.

The huddled figure did not move, for a second. Then it raised itself erect. It looked at the group out of scornful eyes. Those eyes traveled from one face to another, never losing their look of defiant contempt, until they came to Genevieve. Then their expression changed. The bold, compelling glance wavered, finally fell. He sighed—a sigh that seemed to tear him.

"I don't know that my ally here, the trustworthy Davis, is right," he said heavily. "I don't know that the jig's up. It has often seemed up before, and yet it has gone on very merrily. But"—he looked again at Genevieve—"I don't care much about dancing it any longer."

His hand moved toward his face, paused at his lips as though to hide

some working of emotion. There was a sound of snapped glass; and then the penetrating, faint, unmistakable odor of peach kernels stung the air. Manson toppled forward in his chair, across the table.

"Prussic acid," said Muhlberg, moving hastily toward him.

Some one else ran to the telephone, another hurried the frightened women from the room.

In capitalistic circles, there are many who regard the elder Hargreaves as a mild lunatic. They have argument at their finger-ends to prove it. Has he not reorganized his business so that all his employes are partakers in its profits? Did he not go to vast expense for new buildings, new appliances, new systems, so that labor at the Works might not so nearly approximate a punishment for the crime of being alive as it did at one period? And was he not converted to these extravagances, these subversive and demoralizing courses, the widespread knowledge of which caused so much discontent among workmen whose employers were not similarly addled, chiefly because of that horrible affair which ought to have taught him to beware his own judgment forever—that affair of the murdering, thieving, conspiring, self-killing superintendent

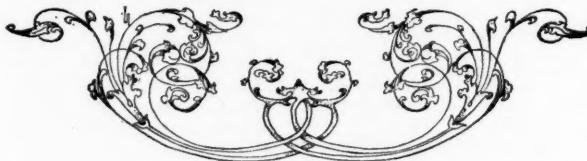
whom of old he used to hold up as a model to all other mill owners.

Oh, there could not be a doubt about it—old Robert Hargreaves was in his dotage! And even in his prime there must have been something queer, something a little bit "off" about him—for look at those visionary children of his! They must have inherited their amazing unworldliness from him, the world was sure.

Two of them made the most impossible matches—both into the absolute gutter, or at any rate the absolute working class. To be sure, one of the children seemed normal—she probably took after the mother—Julie, who married the Englishman. But as for the daughter who married that labor agitator, Toloman, and the son who picked up a girl in Orchard Street or some such place—what could be said of them? Had anything so dreadful ever happened?

They all seemed busy and happy, did they? Umph! That only proved how extremely "off" they all were! Crazy people are generally happy!

So the critical world. And all the answer it receives from the Hargreaves, father or son, or from Genevieve Toloman or her husband, or from Madeleine Hargreaves, is an indulgent indifferent smile. They are too busy for argument, too content for frowning.



### Apples of Gold

TO-MORROW may not dawn for me. The play  
Of life and death goes on; and, friend, I pray  
If you have aught of love and faith to give,  
Withhold them not until another day.

Tell me if in your thoughts you hold me dear.  
I care not for the rose upon my bier;  
Its sweetness would not quicken the still heart  
That broke with hopeless longing for it here!

BETH SLATER WHITSON.



AN ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION OF THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY  
NOW OPENING IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST

NEARLY every nation of the world has some large project on hand. Japan is trying to be a world power. Russia is picking up the pieces. Uncle Sam is digging his ditch, the Kaiser is cutting kindling, and John Bull is trying to get acquainted with his colonies.

In the meantime Canada, the premier colony, is building a new Transcontinental Railway so far north that it strikes the continent above the collar. Its trail lies through what writers are wont to refer to as the Great Lone Land. And so it was—lone—until a live government, quickened by the audacity of an imperial railway manager, sent its trail-blazers into the wilds of Quebec and Northern Ontario, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is building the west end, sent its engineers to unravel the mysteries of the mountains and find out the secrets of the silent places, to penetrate the passes, measure the chasms, and sound the great rivers of Northern British Columbia.

The Canadian government hit upon a happy plan for solving the transportation problem without committing itself to government ownership—or, more correctly speaking, to government operation of railways. It undertakes to build the eastern section of the new line, Moncton to Winnipeg, 1,800 miles, to

build it to a standard set by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, who build from Winnipeg west to the coast, 1,750 miles. This work by the government is done under a construction commission.

When the road is completed, and the Atlantic is linked to the Pacific, the railway company will take over the government section and work it, paying to the Dominion an annual rental equal to three per cent. on the cost of construction. The first seven years, however, the company is to pay only operating expenses. Naturally, under this arrangement, the Grand Trunk Pacific, while insisting that the line be up to a certain standard of excellence, is anxious that the work be accomplished at the lowest possible cost, for upon this the rental is based.

On the other hand, the Dominion government guarantees the bonds up to a stated amount per mile of the western section. Therefore the government is anxious that that portion be up to its own standard. Moreover, the Grand Trunk Pacific was the issue upon which Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government was continued in power at the last general election, and they have to "make good."

For the sake of harmony and symmetry, and to insure the faithful carrying out of this arrangement by both

parties to this contract, confirmed by act of Parliament, the government experts and engineers make frequent inspection of the company's work, while the Grand Trunk Pacific management have the right to reject any line laid out by the government engineers, if it can be established that the line selected is not the best line available, and up to the standard set for the entire system.

It does not require an expert to see that this is a wise, safe and equitable arrangement.

It is interesting, also, to note that under this arrangement, Canada, with less than eight millions of population, is building a single line of railway across this continent, building it to a standard undreamed of two decades ago, and building it without scandal or contention of any sort, and that it will cost, when completed, almost as much as the Panama Canal will cost the United States with all its wealth and population.

By the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific main line and branches, some two hundred million dollars will be set circulating. While the expenditure of this vast amount of money within the short space of ten years is of itself sufficient to keep the wolf from the door of the Dominion, this is but one of the incidents—insignificant, when we take into account the great benefit to mankind accomplished by the opening up of millions of acres, the making of thousands of new homes, and the establishment of hundreds of new industries in the waking wilderness of the north.

Those who are anxious that the supply of labor be always below the demand are constantly discouraging workingmen in every walk of life from coming to Canada, despite the fact that there is, has been for years past, and will be for years to come employment here for all who are able and willing to work.

The scheme in its entirety provides for a main line estimated to be 3,600 miles in length with 20 branch lines aggregating 5,000—or a total of nearly 9,000 miles of track.

The first 1,500 miles west from the

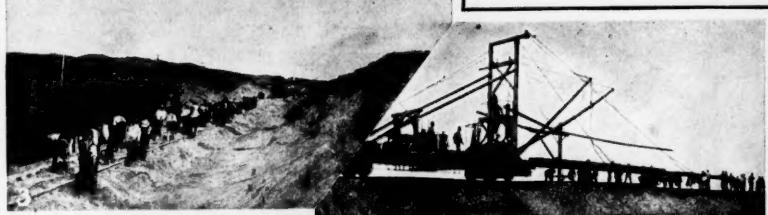
Atlantic will be through a more or less rough and wooded country. Passing out of the Province of Quebec, via the capital of that province, quickening to new life the quaint old City of Quebec, it will cut its way through a wilderness, passing north of the Height of Land and the Highlands of Ontario, and crossing rivers that flow down the northern watershed and spill their surplus into Hudson's Bay. All along this section are timber, iron, copper, silver and gold in paying quantities, and directly north of Cobalt the line lies through a heavily wooded clay belt, 50 miles wide and some 300 miles long, which bids fair to become as valuable a farming district as old Ontario. Contrary to popular belief, the climate, if it can be said to change at all, grows milder as one drops down the northern slope, and the water in Hudson's Bay is several degrees warmer than that of Lake Superior hundreds of miles south.

The reports of engineers, geologists and other experts seem to justify the prediction that the native wealth of this wilderness will surpass even that of some of the open fields.

And what adds greatly to the market value of this forest wealth is the assay grade already assured—four-tenths of one per cent. Since the economical or expensive operation of a line depends largely upon its gradients, and the ratio of net to gross earnings is governed by the working expenses, it is safe to say that the establishment of a four-tenths grade all the way across the continent is the great find of the engineers.

These remarkable conditions exist in this northern locality on account of the fact that the ranges of mountains along the Western portion of the American continent, which have their origin in Mexico, reach their maximum altitude in the region of the fortieth parallel of latitude, from which they gradually recede to the north.

Where the Grand Trunk Pacific will reap the first benefit from these exceptional conditions will, of course, be in the great economy and low cost of operation, which can be obtained from the very commencement. And this item is



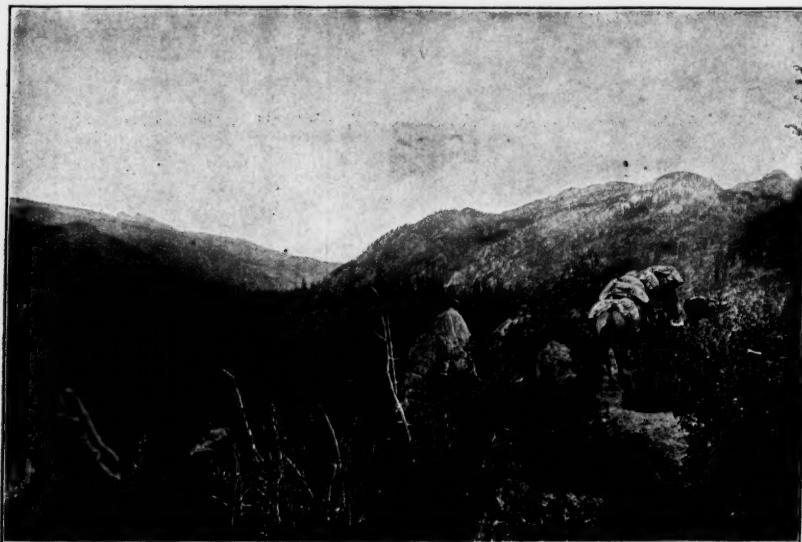
1. Track-laying machine "Pioneer" in operation. 2. Depositing ballast onto the track by means of Hart Convertible cars. 3. Gang of men forcing the gravel under each individual tie. 4. Another phase of the track-laying operation. 5. The finished track. 6. Ballast being spread by the center ballast spreaders. These consist of a double plow hung underneath a flat car, which levels all the material even with the top of the rail, and deposits the surplus outside of the ties.

of very great importance in the case of a newly constructed railway, at a time when the traffic and the revenue therefrom must of necessity be light; but with the gradual evolution of an enterprise and from explorations which are being made in all directions, it would appear that the period of light traffic will be of short duration.

The Western Division, Winnipeg to the Pacific, will be

built at the cost of the company, the government aiding by guaranteeing first mortgage bonds of the company, principal and interest for fifty years, to the extent of \$13,000 per mile on the prairie section, and for three-quarters of whatever the cost per mile will be of the mountain section, the Grand Trunk Railway Company guaranteeing an issue of bonds of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, principal and interest for fifty years, to provide the remainder of the cost of construction. The company is to pay the interest on the bonds issued on the prairie section and guaranteed by the govern-





UNRAVELING THE MYSTERIES OF THE MOUNTAINS

ment from the date of issue (the interest during construction being provided for in the cost of construction), but the government will pay the interest on the bonds guaranteed by it on the mountain section for the first seven years after the completion of the line with no recourse on the company for interest so paid.

The country through which the prairie section of the road will pass contains land well known to be adapted for the growing of wheat, which in extent is four times the wheat growing area of the United States. This land, which is now being rapidly taken up by settlers, produces rich crops the first year of cultivation, and will furnish a large traffic for the railway as rapidly as it can be extended, therefore amply warranting the company in assuming the payment of the interest charges on the cost of construction, from the beginning. The mountain section, however, passing through the mineral deposits, will require a little longer time for development, and as stated, the government has therefore assumed the payment of the

interest charges under its guarantee of three-quarters of the cost of construction, for the first seven years after completion.

Crossing the continent as it will, so far to the north of all existing lines, the Grand Trunk Pacific, when the company places its ships on both oceans, will shorten the trip around the world by two full days. And because it will have an almost straight and comparatively level line, the duration of the land journey will be greatly lessened. The Grand Trunk Pacific goes around nothing. It bores its way through granite cliffs, bridges valleys, and tunnels hills—so that the finished line will look like a tight rope across the continent.

Of incalculable benefit and advantage to this new enterprise is its relation to the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, with its 4,800 miles of railway, on which are situated all the cities and the principal towns in Eastern Canada, among the former being Windsor, Hamilton, London, Toronto and Montreal. Montreal, the first city of the Dominion, situated at the head of ocean navigation

on the St. Lawrence River, must, with her splendid harbor and her unlimited resources for industrial growth, always maintain her position as the metropolis of Canada.

These advantages are not confined to Canada. Situated on this great railway system are also the large cities of Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Buffalo and Portland in the United States. With this unrivaled position, which can be obtained by any transportation company only after years of labor and experience, the new transcontinental railway will at once become an exclusive partner, and from the beginning will be placed in possession of an enormous general traffic already created and originating on the Grand Trunk Railway System, but which has hitherto been carried into the Northwest over other lines.

Far-reaching as are the influence and importance of this great railway, in the development of the resources of the Dominion of Canada, they will be felt in an equally large degree by the formation of the shortest route between Europe and Asia.

So much has been printed lately concerning the rich farm lands that begin in Eastern Manitoba, and reach out to the forest that lies away west of Edmonton—three hundred miles wide and a thousand miles long—that this asset may be counted as an established fact. This, however, is not all. The reports of apparently reputable government officials as to the resources and productiveness of the Far North country seem as unbelievable to the average man as "nature" stories are to President Roosevelt. The writer has seen wheat in the "dough" on July 12, within a mile of Dawson.

Before the House of Commons Agriculture Committee recently, Mr. Elihu Stewart, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, in testifying as to the resources and conditions of this northern country, said that the growth of vegetation in the Mackenzie Basin was surprising, the sun in the summer being visible for about twenty hours out of the twenty-four. On July 15, at Port Providence, near Great Slave Lake, on the Mackenzie River, about 550 miles



STEAM SHOVEL AT WORK ON THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

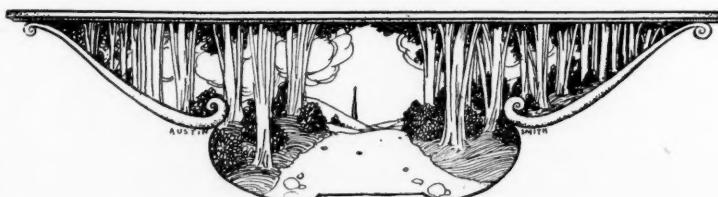
north of Edmonton, Mr. Stewart said he saw wheat in the milk, potatoes in flower, peas fit to use, tomatoes, turnips, rhubarb, beets, onions, cabbages and other garden vegetables. The strawberries had been ripe there for some time, and the people had currants and gooseberries. To illustrate the heat, he said that at Fort Chipewyan it had been one hundred degrees in the shade for several days and nights. Indians coming from the Alaska boundary to meet the steamer *Wrigley* had lost two dogs from the heat—and this within the Arctic Circle! He thought systematic exploration would show a surprising amount of good country extending down from Slave Lake to Peace River. Along the Mackenzie River spruce grew clear to the Arctic Ocean. Mr. Stewart also said that on Slave River he had passed a bank of burning coal about 20 miles in length, near Fort Norman, which Mackenzie had reported burning in 1780.

Unquestionably, the most interesting point along the new national highway is Prince Rupert, the Pacific Coast terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

For more than a year the engineers have been busy laying out the city that is to stand above Queen Charlotte Sound, providing everything in advance of any building—drainage, railway-terminals, docks, public buildings, parks and playgrounds. Prince Rupert is to be made a model city in every sense, and the development on the coast when the preliminary work is completed will probably rival the rush of the most rapid camps on the continent, because the permanency of the city is assured. The new city will sit well upon the shore

overlooking the wide roadway to the open sea. And here, also, is to be found, off the banks of Queen Charlotte Islands, the finest halibut-fishing in existence, tons of fish being taken annually to supply Eastern markets. This traffic will be greatly augmented upon the completion of transportation facilities. Indeed, it can hardly be otherwise than that the enormous traffic which now awaits the advent of the railway, and that which will result in the future from the great development which has recently been taking place in this northern country, will take the railway at the nearest point—the line of least resistance—and that the road will reap a valuable revenue from the extensive fishing industries of the coast country.

It is only natural that the new road should have an eye open for grand new scenery. The Grand Trunk Pacific trains will pass through some of the famous scenery of the Maritime Provinces—the land of *Evangeline*—by quaint old Quebec, race along the shores of Lake Abitibi, and other equally beautiful northern lakes; by the banks of mighty rivers, skirt the classic Qu'Appelle Valley, leap over some of the great waterways of Northern British Columbia, pass along the foot of the highest and mightiest mountain in the Dominion, if we may believe the geographies, cross the Rockies at Yellowhead Pass, and reach the Pacific amid the grand, weird scenery of the Sound country, where the Japan Current washes the coast and creates the “Chinook” wind, whose warm breath blows across the range, and renders the great Northwest fit for the home of the white man.





# JUDITH: SOLVER OF MYSTERIES

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

## I.—JUDITH BECOMES A FINANCIER

THOSE minutes which I thought were going to be the last of my life, commonplace though they were, make pictures for me now much more vivid than many dramatic scenes in which I have since taken part. Here was I thrown on my own resources, clever, well-educated, and not bad looking, and yet I was unable to find anything to do in huge New York. I do not think I should have thought of ending it all, however, except that as I strolled slowly toward the ferry, a man caught my shoulders, whirled me about, looked into my face, laughed slightly, and then released me. That little incident seemed to show me a black lane of horror ahead. There was nothing, I thought, but to pay my last pennies for my ticket and then seek the merciful quiet of the water.

As I entered the ferry-boat among a pushing crowd of homegoers, and saw a big automobile chugging along in front of me, and caught a gleam of a white veil and a delicate cloak, I wondered why that should make me think of my old days in boarding-school, when Judith Carmichael used to pet and bully and detest and defend me, and, for the rest, my life was bounded by a quiet routine of duties and the sunny length of an old orchard wall. Then I looked at people around me, their faces still

tense from the day's work, and wondered if any there could be so utterly alone as myself. No, my life was not worth keeping.

And yet when the boat touched, I still kept it. I was among those who were pushed by the throng across the gang-plank to shore. At first I thought I should go back. Then I decided that I had enough money left to buy a poison. I was walking, head bent, over the rough cobblestones, trying to think what sort would be the most painless, when I started back just in time to escape being run down by an automobile.

The machine stopped at my side, the door opened, and a woman leaned out, her long veil fluttering in the autumn wind.

"Well, Fay, you little idiot," she said in deep, throaty tones, "why wouldn't being run down by my car do as well as drowning? Jump in."

I think I screamed, but instinctively I obeyed that imperious voice I knew so well, and immediately I was looking into Judith Carmichael's dark pagan eyes. We had not met for ten years, and for a moment I expected to see her black curly hair falling to her waist as it used to in our school-days.

"No, it's done up," said Judith, "and it doesn't catch on my buttons any more and make me swear."

"You're the same as ever," I said, remembering how uncanny we schoolgirls used to find her occasional power of reading our minds. By fitful flashes she would seem to know all we thought and felt. Again we were like blank pages to her, and then, I am afraid, Judith sometimes pulled our hair and pinched our arms.

"But how—how did you know?" I stammered.

"Oh, little Fay, if you could see your face! Then I saw you when you got on the ferry. But it is all right. I am going to take you home with me."

"You'll let me be your secretary, then?" I asked.

Judith's eyebrows were straight and thick, except near the nose, where each broke suddenly into the side of a fine thin triangle. When she frowned they were drawn together, and made a lowering frame indeed for her deep eyes.

"I am going to make you my partner; that's enough," she said, quickly. The same imperious Judith.

"I have not accepted, you know," I said, with some spirit. "I don't like doing things blindly, and even if you are wealthy, I am not going to accept charity."

"Bless me!" cried Judith. "So little Fay has lost some of her meekness! So much the better. But there is no question of charity. You'll have to work just as I do."

"You work, Judith; you with your hundreds of thousands—"

"I'm not rich now, whatever the world may think," she interrupted. "But," she added, with a teasing, mysterious smile, "I do make a good income through private investigations, in which you are going to help me."

"Investigations? Is it documents—research work in statistics, Judith?"

Judith burst into ringing laughter.

"The documents I read are decidedly human," she said. "But don't question me any more, child. I want to think. We shall be home in a moment."

Home proved to be a little sliver of a house on Fifth Avenue, rather far up. Judith stepped out of the car and was

about to dismiss the chauffeur when she said suddenly:

"No, wait. I have the feeling that I may need you again. Stop here till I come out. I have an intimation," she explained to me as she got out her latchkey, "that we are not going to enjoy the cozy talk over our hearth that I had planned."

The hall was dark, but Judith switched on the electric lights, and then led the way to her box of a drawing-room, which was almost dark, too. In the gloom I made out a big young man standing by the mantel.

If Judith felt surprise at seeing him she did not show it. She snapped an electric button and nodded to him coolly as she slipped out of her cloak and took off her hat. I looked at her with renewed admiration. The slim schoolgirl had developed into a magnificent woman. Almost six feet she stood, straight and firm and supple. Somehow she suggested all the freedom and grace of a forest. The man was looking at her, too, but I thought there was something half-grudging in his admiration of her beauty.

"Well, Eugene?" she said to him at last.

He looked at me irresolutely.

"I want to see you alone if I may," he said bluntly.

I rose, but Judith drew me to her side. "I have no secrets from my sister, Mrs. Graves," she said.

I gasped at the new relationship and at the matrimony so unexpectedly forced upon me. I looked helplessly about the bright little drawing-room with its chintz-covered chairs and many little tables and vases of flowers, while Judith continued calmly:

"Fay, this is Mr. Greer, of whom I have told you. Well, Eugene?"

He bit at his mustache nervously, but said nothing.

"What is it?" she continued impatiently. "You didn't come to make love to me, I suppose? So you must be in trouble."

He flushed. "I am still engaged to Dick Larrabee's sister," he said icily.

"You might have changed since last



*I saw a big automobile chugging along in front of me.*

night," she returned. "So it's trouble? Well, Eugene?"

Nothing could equal the insolence of her tone. She spoke his name "Eugene," and there was something utterly contemptuous in her pronunciation.

"I don't know why I have come to you," he cried, galled. "Your favors

are detestable, and this is a case, too, where I need advice, not detective work."

Judith sat down. "What have you done?" she asked.

"It's gambling again," he began in a low tone.

"And the money?"

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*She turned quickly aside, but not before his lips had brushed her cheek.*

He tried to answer and then buried his face in his arms. Judith stretched a hand toward him with a half-motherly

when it came out I—I had to bargain with him——"

"Whom have you sacrificed?"

gesture, and then drew it back. When she spoke, she said rather kindly:

"You took some money?"

He shook his head in denial.

"Then you signed a name not your own?"

He nodded in assent. Judith frowned, and getting up, stood beside him.

"It's the cowardice of it, and the stupidity, that I mind," she said stormily. "It would be braver to go out and slug a man, and you would take fewer risks. Well, I suppose it's a question of the temperament of the man whose name you forged unless—— But there *is* something more!"

"Yes," he said in a muffled tone. "Must—must Mrs. Graves stay?"

Until he glanced at me I had forgotten that I was Mrs. Graves.

"Now don't let us waste any more time," said Judith decidedly. "I need Mrs. Graves right here. What have you done?"

"It was Copperleigh's name I forged," said Greer desperately. "I thought he was a friend of mine and would see me through a tight place, but

"It's Dick—Dick Larrabee."

Judith took a step forward. Her face flamed crimson, her eyes glared, and she drew in her lips till her mouth was a hard line.

"Go on," she said.

"He came on from the West last week," said Eugene slowly. "You know he has been shut up in that laboratory of his for years, experimenting. What he was after was a process by which he could extract gold from gold sand and make it pay. You know that no process has ever paid before. Well, he succeeded as much as a year ago and had his furnace constructed, and he has been getting options on acres and acres of the gold sand land in the West." Eugene paused and began to pace up and down the room. "I'll swear, Judith, that I—"

Judith turned on him angrily. "Don't waste my time, I tell you. What have you done to Dick?"

"He let me in on his scheme. There were only a few men who knew, and they have been trying to form a syndicate. No one knows the process but Dick. Copperleigh had got wind of the scheme and I had to—"

"What did you tell him?"

"I've done worse," he said. "I was managing the business side of this for Dick, and I introduced Copperleigh to him as the one man in the East who could meet his syndicate and get the lands."

"Oh, you treacherous dog!" muttered Judith. "Copperleigh will get those lands for himself; and Dick, the dear old student-mole—so helpless— So Copperleigh knows where the lands are? When did poor Dick tell him?"

"This afternoon, an hour ago. Tonight I am to dine with Copperleigh and give him the process. Dick was to come, too, but he had promised his mother to dine with her—"

Judith cut him short by ringing the bell violently. "That is enough," she said briskly. "We dine with you and Copperleigh. Go to the phone, Eugene, and call him up. Tell him that I and my widowed sister are coming. You need not underrate our charms. Here,

Annette," she said as her maid entered, "get one of my black gowns. Cut and pin it somehow till it fits Mrs. Graves. Tell Stephanie not to mind dinner. Tell her to throw together a black semi-mourning hat for Mrs. Graves; quick! Eugene, first give me the names of those men who own the land; quick!"

The whole house sprang to attention. I followed Annette up-stairs, and stood while she rapidly fitted a dress to me. Down-stairs I could hear Mr. Greer's voice as he gave names and addresses to Judith. Then I heard him go to the telephone. In a moment Judith rushed up-stairs with a paper in her hand.

"Look here, Fay," she said. "You used to be a shark at chemistry in school, didn't you?"

I nodded.

"Then you can read this process for extracting the gold. Do you think you could master it and put it in a cipher form in the next half-hour or so—make a cipher for it?"

I am not prone to take the initiative, but with Judith standing there, her great dark eyes pouring ardent life into mine, what could my spirit do but bound to hers in assent? While Annette's deft fingers worked about me I stood reading the process, and then I concentrated my will, and thought out a cipher which should conceal without bellying the result of Dick Larrabee's years of labor. I hardly noticed as I worked that Stephanie was trying a hat on me with little nods of approval, and that Annette was murmuring in despair that all mademoiselle's black wraps were too large for Madame Graves. I wrote with a stylographic pen while the two women finished dressing me, and I was just blotting my last line when Judith again dashed into the room where I stood.

"Ready? How well you look! Fay, that lovely fair hair of yours was just made for a widow."

I glanced in the glass, and I did indeed make a demure foil for Judith, and surely no one could have looked a more discreet chaperon.

"No time to admire yourself," said Judith. "Now I must race into my

clothes. The chauffeur s in a rage because he hasn't dined yet, but I told him neither had we, for that matter. Eugene will be here in a moment. Hurry with my lace gown, Annette."

"What were you doing?" I asked as the maid began to dress her.

"Sending telegrams and telephoning." Then she added in Italian, to the chagrin of Annette: "Still dying of curiosity, Fay?"

"I am, and I can do what you expect of me more creditably if I'm not quite in the dark."

"It ought to be plain to you," she said. "I am what I suppose you would call a private detective. You know I always had a talent for finding out things—intuitions—"

I nodded.

"Well, after people and the world bored me, I did a few private investigations for fun. One of my father's old friends is the head of a great detective bureau. I used to tell him my results just to annoy him. When my father died and my money proved to be nil, I went to this chief and asked for work. Of course it's an unusual occupation for a girl to follow, but they thought I was peculiarly fitted—though they don't like women for that work." She glanced in the mirror.

"You see, you mustn't look the part," she went on, "and I don't. You must always keep your head, and I do. You must get other people's secrets, and not tell anything, and I do that. And, as you may remember, I've an eye like a lynx. My child, I could tell you some big things I've been in that would make your very hair tingle, and now you'll be in them!"

I confess that my smile was a little forced, but Judith had turned away from me, and was absorbed in Annette's final touches.

"Shall I do?" she asked.

She looked almost too beautiful to touch, and I told her she would do.

"Then come," she said, seizing her gloves, and putting them on as we hurried down-stairs. She shut the hall door after us, and we got into the car where Eugene Greer already sat beside

the chauffeur. He gave the address and the car bounded forward.

My head was whirling when we dismounted and entered a fashionable restaurant where Mr. Greer had secured a private room. Various heads turned to look after Judith as she followed Eugene through the large public room to the doorway where Mr. Copperleigh stood. He was a big pink man with high cheek-bones and prominent, observant eyes. They fastened themselves on Judith, and a quick gleam of interest entered their steely depths. When the introductions were over, I almost smiled at the change in her.

The imperiousness was gone. She was gentle, responsive, almost purring—in short, just the sort of woman whom she had divined that Mr. Copperleigh would like.

When we went to one side of the room to remove our wraps, Judith gave me a signal to loiter over the unhooking. I followed her eyes to the mirror opposite which she was standing, and there I saw Mr. Greer hand my neatly made cipher-process to Mr. Copperleigh, who in return gave him a check. I could almost hear the gasp of relief with which the young man took it. Judith smiled as we saw him crumple it in his waistcoat pocket.

"I suppose he will have the sense to put a match to it presently," she murmured.

I was too excited to eat very much and Eugene made only a pretense at touching the food, but Judith and Mr. Copperleigh seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Eugene watched her with a kind of sullen wonder. She seemed to be making the talk general, and yet she was really devoting herself to Mr. Copperleigh. I could fairly feel the way in which she concentrated upon him all her powers of fascination. Her deep, throaty voice was by turns sympathetic, indifferent, tender, languorous. Her soft eyes lured and yet held off.

The best man reader of women would have been hard put to it to understand Judith; but one thing I knew, and that was that she was trying to prolong the dinner to kill time; and also, that in

spite of his interest in her, there was something else in the back of Mr. Copperleigh's mind that he never lost sight of. Twice he went to the telephone and twice he came back with a slight frown on his pink forehead. During each absence Judith pursed her lips and shrugged her shoulders, but spoke no word of explanation to us.

On his second return Mr. Copperleigh remarked: "I am rather expecting some telegrams at my hotel, or a long-distance call." He flashed a malicious glance at Eugene as he spoke.

"What a coincidence," said Judith innocently. "I am expecting a long-distance call too."

"Something very important?" asked Mr. Copperleigh, with heavy archness. "Some poor swain who can't wait to put it in a letter?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Judith, opening her wide eyes. "It's really business and worth as much as a pair of gloves to me, or a box of bonbons."

"Speaking of boxes," said Mr. Copperleigh, "I have one for the opera to-night."

Judith clasped her hands with a pretty little cry of joy.

"But I almost think I shall have to let you three go without me," said Mr. Copperleigh waveringly. "I really must wait for those messages."

Judith's face fell. "Oh, we couldn't think of going without you," she said softly. "We shouldn't enjoy a note when we thought of what you were



*He walked away and Judith watched him from the doorway.*

missing. Perhaps your messages will come before long."

"I should like to see your eyes as you listened to music," murmured Mr. Copperleigh.

Judith appeared not to hear. Eugene ground his teeth and my face grew hot with indignation. Judith certainly must like Dick Larrabee or else Eugene very

much to endure for their sakes the familiarity of Mr. Copperleigh.

We were finishing our coffee when a message from the telephone office came to the door.

"Oh, I know it's for me!" cried Judith, clapping her hands. She jumped to her feet and seized the messenger boy in her light but strong grasp. "Where is it? Show me the way," she commanded, smothering whatever remark he may have wished to make. She bore him along with her, calling over her shoulder:

"Your turn next, Mr. Copperleigh."

For a moment her laughing face held him. Then as she disappeared, he rose bunglingly from his chair. "Of course the message is for me," he said frowning, "and she——"

"Of course if it were," I said laughingly, "the messenger would have told her and she would have been back by now. She wouldn't enjoy a call over the telephone that she couldn't understand."

Mr. Copperleigh hesitated a moment, and then he took an irresolute step forward.

"She isn't back. You had better sit down and wait for her, Copperleigh," said Eugene in a hoarse voice.

"I'll go after her," decided Mr. Copperleigh, and he left the room.

When the sound of his footsteps died away Eugene took out the forged check and touched a match to it.

"Judith's playing near the edge," he said gloomily. "She sent a lot of telegrams to the owners of the land with Dick's name signed to them, saying that any telegrams from Copperleigh were not authorized by him. I don't know whether she has taken Dick into her confidence or not. Of course Copperleigh has given me this check because he is sure of the land and he takes the process on trust. I suppose he thinks I wouldn't dare——" His voice trailed away into silence.

"Suppose that message should have been for him?" I said at length nervously.

I got up and stood in the doorway.

Judith and Mr. Copperleigh were returning, and she was leaning on his arm.

"But hang it all, what right had you to cut off my connection?" he was saying angrily.

"Dear Mr. Copperleigh," said Judith softly, and oh, what a siren note she threw into that rich throaty voice of hers, "I didn't suppose it really mattered, and I couldn't hear that music to-night without you. Isn't it business that could be done in the morning?"

"It can if you pay," he said, and suddenly leaned toward her. I saw Judith's eyes blaze, and she turned quickly aside, but not before his lips had brushed her cheek.

"There; that is an earnest of my fee," he said.

"You ask a good deal," murmured Judith, with what I recognized as forced calmness.

"How long you have been!" I called as pleasantly as I could. "Judith, was it for you?"

"No, for Mr. Copperleigh, and I rang them off," she said, for all the world like a gleeble schoolgirl. But I caught a baneful gleam in her fine eyes.

"And now we are all going to the opera," said Mr. Copperleigh, "and then back here for supper. Just excuse me a moment."

He walked away, and Judith watched him from the doorway.

"I wonder if he is going to try to get those landowners again," she said breathlessly. "But I think I cooked his goose in that direction." She went to the mirror and rubbed her cheek till it glowed. "The brute!" she said between her teeth.

She walked up and down the room, her great eyes blazing, her fingers working convulsively. Eugene's gaze followed her mechanically. I felt sorry. I had begun to realize now what her life-work was and the sort of career in which I was to be a partner. I did full justice to her intuition, her cunning and her power of quick action, but even my imperious Judith had her limitations. She had been compelled for a moment to yield to the brute strength of Mr. Copperleigh, and a duller person

than I would have seen that she loathed herself for the forced submission. But when he came back she was all smiles.

I have no idea what the opera was. I do not think I really heard one note of the music. We entered our box when the second act was well over, and even in the pre-occupation of getting off my wrap I could see how the eyes that turned to us casually were held by Judith's beauty. She took her seat superbly, aware of her audience, but scorning it. Mr. Copperleigh was not an obtuse man. He saw the effect she was making, and basked in his sense of proprietorship.

Judith almost ignored him till the curtain rose. Then, safer from scrutiny, she was again winning and interested. Only occasionally, when the stage was very dark, did she allow her face to relax and her seductive mask to change to a look of grinding contempt.

I felt that she was full of suspense, and my own nerves answered to the strain. The time seemed horribly long. I thought the stage lovers would never have done with their misunderstandings, recriminations and death agonies. Then there was a drive back to the restaurant.

Hardly had we begun to sup when a knock sounded at the door and a pale young man entered.

"I am sorry to intrude, sir," he said, "but I could not wait till the messenger found and brought you. I have been



*I took them from Mr. Copperleigh's unresisting fingers as he gazed after her.*

called suddenly to a sick relative. Here is your paper."

He handed Mr. Copperleigh what I saw was the first page of Dick Larabee's process for extracting gold from sand. I realized at once that Mr. Copperleigh had suspected something and had sent for a chemist during that absence from the room just before we had gone to the opera.

"And," continued the young man, "it is impossible to make head or tail of it. It is a systematic thing enough, but

it seems to be in cipher. Perhaps the second page has the key, if you care to trust it to me. If you do, I can be found at my store in the morning at nine. Sorry I can't put more time on it now, but as it stands, it would take days to work it out."

He pushed the paper into Mr. Copperleigh's hand and hurried out.

Mr. Copperleigh's face crimsoned, and he strode forward to Eugene, his chin thrust out at an ugly angle. But before any one could speak, another knock was heard.

A slim, tall man, with blue, short-sighted eyes and a gentle reflective look, entered.

"Forgive me for coming to a supper party to which I was not invited," he said in a slow pleasant voice, with quite the air of one who knew that he would be welcome; "but I simply do not understand the meaning of all these telegrams that have been pouring in on me. And what in the world did you mean, Judith, by telephoning to mother that I was to sit still and say nothing till you explained? Some of the telegrams read: 'Mertin's name is better than Copperleigh's. Consider it settled.' If you can explain, anybody——"

"Oh, Dick, Dick Larrabee!" said Judith softly. Her face was alight with a kind of tenderness.

"Will some one explain?" went on Larrabee. "Mr. Copperleigh and I had quite agreed before dinner——"

"Dickie, you ought not to get out of range of your test tubes," said Judith.

All this time Mr. Copperleigh had stood looking from one to another of us with an angry, comprehending face.

"Yes," nodded Judith to him as she motioned me to put on my wraps, "I didn't like the way you were doing my friends, Mr. George Copperleigh, so I blocked your game. Mertin's name is better than yours. He is my friend, and for my sake he will finance the syndicate for Mr. Larrabee's process. You may telegraph and telephone now till the crack of the doom if you want to. The land's lost to you, and if you can make head or tale of the cipher process, you are welcome. Eugene, take

Dick home and explain to him if you have to."

She swept the two men out of the room with her commanding glance, Larrabee protesting, Eugene looking as if he were glad to leave on any pretext. Then Judith faced Mr. Copperleigh.

"You are a brute," she said, and her voice broke a little. Suddenly, as if furious at her own weakness, she went up to him and deliberately slapped his plump right cheek. "That," she said, "for the kiss you stole, and that," she added, striking him again, "for interest, because I had to wait to resent it."

A dull glow grew in Mr. Copperleigh's prominent eyes. He clenched his hands. Then he laughed and tore my cipher process in two.

"Take it," he said. "I might beat you yet, for any cipher can be worked out. But you've got grit. I will get my revenge in a better way—a man's way."

"A cad's way!" she cried angrily.

"I said a man's way," he returned. "Then you won't be so ready to be a mother in Israel to weaklings like Greer and Larrabee."

Judith held her head high and swept past him. But I caught in the tail of her eye an order that I was to get those torn papers. Her scene must not be spoiled, but she must eat her cake and have it too. I took them from Mr. Copperleigh's unresisting fingers as he gazed after her.

"Hurry," Judith said as I joined her in the hall. "I hope Dick and Eugene are gone, but if they are we'll have to walk home. I haven't a penny either—here or in the house, and I have made nothing out of this case. I'll have to sell the automobile to-morrow, to last us until something else comes along. Heigho, little Fay, do you want to retreat, or will you be my partner still?"

I stood on tiptoe and kissed her cheek, a little pale now. Judith Carmichael never lacked for loyal friends, and though I was not especially brave I vowed then and there that whatever adventure chance and her profession brought us, she would always find me the most devoted of all who loved her.

# THE PASSING HOUR

AN ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLE  
OF THE WORLD'S DOINGS

## The Garrulous Mr. Wu.

The Washington correspondents are jubilant over the fact that Wu Ting Fang is on his way to America to serve another term as Chinese ambassador. During his previous stay in this country, Mr. Wu was an unfailing source of "copy." He was more frequently interviewed than any public character since the late lamented George Francis Train.

We had Mr. Wu on the mysteries of poker, Mr. Wu on the candy products of Atlantic City, Mr. Wu on the vagaries of the bicycle, Mr. Wu on the military maneuvers in Manchuria, Mr. Wu on—and this is where his loquacity caused the Secretary of State many an uneasy hour—international politics and the affairs of the American people.

Never did a diplomat talk more and tell less, for whenever a statement of import was credited to him, he promptly repudiated it. Sec-  
retary Hay used to

declare that Wu Ting Fang could contrive to get himself misquoted with greater facility than any other man in Washington.

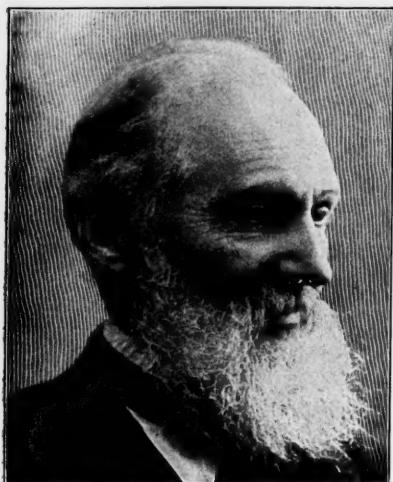
Mr. Wu is something of a humorist, and the correspondents found that they could exploit him in that character with telling effect. To the public fancy he appeared as a witty and wonderfully clever Chinaman—and such, in fact, he is. The newspaper men assigned him to the not altogether dignified rôle of a "Joe Miller" of the diplomatic corps,

and he evidently enjoyed the distinction. The part has been in abeyance since he left the capital, and he may resume it without danger of competition.

It is probable that Mr. Wu was sometimes misquoted. Certainly a great deal of fiction has been written about him. He has been credited with witticisms that Artemus Ward uttered, and tales have been told of his exploits at Oxford—he was never there. As a matter of



WU TING FANG,  
Who is again in this country as the official representative of the  
Chinese Empire.



LORD KELVIN,  
The greatest scientist of his age.

fact, Wu Ting Fang received his education in the common schools of Hong-kong, where he was born; his success in public life is largely due to the circumstance of his having married a woman of wealth. He is not a man of weight in his own country, and formerly made such an indifferent impression in America that the acceptance of him by the present administration is a matter of surprise.

#### Baron Kelvin, the First and Last.

In the youth of our fathers the name of Sir William Thomson was a household word; but as Baron Kelvin, during the past fifteen years, the greatest scientist of his age has been a less familiar character to the younger generation. Although his attainments were extraordinarily wide, his work in connection with the laying of the Atlantic and other great ocean-cables was the main foundation of his reputation. Lord Kelvin's chief achievements were in the field of electricity. In the past half-century he has been connected, either actively or in an advisory capacity, with almost every important electrical enterprise in the world. And

yet he said in an address delivered at Glasgow University in 1896: "One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly in the last fifty-five years. That word is failure. I know no more of electrical or magnetic force, or of the relation between ether, electricity, and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students here fifty years ago, in my first session as professor."

William Thomson was born of Scotch parents in Ireland, and had he lived until June of the present year he would have been eighty-four. He is another illustration in support of the claim that scientists are the most long-lived of men. He was educated at Glasgow University, where his father had been professor of mathematics, and at Cambridge—St. Peters, the least-known of its colleges, priding itself on having housed him. At a very early age he displayed extraordinary intellect, and was appointed professor of natural philosophy at Glasgow before he had completed his twenty-second year. He received more honors from institutions of learning than any other man of his time



THE NEW KING OF SWEDEN, GUSTAVE V.,  
Who succeeded his father, Oscar II., on December 8.

—or, perhaps, of any time—and his titles, as recorded in “Who’s Who,” take twelve lines in the telling. Baron Kelvin, like many another great man, leaves no heir, and the peerage which was created for him dies with him.

### Oscar the Second, of Sweden.

Had all the recently reigning sovereigns of Europe been lined up incognito, and had a physiognomist been asked to pick from among them the man of most distinguished ancestry, he would assuredly have decided upon Oscar of Sweden. His handsome features, extraordinary stature, and majestic mien gave him a more kingly aspect than any of his compeers; and yet he was of unmitigated plebeian descent.

The monarch who, but for his exalted position, might have gained distinction as a poet and author, relates the story of the origin of his house in one of his books entitled “A Romance of the Time of Napoleon and Bernadotte.” It appears that Napoleon jilted Désirée Clary—maid of low degree—in order to marry Josephine Beauharnais. Désirée was inconsolable for a while, and refused several offers of marriage, including one by Junot. Ultimately, she gave her hand to Bernadotte, the son of a peasant, not because she loved him but because she considered him the only man in France fit to be compared with Napoleon.

Bernadotte—as every schoolboy knows—was adopted by the childless Charles the Thirteenth, and succeeded him on the throne of Sweden. Strangely enough, the son of Bernadotte and Désirée Clary—who reigned as Oscar the First—married Josephine de Leuchtenberg, daughter of Eugene Beauharnais

and granddaughter of that same Josephine for whose sake Napoleon had abandoned Oscar’s mother. Thus it came about that the late King of Sweden had in his veins the blood of both the rival beauties who excited the love of “the little corporal.”

Oscar the Second was the most democratic and kindly of monarchs, and was beloved by all his people, including the Norwegians, whose recent secession from the joint kingdom was effected in the most amicable manner. He has always lived the most simple life, finding his chief pleasures in literature and music, in the professional pursuit of either of which he might have made his mark.

He had a splendid voice, and a talent for musical composition. The words and music of many of the hymns sung in Swedish churches are his. His strength and courage were proverbial, and he possessed two medals presented for saving life at the risk of his own. In Stockholm, where he was as familiar a figure as the sentry at the gateway of Ladugardslandet, the people idolized him, and when his body was carried from the palace to the tomb of the Bernadottes, weeping citizens lined the way.

### A Beautiful Bohemian.

Mayfair is being entertained by the novel spectacle of one of the wealthiest and most beautiful women in the world failing to find happiness elsewhere than behind the footlights—the spectacle of a being suddenly raised from comparative poverty and wearing drudgery, yet yearning for the old bohemian life with its vicissitudes and its unconventionalities.

A few years ago “Joe” Lewis, a partner of Alfred Beit, and a man reputed to be worth something like one hundred



THE LATE KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN,  
At the time he ascended the throne, in  
the uniform of his early pro-  
fession—the navy.

millions of dollars, married Fanny Ward, an actress of entrancing beauty but of little talent. For a while she found the novelty of her new life satisfying, but soon she became restless under its restrictions and exactions. Then an intense longing to go back to the stage took possession of her.

Her husband humored what he believed to be a fleeting whim. She had a play written especially for her, and prepared the most costly wardrobe with which an actress has ever been equipped. No money was spared in advertising and in making all the accessories to her appearance as perfect as possible, but it was all of no avail. London society laughed at her folly. The critics refused to take her seriously. The populace doubted her sanity. She closed the theater in disgust, and came to America—with no better result.

Here is a woman who can command everything in the world but the one thing she most desires. In *v a u d e v i l l e*—advertised to appear with ten million dollars' worth of diamonds on her dress—she would doubtless make a great hit, but she craves success in legitimate drama, and—alas! poor mortal multi-millionairess—it is beyond her reach.

#### Camille Saint-Saëns.

One glance at the face of Saint-Saëns suffices to gain the impression of a man of achievement. The massive head, the expansive brow, and the enormous nose are indicative of extraordinary intellect and strength of purpose. It is probable that the man who is recognized as

the foremost all-round musician of his age would have made a marked success in any other profession that he might have adopted.

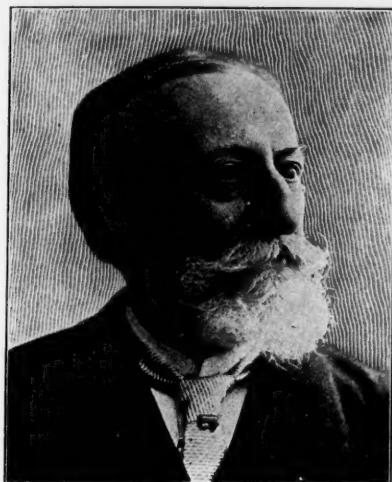
Evidence of his versatility is not lacking. He is a charming writer and no mean poet; a critic of taste and acumen; a clever playwright; and a practical stage manager. In astronomy, archeology and mathematics he might qualify as a professor. When he was in New York last winter for the purpose of conducting Damrosch's orchestra, one of our magazines contained a strikingly original article on a biological subject from his pen.

In his special sphere, Saint-Saëns displays the same breadth of knowledge and accomplishment. The composer of "Samson and Delilah" has written oratorios, symphonies, concertos and chamber-music with equal success. More than all this, he was recognized as one of the leading pianists in Europe years ago, and is even more famous as a performer upon the organ. Forty years ago, Berlioz pronounced him "one of the greatest musicians of our epoch." But the spread of his development has been at the expense of stature. Had he devoted his endeavors to any one or two particular fields of musical pursuit, he must have earned a lasting reputation. As it is, he will be remembered by the next generation as a musical exquisite rather than as a master.

It goes without saying that a man of such varied gifts has an unusually interesting personality. Saint-Saëns is whimsical, easily irritated, but generous and warm-hearted. He is appreciative



MISS FANNY WARD,  
Who prefers the stage to a life of luxury.



CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS,  
The celebrated French composer.

of the merits of rivals, and ever ready to encourage and assist young musicians. But, although his judgment is beyond question, his opinion changes with the inconstancy of a weather-vane. One day he will prognosticate a brilliant future for a composer, and the next pronounce him a hopeless failure.

The explanation of these vagaries is to be found in the peculiarly mercurial temperament of the man. He is susceptible to every slightest influence, and varying moods seize and leave him as windy clouds pass over the moon. His great fund of diversified knowledge makes him at home in almost any circle. He is a brilliant conversationalist, original, paradoxical and piquant. He is apt as was Gladstone—to surprise his hearers with an exhibition of extensive knowledge on some subject of which he is not suspected of knowing anything.

#### The Wizard of the Wind.

The average American city-man cherishes the delusion that the United States Weather Bureau is maintained for the express purpose of advising him as to when he should wear gum-shoes to the office, or what weight overcoat

he should put on when leaving home. Because the daily bulletins are not infallible guides in these—to him—supremely important matters, he derides the "weather man"; and if the conditions require a long continuance of unfavorable prognostications, he curses the forecaster, whom he is apt to suspect of controlling the elements.

The fact is that the daily forecasts published in the newspapers are the least consequential feature of the work of our Weather Service—which is admittedly the best in the world. The man who sits in his office in Washington, receiving constant reports from every quarter of the country, calculating the course of the blizzard, tracing the track of the tornado, or figuring the effect of the rainfall, is duly considerate of the health and convenience of the ordinary citizen, but his main efforts are directed towards more momentous issues.

The dwellers upon the banks of our great rivers look to the "weather man" for warning of impending floods. The farmer, the fruit-grower and the tobacco-planter depend upon him for notice



WILLIS L. MOORE,  
Chief of the United States Weather Bureau.

of untimely frosts. The settlers on our Western plains know that he will not allow a hurricane to strike them unawares. The mariners on our coasts count on him for intimation of the coming storm. During the past winter he sent thousands of emergency telegrams to threatened points, and at each the telephone took up the tale, and locomotives, running through remote districts, shrieked the tidings with preconcerted signals; or freight cars, placarded with such legends as "Blizzard," "Big Drop," "Heavy Snow," blazoned the news.

The Bureau aims to give our agricultural population at least twenty-four hours' notice of any great change in the weather, and seldom fails to do so. Of even greater consequence is the service rendered to our seafaring people. The host of coastwise craft that traffic among our ports are particularly subject to the effects of sudden storms during the winter months. At the first indication of a storm the Weather Bureau sends its notices to every region likely to be affected by it. Signals are hoisted on all the watch-towers, and within forty-five minutes of the dictation of a warning by the chief at Washington, a copy of it is placed in the hands of every captain in every lake and ocean port of the United States.

Before the Bureau's service was instituted, seventy-five per cent. of all the losses on the lakes was attributable to storms; now less than twenty-five per

cent. is due to this cause. It is calculable that the Bureau directly prevents the destruction of \$30,000,000 worth of property every year, not to mention the thousands of lives that would be sacrificed to the elements but for its intervention.

Willis Moore—the man who conducts this wonderful and benevolent agency—is a very modest individual, intensely devoted to the service which has vastly improved at his hands. His career of usefulness commenced at eleven years of age, when he joined his father, who was with Grant's army, and sold papers to the troops in the field. Later, he served on the *Burlington Hawk-eye* as a reporter, and in course of time joined the Signal Corps, which was the first direct step towards his present position.

#### A Little Heroine.

A kinetoscope and vaudeville entertainment was in progress at the town-hall of Gloucester City. The audience sat in darkness awaiting the projection of a picture upon the screen, when a few sparks spurted from the machine, as commonly happens.

There was no danger, but some one shouted "Fire!" and, in an instant, a panic was precipitated in the densely packed place. Men, women and children sprang from their seats and joined in a mad scramble for the exits.

Near the front of the house sat Professor Fielding and his daughter Dorothy. At the first sound of alarm the fa-



DOROTHY FIELDING,  
Who averted a panic in a crowded theater.

ther grasped the situation; and, with a few earnest words of encouragement to the little girl, lifted her upon the stage. As the rush began, the child's tremulous treble rose in the well-known words of "School Days." The attention of the struggling crowd was caught, and its single impelling thought interrupted. As the song continued, with its soothing influence, reason resumed its sway. The masses round the doors broke, and the audience began sheepishly to return to their seats. A few women had fainted, a few children were injured, but a serious catastrophe had been averted by the pluck of a little girl.

### A Sensational Sculptress.

Eight years ago an American negress scarce past the age of short frocks arrived in Paris, friendless and almost penniless. The restricted course of the industrial art school of Philadelphia had sufficed to reveal her gift and arouse her ambition. She had come to the French capital with nothing but a natural talent for sculpture to recommend her; but that, in the most democratic art center of the world, was sufficient to command help and encouragement.

She joined the class of Raphael Collins and worked hard, meanwhile earning just enough to keep body and soul together, by repairing broken statuary. At the end of two years she had made considerable progress in her art, but had not found a sale for a single one of her pieces. At a glance her work revealed extraordinary power for one so young. It was original, and excellent in technic, but the subjects were repellent. Dealers were impressed, but they doubted if buyers could be found for such horrible conceptions. The girl knew that much of her strength lay in the tendency of her imagination toward the uncanny, and she wisely kept on her course; but she had reached a state verging on despair when a happy chance gave a new impetus to her efforts.

Rodin—the greatest sculptor of the age, and himself a depicter of the eerie—heard of this struggling disciple, and



META VAUX WARRICK,  
An American negro sculptress whose works are being compared with Rodin's.

invited her to call upon him. Before the gifted negress left Paris the master declared that he considered it an honor and a pleasure to visit her studio. But on that day, six years ago, she trudged up to his house, in humble apprehension, carrying the clay model of a characteristic subject—"Silent Sorrow." It is the squatting figure of an old man, literally eating his heart out in grief. Rodin took the thing in his hands and scrutinized it silently, while the girl stood in trembling expectancy beside him. He turned the piece this way and that; held it first at arm's length and then close to his weak eyes; ran his nervous fingers over the protuberant muscles; and at length handed it back, with scarcely a glance at his visitor.

"My child," he said, "you are a sculptor. No need for worry—no need for doubt. You will be famous some day. Good-by! Work on—work on!"

That was the turning-point. Meta Warrick went back to her studio determined to persevere. Success came sooner than she could have hoped for. In less than two years' time Monsieur Bing, the famous dealer and art con-

noisseur, began to buy her work; the press began to notice "the sculptor of horrors," as they dubbed her. Bing exhibited twenty or more of her pieces in his galleries, and her reputation was established.

Some of her most sensational "spasms," as Paris called them, were "The Wretched," a group of human beings in which every form of suffering is depicted: "Edipus" in the act of plucking out his eyes; "Carrying the Dead Body," in which a man is shown staggering under the burden of his brother's corpse; and "The Thief on the Cross," brutal and in agony, but mocking and unrepentant.

Rodin was thirty-five years of age and had worked for thirteen years, before the Salon recognized him. Meta Warrick was little over twenty and had been but three years in Paris when her work was accepted and given prominence. She has now returned to her home, and had hardly arrived in America when she was honored by a commission for a large group from the Jamestown Exposition.

#### A Royal Reformer.

These be troublous times for rulers of realms. King and kaiser, sultan and shah, czar and emperor ride the steed of state with shaky seat. Grim Revolution raises his gory head in many a country of Christendom and Islam with portentous promise.

In one case, at least, we can sympathize with the uneasy head that wears a crown. In Portugal, the ruler is in accord with the proletariat, and his arbitrary actions have been taken in their interests. Conditions were unspeakably bad in the little kingdom until Prime Minister Franco, at the instigation of his master, turned the titled loafers and

corrupt bureaucrats out of their nesting-places, and thus relieved the commonalty of about \$6,000,000 of unnecessary annual taxes at one cut.

Carlos of Portugal is a monarch of the "Old King Cole" order—good-natured, domestic, easy-going and benevolent. His appearance and tastes savour of the bourgeois. He takes the greatest delight in the little adventures that grow out of his habit of going about the country in an unpretentious manner.

Last summer an old market-woman with a donkey-cart obstructed the passage of his automobile. The king—always glad to have a heart-to-heart

talk with one of the common people—jumped out and entered into conversation with her. She proved to be a crusty old dame who was at the moment particularly put out by the preparations that her fellow villagers were making to greet the king, who was expected to pass by in the course of the day.

She declared her impatience with so much fuss about "a fat, lazy, good-for-nothing fellow." Don Carlos assured her that the king was all of that and worse, if she only knew it. He then put his burly shoulders to the

back of her cart, hiked it out of the rut in which it was stuck, and slipped a gold-piece into her horny hand. Then with a jolly laugh, he sent her on her way, happy but perplexed.

Don Carlos is fortunate in other things besides his easy-going disposition and good digestion. His queen is accounted by all odds the most beautiful member of any royal family, and is one of the most beautiful women in Europe. She is one of the three famous daughters of the late Comte de Paris. She has lately been traveling in England under the title of "Marquesa de Villavicosa."



DON CARLOS OF PORTUGAL,  
A monarch of the "Old King Cole" order.

# Letters From An American Girl



ILLUSTRATED BY SIGURD SCHOU

## II.

**S**HEPHEARD'S HOTEL,  
CAIRO, January 31st.

Cairo! It seems too exciting to be actually true, and since we arrived two days ago we've kept so fearfully busy, just seeing and hearing, that I haven't had a moment to write up my "Trip Abroad."

We left the Hotel Khedivial, at Alexandria, very early on the morning of the 28th, as soon as Mrs. Walker's head could stand traveling. It's only three hours and a half down here, but it's the queerest thing—and everybody says it's the same with them—as soon as you strike this side of the pond you grow horribly conservative about railroads. Three hours seems an eternity to travel; perhaps in this case the white dust and the funny little railway carriages had something to do with the impression of monotony.

Then, too, I was in an awful hurry to get my home mail. I hadn't had a line from Jim since that cable at Naples, and it was too wonderful getting a really huge long letter all about home people, and Jim, and everything. It made me so homesick I wanted to take the boat straight back.

Mrs. Walker said I was a silly girl, and then she reminded me of the "conditions," and so I decided to stick it out. Nobody ever worked harder for their money, and yet that isn't quite true, either, for I am having a splendid time, if it were only not for being

separated from Jim. That—and one other thing that has been weighing on my conscience or my heart, fearfully, ever since the day we left Alexandria. I was pretty much flustered there, so much had happened. That sudden revelation about Prince Khalil Khabestari, and everything. I suppose I was rather distract. Well, anyway, something awful, really awful, happened. I never can quite get over it.

That morning, after I found out about the prince, I was up very early, and suddenly Mrs. Walker decided—she always decides things suddenly—that we would take the first train for Cairo. It was a scramble, I can tell you, to get our things together.

When we were well on the train, and started, and it was too late to go back, I was seized with that feminine shudder that all women experience when they remember they have left something behind them in traveling. I knew that some precious article was missing, and I couldn't for the life of me think what it was. I asked Mrs. Walker, and she answered me that she always "packed with system," that it was the only way to do, and that I must learn the same. So I began at once to apply systems of all sorts: "Shoes, stockings," etc., etc., trying to recollect what it could be I had forgotten.

Then, all of a sudden, it flashed across me! I had left behind, under my pillow in my room, at the Khedivial



*"It was a scramble, I can tell you, to get our things together."*

Hotel—oh, shame, that I should have to write it here!—Jim's engagement present to me! It was a bracelet he had had especially made for me, with very peculiar links and with one single red stone in the clasp, a stone cut in such a way that it appeared, at a glance, like any other stone, but if you looked closely at it, you could see it made the letter "B." B, Jim said, stood, of course, for Beatrice, and also it was the first letter of *Bliss*, and that was why he had had the edges of that little red stone indented.

I adored the bracelet, of course. It was my dearest possession in the world—the first present Jim ever gave me, think of it! I always took it off at night because it hurt my arm, and tucked it under my pillow. Now, I

would let it burn me to the bone if I could only have it back, and never take it off again.

Well, all this isn't Cairo; and I suppose since I'm here I must at least get some joy out of it. Of course we telegraphed at once to Alexandria, but no answer has come yet about my bracelet.

SHEPHEARD'S  
HOTEL, CAIRO,  
February 1st.

From the minute we struck this place we have been in a confusion that is perfectly thrilling.

There was every sort of people under the sun at the rail-way-station, and they all seemed to have come just to meet us. Such gesticulating and yelling you never heard. But, then, yelling is the order of

the day here. No matter what language or what dialect a man may have learned, in Cairo he always yells. The only gentle people are the women, and they are too lovely. You can just see their eyes above the filmlike veils that are bound across their faces. They go about on donkey-back. They glide around the bazaars lisping in soft, sweet tones that are a perfect music to the ear.

How can I ever give my impressions of Cairo except pell-mell, just as they happen to rush in upon my eager mind? Everywhere there is sunshine—splendid, gorgeous sunshine—just like that we have in the U. S. A. And low be it spoken, everywhere there are mosquitoes and flies, just like those in the U. S. A.

The children make your heart ache, for their superstitious mothers are afraid that clear water and soap used on their little faces will expose them to the "evil eye," and then woe betide. So they never wash, and as flies are treated with respect on account of the Mohammedan worship of insects and animals, the poor, darling babies are left as foraging-ground for the winged, six-footed feeders. Their eyes are almost devoured out of their heads, and nobody thinks it might be better to remember humanity a moment and forget superstition and idol worship.

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO,  
February 2nd.

There are two rather nice men at the hotel. Some friends of Mrs. Walker's introduced them to us. One is a Frenchman, a count, and the other is an Italian prince. I think I like the count the better, but Mrs. Walker is crazy about the Italian. She says his manners are so absolutely perfect. We see a lot of them. They go around all the time with us, some new place every day. They are really quite attractive, though I'm not sure I like foreigners as much as I thought I was going to at first.

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO,  
February 4th.

We are going, in a day or two, up to Memphis by rail. I simply can't realize it. It seems as though we would get off at Memphis, Tennessee, or something like that. I wouldn't care where we got off if only Jim were there!

The Italian and the Frenchman are going with us, and we are coming back by way of the desert to the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and from there to Cairo, partly by donkey-back and partly by trolley. We can't "do the Nile" this time, Mrs. Walker says. It's four thousand two hundred miles long, and would take us too much time. She's got the itinerary all made out.

We heard from the Khedivial Hotel yesterday about my bracelet. They know absolutely nothing about it. It is

too disheartening. They say that the room was searched, but that I must have made a mistake, for they can find nothing. Some one else—an Italian gentleman—had already moved into the room when my telegram came, but he permitted them to hunt everywhere, and assured them that if he found anything he would let them know. I haven't dared tell Jim yet. It is too awful, and he might think it was neglect on my part. Oh, Jim, darling, I love you better than anything in the world!

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO,  
February 5th.

A lovely letter from Jim! He says I'm getting richer and richer; all my investments are turning out splendidly. Oh, dear, I wish my six months were up! They seem like a hundred. It is just a month since we left New York. Darling Jim, how I will love him to make up for all this!

The Italian and the Frenchman are more and more *empressés*, as they say here. Every "polite" person in Cairo speaks French, and I am so glad I studied it in my idle hours at Rawlins.



"You can just see their eyes above the filmlike veils that are bound across their faces."

They are both ready to take us anywhere at any hour.

This morning, as Mrs. Walker wanted to sit on the veranda at Shepheard's and "rock," the Frenchman, Count Perselle, stayed with her, and I made the rounds of the bazaars with Prince Armegnia—that "g" isn't sounded at all, and they might as well drop it, except that their whole life is made up of things that are no longer sounded, but that they wouldn't drop for anything.

We went through the "new Cairo" first, the part of the city that reminds me of Rawlins. It has trolleys and electric lights and sewers and waterworks and all the modern improvements built by the Khedive Ismail, whom they called "The Spendthrift," I suppose because he believed in *plumbing*. He had three hundred wives, which was rather extravagant, too. When I heard this I felt more leniently toward Prince Khalil.

We soon got into the really old Cairo, and at last into the bazaars. They are perfectly fascinating. The streets are very, very narrow, and the houses are built in such a way that the upper stories jut out over the sidewalk. This sounds prosaic and like masonry and architecture, but those Cairene balconies are dreams of wood-carving and delicate little screen blinds, with some mysterious veiled figure always lurking behind.

There are "sweet shops," or what we would call candy stores, and jewelry shops and rug shops and old curio shops, all opening into the bazaar; and most of the salesmen—lovely Arabs or Turks, with fez on their heads or turbans of bright colors—sit in their own front windows plying their trades. They all speak a little English, and insist to you that they have "been Chicago," "been World's Fair." Every here and there are donkey-stands, where you can hire a steed, and a boy to prod him on his way, for the huge sum of fifteen cents an hour.

The Italian prince and I strolled all about. I bought a lot of trinkets for people at home. I didn't dare venture on anything very grand, for they say

the Arabs are awful swindlers, and that most of the antiques are made by the gross in Paris and shipped out here.

All the time the prince kept hinting that he wanted to make me a present, but that there was nothing in the bazaar good enough for me! I don't like foreign men nearly as well as I thought I was going to at first.

One thing that rather exasperates me is that Mrs. Walker seems so crazy about having me with the Italian. I suppose it's because he's a prince. Her enthusiasm sort of gets on my nerves, especially because she knows I'm engaged, and that I perfectly adore Jim.

#### MENA HOUSE, THE PYRAMIDS, February 7th.

We took the train yesterday to Bedrashen, and there transferred ourselves to donkey-back, and visited Memphis; first the Mastaba of Ptahhotep, which is a most beautiful subterranean tomb with strange poetic decorations on the walls; and then the tombs of Apis, the Sacred Bull. His sarcophagus—I had to look that word up in the dictionary—is eleven feet high, seven feet wide, and thirteen feet long!

But when it comes to describing such things, I prefer to do as Mr. Lorenz does in his book, just say: "See Bae-deker."

From Memphis we came on donkey-back to the Mena House, and to-morrow we are going to visit the Pyramids and see the Sphinx. Just think, it is six thousand years old! It makes you feel so small and insignificant, and yet nothing could put my love for Jim in the shade or cause my happiness to seem one bit less important.

Prince Armegnia fell off his donkey on the way over to the Mena House! I couldn't help wondering what he'd do on a bucking bronco. Whew, what lessons Jim could give him in riding and pluck and everything, for the matter of that! He's still talking about giving me a present when he finds something worthy of me.

Well, when we got him back on his donkey we trotted along, and, somehow or other, Mrs. Walker and Count Per-

selle got lost or strayed or stolen, so the prince and I arrived at the Mena House alone, and they thought we were a bridal couple. We had the most awful time making them understand.

I do wonder what his present is going to be, when he finally gets the thing

But there is the human-impression side, of course.

When I got down by the huge Sphinx, and actually gazed at it, I wanted to be alone. I escaped from the others and just filled my eyes and mind and heart with the most marvelous sight



*"All the time the prince kept hinting that he wanted to make me a present, but that there was nothing in the bazaar good enough for me!"*

he thinks good enough to offer the *signorina Americana*!

THE GIZEH PYRAMIDS,  
February 8th.

Once more I feel like simply stating, as Mr. Lorenz does in his book: "For the Pyramids of Gizeh, see the guidebooks: Murray is useful, Baedeker is indispensable."

I have ever imagined. I was scared at first, the greatness of the monument is so appalling. Then I began to wonder and wonder. People have said so much about the Sphinx—they call it the "Riddle." It didn't seem like a puzzle to me. It seemed like the most eloquent expression of the same old thought; the struggle between the Man and the Beast in us, between God and Mammon,

the Soul and the Body, the everlasting fight between Spirit and Matter. The ponderous body is so evidently, to my way of thinking, meant to show the importance of material influences, and the wonderful human head is so far-seeing, so penetrating, so soulful, so spiritual and meditative.

Well, when I got back to the others they had entered into conversation with a lady from Speonck, or some such place, who was trying to get an "up-lift," but who couldn't "see it." She said she liked "parts of the Sphinx." I couldn't help wondering which parts.

Mrs. Walker said to her:

"Well, I confess I was disappointed at first myself. But the Sphinx really grows on me."

The lady from Speonck heaved an awful sigh.

"I'm glad it doesn't grow on *me*," she said, "it's too heavy!"

Our dragoman is a splendid-looking Arab, and so attentive. He beats away all the dreadful crippled and maimed beggars who come, crying "bakshish," after all foreigners, and the awful swarms of pedlers who insist upon selling you their wares. There are millions of them at the Pyramids. By the way, I should think it ought to be a good place for the prince to buy me that present!

When we went over to the Pyramids

it was already after three in the afternoon, but the heat was perfectly terrible. I said to the dragoman:

"It must be about ninety in the shade here, Ahid Suef!"

And he showed his teeth and smiled and made lovely gestures, and said:

"Ah, yes, miss, but you don't have to stay in the shade!"

I suppose this is Oriental politeness.

We drenched ourselves with Pyramid dust, and paid poor Arabs to scramble for us up to the top of the highest, and dreamed about princesses and queens of days gone by, for whom princes and kings caused hundreds of thousands of slaves to toil their lifetimes out. I couldn't help thinking of Prince Armegnia's present in comparison.

Nobody really knows why Cheops built just that very strange, four-sided monument, nor exactly for what it served; and so, why not dream? I dreamed that Jim and I were there together thousands of years ago, and that we had all that time before us in which to love, love, love each other. Oh, Jim, darling, I do want you, my honey, yes, I do!

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO,  
February 10th.

The ride back from the Pyramids over the desert yesterday afternoon was the most beautiful thing I ever imagined. The sun went down, down, down into the sand. Then there was a fiery glow that lasted a few moments, the most intense orange hue, then it faded to yellow, paler and paler, then darkness, the blue darkness of the Eastern nights, with the stars so near they seem like golden lanterns, hung there for one to unfasten from the skies and light oneself through life with. I know upon what way I would illumine my path —toward my Jim.

It seemed horribly prosaic to take the trolley back over the last stretch of the desert into Cairo.

Not a line from the hotel at Alexandria. I don't believe I shall ever see my bracelet again, and I can't have one made like it, for it was Jim's own de-



sign with those peculiar links and the little red "B." I suppose some native maid or man took a fancy to it. Alack and alas!

SHEPHEARD'S  
HOTEL, CAIRO,  
February 11th.

Only two days more in this heavenly place, and I have given no idea whatever of it in my diary!

We have seen everything, little and big: The obelisk at Heliopolis where the Central Park obelisk came from, and the citadel and the mummy of the great Ramesses, and the very toilet-articles that the Queen Amenertais used—the most exquisite little wooden combs with carved handles, the little cups of rouge for the lips and black for the eyes—all marvelously graceful in form; and seeming to have been but so short a time ago touched by the lovely, slender hands of the queen, who in reality has been sleeping for thousands of years.

Count Perselle has arranged for me to go to the Khedivial ball to-night. I am awfully excited about it—a royal ball at a royal palace! The prince said something to Mrs. Walker about making me a present! Mrs. Walker says he is quite daft about me. No news of the bracelet. It is too disheartening.

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO,  
February 12th.

The ball was the most entrancing thing I ever imagined. The palace is enormous. The rooms stretch on, one after the other, with a splendid sweep that fairly takes one's breath away. There were flowers everywhere, Bou-



*"The ball was the most entrancing thing I ever imagined."*

gainvillia—wonderful pale purple blossoms—and jasmine and tropical plants. The women were, of course, all in European dress, and the men were in regiments or native costumes of some sort. The Austrian diplomats had velvet doublets with fur, and huge eagle's feathers in their caps. There were English soldiers and Arab lancers and Sudanese infantry officers and Egyptian cavalry officers, and the whole scene was so brilliant that I forgot all about knowing nobody, and enjoyed to the full looking on.

Of course, our escort was very kind and courteous, and looked out for us in a charming manner—I like him much better than the Italian. All evening there was what they call a buffet, where you could find sandwiches and champagne and native wine-cups and punches and things; and toward three o'clock—just think of it, but the ball never be-



*"Ye gods! What did I see?—Jim's engagement present to me!"*

gan until after eleven—there was a regular supper served. What I shall not forget was the dazzling impression made by the brilliant costumes in that Oriental setting.

It was a delightful ending to a most agreeable visit. To-morrow we leave Cairo.

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO,  
February 13th.

Our train goes in a few minutes. We have just telegraphed again to Alexan-

dria about the bracelet, and to say we are coming at—

Later,

I was interrupted, but *must* write down what has happened!

Who ever could have imagined such a thing?

No, it is incredible!

But I am beginning to think only the incredible is possible with these foreigners.

Well, here goes, then—I shall never tell Jim, no not as long as I live.

About half an hour ago, as I was just writing up my journal, word was brought that the Prince Armegnia was down-stairs and wanted to say good-by to Miss Marsh; that he had something very especial to say to me—I really had forgotten about the present for the moment—so down I went.

He was waiting in a corner of the big hall behind some palms, and he seemed very anxious to have me join him there, so I went over, of course. Then he began some sort of sentimental rot about being so awfully sorry I was leaving, and how much knowing me had meant to him, and how he begged me not to put him altogether out of my life; and then he said that, in order to help me sometimes think of him, he wanted to give me a little souvenir. I was rather bored, and wished he would hurry up; that souvenir was getting to be rather a joke.

Well, he gave it to me, and he asked me please to open the box before I said good-by. So I opened it on the spot, and—Ye gods! What did I see? I can't believe my eyes yet, and still here it is now before me as I write: Jim's engagement present to me! The bracelet, with the peculiar links of Jim's own design, and the little red stone that makes a "B" if you look well at it! *My* bracelet, my darling's gift that I left in Alexandria! And there was the Italian gentleman who took my room after we left. I don't call him a gentleman. I call him a plain th—Well, I suppose that wouldn't be polite, but, really, I could hardly keep from crying out when he gave me, in his most *empressé* manner, my own bracelet!

That was the present he had been talking about for two weeks. No wonder I don't like foreigners as much as I thought I was going to!

TO BE CONTINUED.



### Ballad of the Boat

DEEP in a sand-strewn, fresh repose,  
The old boat lies and cannot stir;  
Around its keel the salt wind blows,  
And many a wild sea traveler  
About the planks will poise and fly;  
There dart across its tranquil rest  
The hardy sea-bird's haunting cry,  
The glimmer of the sea-bird's breast.

Most beautiful, and bleak, and bare,  
The brown links stretch, forever blown  
By winds that wash with keenest air  
The cemetery green and lone,  
The grave where the dead sailor lies,  
Close folded in his dwelling dim.  
Under the wide and starry skies  
Lies the old boat and waits for him.

Until the boat that lies asleep  
Is washed about with sandy foam—  
The old boat dreameth of the deep,  
Recovering its ancient home.  
Now once again the sail is set,  
Again they leave the shore behind,  
And it is on the ocean yet,  
Driven before a stormy wind!

MAY KENDALL.



By Rupert Hughes

Author of "American Composers," "The Love Affairs of Great Musicians," etc.

**H**AS Jones any children?"  
"Yes; two are living, and one  
is an American composer."

In this epitaph, Leonard Liebling, himself an American composer and very much alive, especially as a critic, has summed up a prevalent view of our national music-masters.

Somebody used to say: "Never press a metaphor till it squeals," and you might add: "Never stick your finger into a joke to see what it is made of."

It is enough that the bubble should be iridescent, and should float its little while before its own frailty winks it out.

As a matter of cold fact, there are American composers who are not comatose, and they are writing some mighty good music. But the prosperity of our national art has been handicapped by its bad beginning. It is like a large business started on borrowed money and not enough of it. We began with a British mortgage on our musical structure, and the capital insufficient at that.

There has been, in consequence, a ceaseless wail that our music is not national. They used to say that the "Holy Roman Empire" was not holy, not Roman, and not an empire; so there is a frequent complaint that "American national music" is neither American nor national, nor yet music. If you ask "What would American music be if there were such a thing?" you get no answer except: "Ahem—er—ah!"

There, indeed, is the rub. Would it be a snark or a boojum?

The very British nation from which we drew our national life is to-day asking itself our own riddle. The *Musical Standard* of London has recently shaken the empire's self-satisfaction by asserting: "There is French music, there is German music; why should there not be British music? By which we do not necessarily mean the jingle of Sullivan."

The only answer to this sphinxism has been a defense of Sullivan. But a nation that can point to nothing loftier than its comic opera is in a bad way.

There is Irish music whose racial traits one can recognize at a glimpse. There is no mistaking the Scotch lilt and snap; and there is an English ballad-style that is as distinctive as the English school of namby-pamby which one sees in the Christmas annuals, with their little Bright Eyes sitting up in bed and pretending to be grandma, or asking their Landseer dogs, "Can't oo talk?" Then there are their supersentimental lovers fresh from the costumers, and their literary landscapes with poetic quotations printed on the frame. But these do not make great art any more than jigs and strathspeys and yo-heave-ho ballads make great music.

There have been, however, really great English painters in a world-sense. But there have been no really great English or British composers.

In America, some say, we are in more parlous condition still, for we have not even a musical dialect like the Irish, English, Scotch and Welsh.

Aye, there's the rub number two.

For in this sleep of death what tunes shall come when we are shuffling at this mortal coil, must give us pause.

Again we ask, what would it be to be "American" in music? Yankeelike we might answer this question by another: "What is it to be German, French, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian?" The answer almost comes without saying. The mere question brings up memories of the solid choral flow of German music, the alert, passionate nervousness of French music, the curved, birdlike, lyric quality of the Italian, the frankly self-assertive, challenging fierceness of the Spanish, the abrupt, rhythmic caprice and abandonment of the Hungarian, and so on.

But what would American music be? What does the epithet "American" mean? A polyglot people, a people whose blood is an encyclopedia, a people whose territory is continent-wide, mountain and prairie, sea and river, a people whose climate is tropical, arctic, temperate, and all in one—how can we call ourselves individual? And yet we know we are.

As the Italians are part Roman, part Goth, part Norman, part Vandal; as the French are the decantation of a dozen races; as the English were once a hodge-podge of pirates and blue-painted churls, so our countrymen have been mixed and welded and fused until we are one people. The epithet "American" is as definite as any other: *E pluribus unum.*

But there are certain peculiarities of language that mark the music of other peoples. What should be our dialect, if we had one?

There have been many answers. Some have said that our music should be English because of our history. Some say German, because it is the most substantial music, and our composers have been most largely influenced by German teachers. Some say it should be Indian, because the Indians are the truest Americans and their music the most local. Others say it should be negro, because darky tunes are most familiar to us and are most different from the European.

But I say it should not be English or German, aboriginal or Afric-original. It should be American.

It will be American first by being personal. As Edgar Allan Poe, Hawthorne, Irving, Emerson, Whitman, Whistler, Sargent, Booth, Jefferson have been American by being themselves, so our great composers must first try to be John Doe and Richard Roe, and then they will find to their amazement that their mothers' milk, their fathers' authority and example, their schoolmates' criticism, their sweethearts' selection and their audiences' sympathies have made them American; American for better or for worse, in spite of themselves.

But while we are waiting for this big Yankee Individuality to arise among us—or to be recognized—because he may be busy among us all this time—while we are waiting, it is interesting to notice some of the directions in which our composers have been groping that haply they might find a lode of Americanism.

Some of the most racial music to be found anywhere lies among the early albums of songs, dances and hymns. Our people were not worrying then about nationalism. They wanted expression, found it, and lo, it was American. Some of these tunes are as American as bragging through the nose and "I guessing." "Old Dan Tucker" is good music of its kind. "The Arkansaw Traveller" is good music of its kind, and no more glorious tune of any kind has ever been conceived than "Dixie." There is a fallow field here for somebody, and everything in it is American. It is middle-class, agricultural, granger—all the things that make up the American for peasant, bourgeois, and burgher.

After this came the influence of the plantation, negroes learning to revel in harmonies as rich as their own Southern moonlight, and in melodies as graceful as the chalices of the magnolia blossom. It is small wonder that they took America captive. They took the world captive when the negro students known as the Fiske Jubilee Singers traveled abroad, exciting enormous interest. An

album of their numbers contains some superb things and ought to be in every musician's library.

And yet, after all, these nuggets of melody belong to the slaves. To them their glory.

Some people try to rob them of it by saying that their music is only badly remembered tunes of their masters, and shows much Scotch influence. If it is true, what of it? "Robin Adair" is originally the old Irish "Eileen Aroon," and Scotch people came from Ireland, but Robbie Burns was Robbie Burns for a' that, and a' that. Italian music was founded by French and Flemish masters, but Rossini was no foreigner in Rome. So, I say, the negro music is as original as any on earth.

Basing his art on these tunes among which he was reared, there grew up, midway of last century, a figure of immortal charm in American music. Folksongs are usually anonymous. Stephen C. Foster is one of the few folk-singers whose name will be remembered. It is hard to realize to-day the extent of his popularity and the enormity of his sales. But, as in the case of Edgar Allan Poe, his dislike for business and his enthusiasm for liquor kept him in straits. Yet the country was better and sweeter and gentler for every one of his tunes.

"Dixie" was written by a white man, a negro minstrel. Other good breakdowns and clogs were turned out galore in those days, by composers who had little thoroughness and less counterpoint, but builded better than they knew. To-day too many of them know better than they build. Good art is art that serves its purpose well. It would be the cheapest snobbishness to deny a racial value to this school of music. In our dances and dance-tunes we have been more truly national and original than in anything else.

The next step toward racialism was far more ambitious. It was the work of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, a New Orleans Chopin. He studied in Paris, and had very large success as a concert pianist in Europe and the two Americas. He died in Rio de Janeiro in 1869, at the age of forty. Some of his com-

positions were immensely popular. Many of them are a trifle mawkish, with an overplus of sugar. Diabetes is a disease that has killed much music. But Gottschalk composed several things that were not saccharin alone. He tried to put Creole and negro spirit into such pieces as his "Danse nègre." His music had art, but a strangely evanescent influence. Our ideals were too much set on Germany at that time to respond to a really American effort. Gottschalk came so near being great that one feels less joy in his achievement than regret in what he did not quite accomplish. So of Icarus, we do not remember that he flew so high as to melt his wax wings in the sun; we remember only that he fell.

The chief American composers for a period were John Knowles Paine and Dudley Buck. I spoke in an earlier article of their invaluable influence in civilizing Puritanism.

But they had no special racial message. Buck wrote fluent church music, Paine wrote two fine symphonies and two fine symphonic poems, and a splendid setting of Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus," produced at Harvard in 1881, but his distinctly national work was confined to his "Centennial Hymn" with orchestra to open the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876, and the "Columbus March and Hymn" used to open the Chicago Exposition in 1893. He was, like many others, a noble personality and an honor to his nation. In many ways, that is better than being a unique genius and a revolutionist. But it is for these latter that we are now seeking.

A great stir was made in the United States when the chief of modern Bohemian composers, Anton Dvorák, was brought over into Macedonia, to help us. He served as director of the National Conservatory from 1892 to 1895. Dvorák was a strong advocate of nationalism in music. He had himself been given a government fund in Bohemia, after producing his first important composition at the age of thirty-three. It was a patriotic act to remove him from want and he repaid his country by the Bohemianism of his music.

When he came to America he declared that our negro music was an inexhaustible mine of gold for composers. To prove it, he produced a negroid quartet, and a symphony which he called "From the New World." Beautiful as it was, it was as difficult for the trained American ear to recognize Africanism in it, as it is for us to find it in the cockney plantation songs in which England delights. Some have even denied that there was any negro quality at all in the symphony. In any case, it had small influence.

Before this, however, a Chicago composer, Henry Schoenfeld, born in Milwaukee and trained in Germany, had essayed the use of negro themes. He had won a prize for a large orchestral and choral work at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, and later wrote a suite in the negro style before Dvorák came to America. It has been played frequently abroad and won even the praises of Hanslick, the critic who was Wagner's arch-opponent. In this suite Mr. Schoenfeld used a tambourine, a triangle and a gong to add color. Later, he wrote an overture called "In the Sunny South." This is, to me, one of the most important of American compositions because the effort at negro-color has not hampered the spontaneity. It is marked by a good deal of darky syncopation and clog-figures. Mr. Schoenfeld won the Henri Marteau prize for violin sonata, with a work in which again the Afro-American spirit is alive.

Maurice Arnold, an American pupil of Dvorák's, wrote a group of "Plantation Dances," which his teacher produced, and which have often been played by orchestras abroad. They are published in Germany in the form of piano-duets. The last of them is a cake-walk; and the cake-walk, or "kak-vak" as they pronounce it in Paris, recently swept all Europe into a frenzy and became for a time the dance of kings and the sport of princesses.

This form and rag-time have yet to be employed in their full value by Americans.

Among the most recent works of importance in this field are Henry F.

Gilbert's "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes," and his "Americanesque," also for orchestra and based on three old tunes, "Zip Coon," "Don't be Foolish, Joe," and "Dearest Mae."

This choice of subject by one of our most original and most resourceful composers reminds one of the work of another American of the first rank, Edgar Stillman Kelley, who has written a humorous symphony, "Gulliver." The subject is heroically comic, nobly witty, and peculiarly suited for music. It is one of the most important of modern symphonies. And it points out an almost uninhabited realm for American genius.

If there is one thing more national than anything else American, it is American humor, fantastic, democratic, not afraid to be undignified and yet dignified in spite of itself by a very curious mysticism and solemnity. American composers, however, have been a remarkably unhumorous lot, and have more often shown a damaging lack of humor than its saving grace. Some of the nambiest-pambiest tunes ever written to effeminately silly words have been poured forth under our flag. Give the typical American composer a sniff at an inane poem about a floweret wooed by a birdlet, or a betrayed lily left with a broken heartlet by a faithless beelet, and the American composer is a lost sheep.

But to return to Mr. Kelley, who has not sinned in this way. He added confusion to American ideals by bringing yet another nationality into the field. Before the Chinese exclusion laws were passed, he studied the Celestial theories in San Francisco and wrote his orchestral suite "Aladdin," a wonderwork of fancy and of poetic instrumentation. His song "The Lady Picking Mulberries" has been popular, and his incidental music for "The First Born" was very dramatic. But he has by no means given his life to the inculcation of the Chinese scale in our music, and has found just as personal expression in his Gaelic music for "Macbeth," his Greek music for "Prometheus Unbound," his melodramatic religious music for "Ben-

Hur," and the splendid string quintet with which he recently stirred Berlin, in which city he has taken up his residence.

We ought not to overlook his brilliantly humorous piano-piece, "The Headless Horseman," which is based on the pursuit of Ichabod Crane and the hurling of the terrible pumpkinhead. America has none too many legends for the national composer, but there are a fertile few.

Both Chinese and Japanese music have been employed in several compositions by N. Clifford Page, who wrote excellent incidental music for "The Cat and the Cherub," and for "Moonlight Blossom," a Japanese play done in London. He is cosmopolitan, however, and a suite of his is devoted to "A Village Fête" in France.

American history has suggested many an effort at national expression in music, such as S. G. Pratt's "Paul Revere's Ride," his "Battle of Manila," and his Columbus music, though his overture to Shakespeare's "The Tempest" is far better music. Then there is Dudley Buck's cantata, "The Voyage of Columbus," which has had success abroad in a German translation as well as here. But effective as it was, it was no more nationalistic than his symphonic overture to Scott's "Marmion" or his "Golden Legend," which won a thousand dollar prize.

Long before Columbus, there were the Norse visitors to these shores, which they called Vineland the Good; so we have a remote kinship with the Vikings, and no end of vocal societies have howled the innumerable pieces written in this field. Of real musical value are "The Viking's Last Voyage" and "The Song of the Viking," by George W. Chadwick, one of our most highly esteemed composers, who has also written a concert overture, "Rip Van Winkle." He wrote it in Leipzig in his student days, and it was played there. But his classic overture, "Melpomene," is far better.

Indian music has been the dream of numberless Americans, and it has aroused many of our composers to ef-

fort. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" has been the especial excuse for Heaven knows how many cantatas. Beautiful as the poem is, it differs materially from the Indian depicted by the camera and the realist. The music based upon it, then, can hardly hope to be very radically racial.

Among the worthier Hiawathan compositions are Arthur Foote's "The Farewell of Hiawatha" for men's voices. He has written, also, the Norse legend "Skeleton in Armor." But I prefer his beautiful "Francesca da Rimini" for orchestra, and his Scotch, Irish and old English songs.

L. A. Coerne and Rubin Goldmark have each based symphonic poems on "Hiawatha," both of which have been played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Frederick R. Burton wrote a much-performed dramatic cantata on the subject, and— But I am not compiling a directory.

The true Indian has not been without his musical students. Scientists and phonographers have recorded the exact tones of his voice. Much of it belongs to the bow-wow school of expression or to that form of vocalization which Richard Garner studies in his monkey-cage.

Your true Indian, lacking the advantages of conservatory polish, and never having taken any theorist's scalp, combines the gentle art of bastinadoing a grumbling drum with a series of squawks, grunts, wa-whoos, and ki-yips that may be hair-raising, not to say scalp-raising, but cannot be called symphonic. One may only remark:

"It is hideous, but is it art?"

As the Indian himself, however, may be studied until he is understood to the point of sympathy, or may be Carlisled till he can make himself understood—even on the football field—so in music he proves more docile than one might suppose. His melody is to real music what a chunk of unreduced quartz is to the golden cord on the throat of a queen. The musician, who would work this Indian mineral, must be miner, smelter, assayer, and goldsmith all in one. There have been a few earnest enough to keep

at this task. They are not only winning themselves fame, but are opening a new region to future generations.

Perhaps the loftiest use to which the Indian music has been put is the "Indian Suite," by Edward MacDowell. This superb soul is now in the midst of his tragedy, having joined the illustrious company of geniuses, such as Schumann, Smetana and Nietzsche, whose fate robbed them of their reason during their last years. But before he passed into the shadow of this living death, MacDowell had gained the undisputed preeminence as foremost of American composers.

He has taken his inspiration where he found it in a Keltic sonata, or in "Hamlet," or "Lancelot and Elaine." He has written exquisite piano-poems; "The Deserted Farm," "The Eagle," "The Wild Rose," "The Iceberg." He has even strayed into negro music with his short piano-piece "From Uncle Remus." But his "Indian Suite" is his only ambitious effort to be American. I heard it played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the same program with a Brahms' Symphony and Richard Strauss' tremendous humoresque "Till Eulenspiegel." I remember that for once the American colors were not half-masted with shame. MacDowell stood shoulder to shoulder with the other two giants. The "Indian Suite" is magnificent with suggestion of scene, of barbaric sincerity, and it is irresistible with appeal to universal emotions.

A very elaborate campaign for rescuing Indian themes into the fold of high art has been made by a group of younger American composers under the leadership of a gifted composer, who has a William Morris-like love for the art of the printing press. These Knights of the Round Table have been recruited by King Arthur Farwell, whose Wa-Wan Press deserves the support of everybody who cares a hang for any American art.

Arthur Farwell has himself contributed to the publications of the Wa-Wan Press a volume of "American Indian Melodies," a composition called "Dawn," issued for orchestra as well as

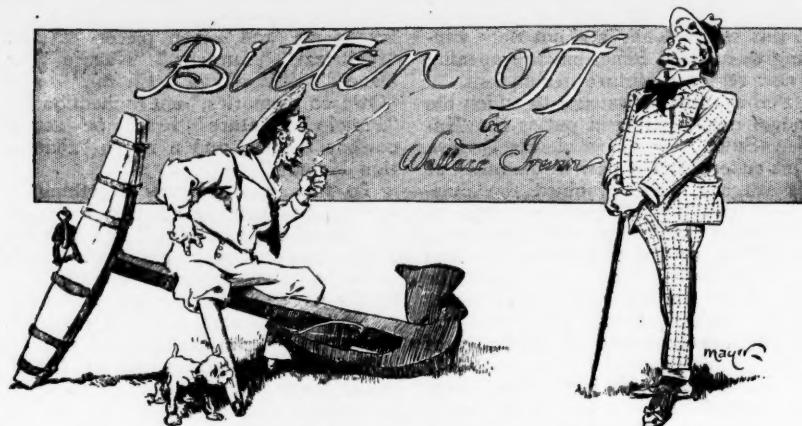
for piano, and other pieces entitled "Ichibuzzi," "Hurakan," "Navajo War Dance," "Wa-Wan Choral," and "Owasco Memories," not to mention his "Prairie Miniature" based on actual cowboy themes, and a negro "Plantation Melody."

To this press Harvey Worthington Loomis has contributed two books of "Lyrics of the Red Man," in which his highly personal style has found much to interest him. Loomis, I consider one of the most original composers America has yet produced, as writer both of songs and of piano-pieces of all sorts.

The most ambitious use of Indian music has perhaps been the grand opera of Arthur Nevin, brother of the lamented genius in song, Ethelbert Nevin. The opera has not been produced except at a concert of the Pittsburg Orchestra where it made a strong impression. The opera is called "Poia," the libretto by Randolph Hartley, who has based it upon genuine Indian legends. In its youthful emprise and ardor it resembles "Siegfried" as much as anything could be called like what is so radically different.

Almost more encouraging than the creation of such a work is the fact that the enterprise was funded by a syndicate of wealthy men, who advanced the composer and librettist money enough to devote a long while to study. None of the fine arts has ever succeeded largely without subsidy or patronage in one form or another. Before a great American music can develop, there must be an audience to demand and understand it. But as in the case of telephones, palace-cars, rapid transit and breakfast foods, the demand must be created by first tempting the palate.

The most difficult thing in giving the public what it wants is the fact that the public hasn't the faintest idea what it does want until it is dangled before it enticingly. Somebody must risk the first cost of promotion. What American music needs most vitally is a syndicate of artistic underwriters, who will give the inventors three meals a day until the market is made. The composers are ready, the public ignorantly waiting.



O SAILOR with the wooden leg,  
 O sailor tell to me,  
 Why do you wear that timber peg  
 Below your gallant knee?"

"O stranger with the dark, sad eyes,  
 The missing leg ye name  
 Was bitten off," the tar replies,  
 "And this was how it came:

"When I was young and workin' spry  
 Upon the 'Minnie' bark,  
 From East to West 'twas knowed that I  
 Could whistle like a lark.

"I used to whistle 'Nancy Lee'  
 With birdlike thrills adept,  
 And when I tried a minor key  
 The hardest-hearted wept.

"Me whistle used to fill the sail  
 When breezes there was none.  
 I used to whistle up a gale  
 And whistle down the sun——"

"But, sailor-man," in haste I cried,  
 "What of your missing limb?"  
 "'Twas bitten off," the tar replied  
 In accents rather grim.

"Of all me tunes the sailors grew  
 So fond they used to shirk—  
 I had to whistle to the crew  
 To keep them blokes to work.

"At four o'clock I would begin  
 A whistling-concert sweet,  
 Selected tunes from 'Lohengrin'—  
 I done 'em rather neat.

"The dolphins on the wavelets sot  
 When I piped 'Promise Me',  
 And very often there was not  
 A dry eye in the sea."

"But, mariner," I did insist,  
 "What of the leg deceased?"  
 "Don't interrupt!" the sailor hissed,  
 "Or be polite at least!"

"They worked me so it wasn't right,  
 That crew o' shiftless yaps—  
 They wouldn't go to sleep at night  
 Unless I whistled 'taps'.

"And mornings they would lay abed  
 Like lazy buccaneers—  
 I had to wake each sleepy head  
 By whistlin' in 'is ears.

"At last from whistlin' day and night  
 Me lips got parched and sore.  
 I sort o' lost me appetite  
 And piped sweet tunes no more.

"In vain the captin' came to beg——"  
 "Here is the place," said I,  
 "No doubt, where they removed your leg."  
 "It ain't," was his reply.

"O Thomas," said the captin', 'please,  
 We're quite becalmed to-day;  
 Unless ye whistle up a breeze  
 Our ship's stuck here to stay.'

"In vain I puckered up me lips  
 And tried to make a squeak.  
 To pipe a tune and move the ship  
 I tried a solid week.

"At last I took the mate's advice  
 And, though it gave me pain,  
 I greased me lips with camphor-ice  
 And tried the trick again.

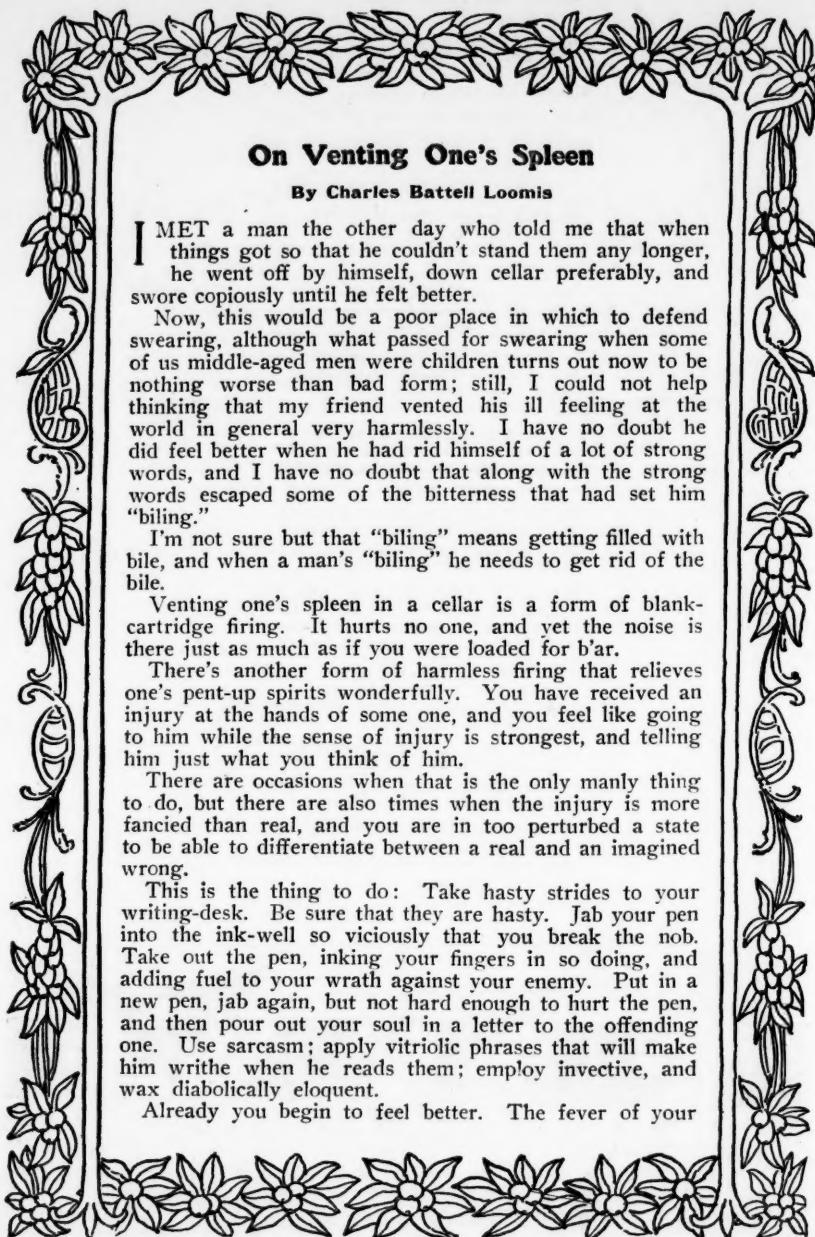
"When lo! I started sweet and long  
 To whistle 'Home, Sweet Home.'  
 And lo! the breezes cool and strong  
 Came ripplin' o'er the foam.

"The more I piped the more it blowed  
 And raked us side and top.  
 It might of caused a wreck, I knowed,  
 And so I had to stop.

"And in an hour the breezes bore  
 Us safely to Keebunch,  
 Where I got off and went to shore  
 And whistled for me lunch.

"If that ain't true I hopes to die,"  
 He said, "so please don't scoff."  
 "But what about your leg?" asked I.  
 Said he: "'Twas bitten off."





## On Venting One's Spleen

By Charles Battell Loomis

I MET a man the other day who told me that when things got so that he couldn't stand them any longer, he went off by himself, down cellar preferably, and swore copiously until he felt better.

Now, this would be a poor place in which to defend swearing, although what passed for swearing when some of us middle-aged men were children turns out now to be nothing worse than bad form; still, I could not help thinking that my friend vented his ill feeling at the world in general very harmlessly. I have no doubt he did feel better when he had rid himself of a lot of strong words, and I have no doubt that along with the strong words escaped some of the bitterness that had set him "biling."

I'm not sure but that "biling" means getting filled with bile, and when a man's "biling" he needs to get rid of the bile.

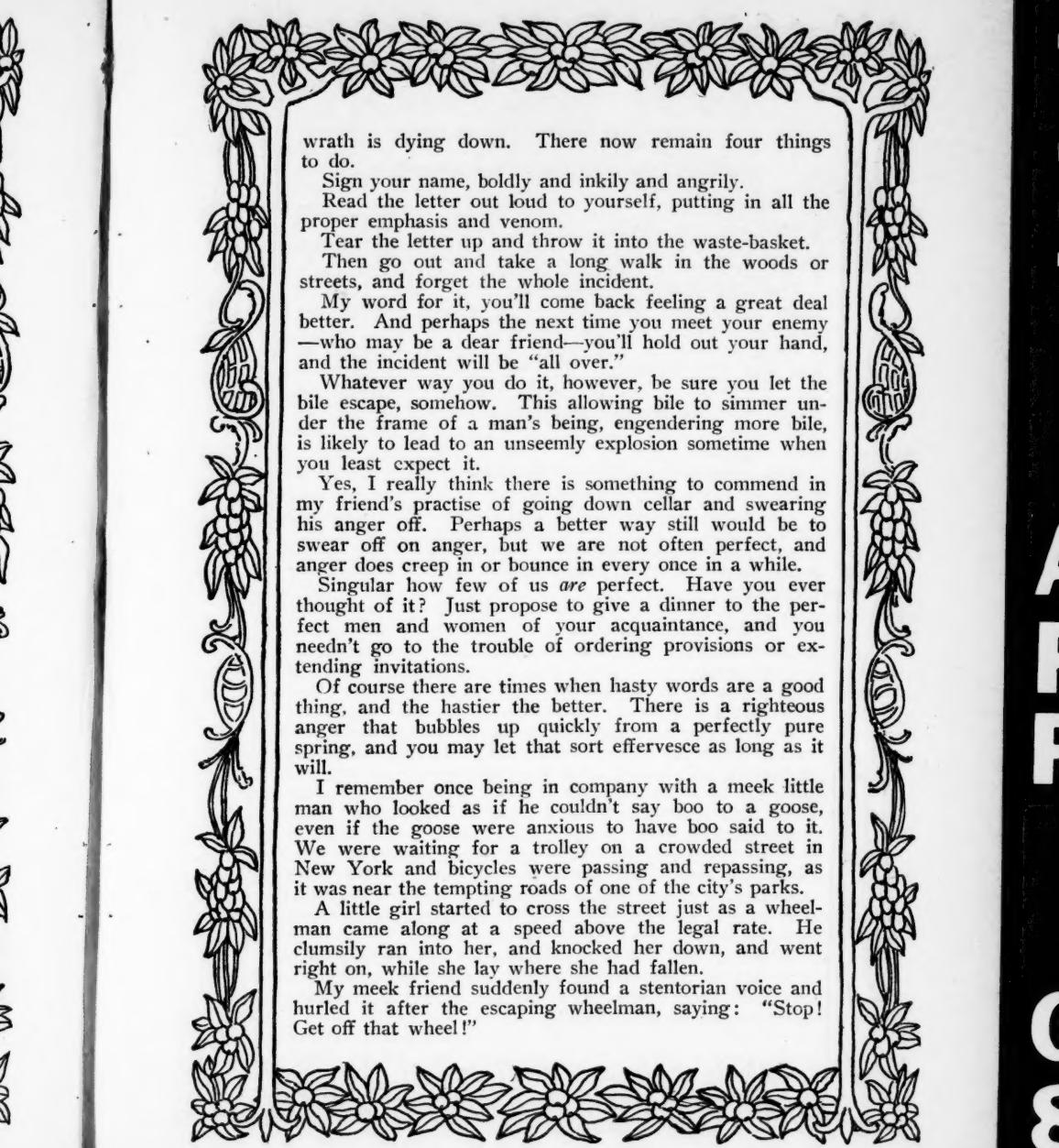
Venting one's spleen in a cellar is a form of blank-cartridge firing. It hurts no one, and yet the noise is there just as much as if you were loaded for b'ar.

There's another form of harmless firing that relieves one's pent-up spirits wonderfully. You have received an injury at the hands of some one, and you feel like going to him while the sense of injury is strongest, and telling him just what you think of him.

There are occasions when that is the only manly thing to do, but there are also times when the injury is more fancied than real, and you are in too perturbed a state to be able to differentiate between a real and an imagined wrong.

This is the thing to do: Take hasty strides to your writing-desk. Be sure that they are hasty. Jab your pen into the ink-well so viciously that you break the nob. Take out the pen, inking your fingers in so doing, and adding fuel to your wrath against your enemy. Put in a new pen, jab again, but not hard enough to hurt the pen, and then pour out your soul in a letter to the offending one. Use sarcasm; apply vitriolic phrases that will make him writhe when he reads them; employ invective, and wax diabolically eloquent.

Already you begin to feel better. The fever of your



wrath is dying down. There now remain four things to do.

Sign your name, boldly and inkily and angrily.

Read the letter out loud to yourself, putting in all the proper emphasis and venom.

Tear the letter up and throw it into the waste-basket.

Then go out and take a long walk in the woods or streets, and forget the whole incident.

My word for it, you'll come back feeling a great deal better. And perhaps the next time you meet your enemy—who may be a dear friend—you'll hold out your hand, and the incident will be "all over."

Whatever way you do it, however, be sure you let the bile escape, somehow. This allowing bile to simmer under the frame of a man's being, engendering more bile, is likely to lead to an unseemly explosion sometime when you least expect it.

Yes, I really think there is something to commend in my friend's practise of going down cellar and swearing his anger off. Perhaps a better way still would be to swear off on anger, but we are not often perfect, and anger does creep in or bounce in every once in a while.

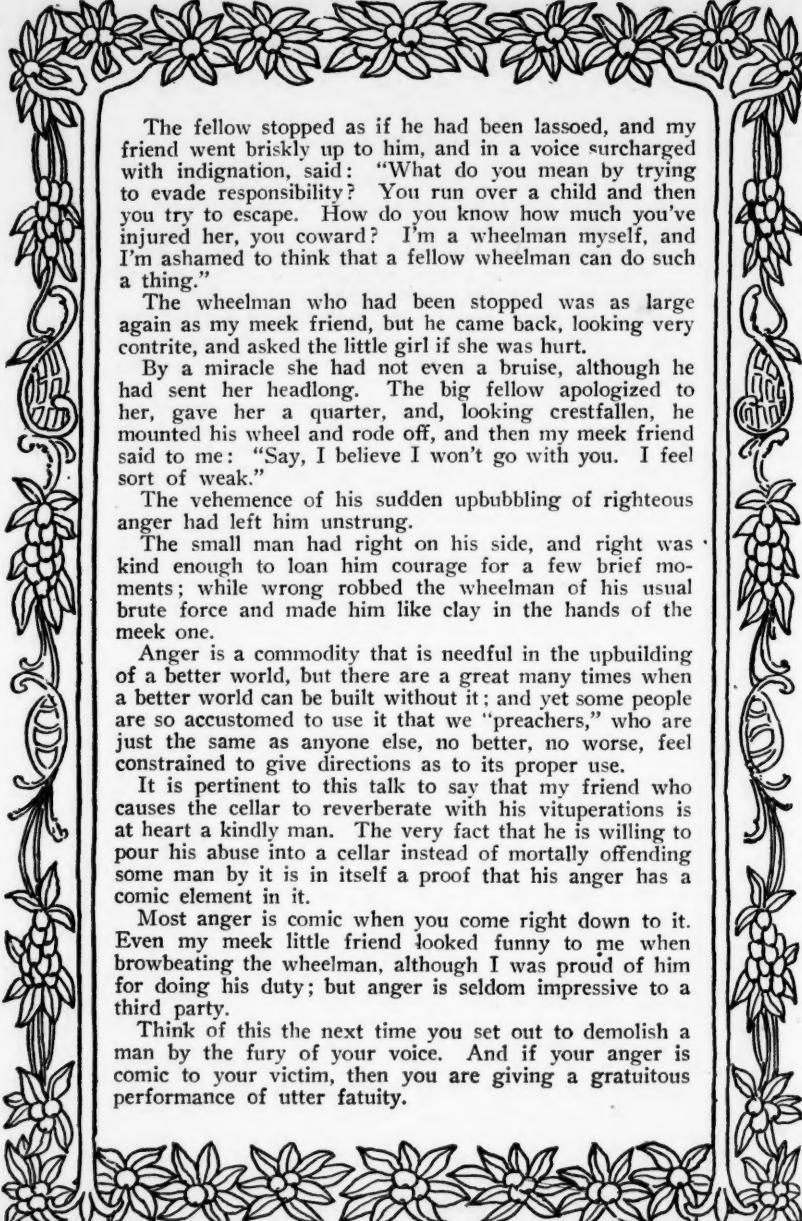
Singular how few of us *are* perfect. Have you ever thought of it? Just propose to give a dinner to the perfect men and women of your acquaintance, and you needn't go to the trouble of ordering provisions or extending invitations.

Of course there are times when hasty words are a good thing, and the hastier the better. There is a righteous anger that bubbles up quickly from a perfectly pure spring, and you may let that sort effervesce as long as it will.

I remember once being in company with a meek little man who looked as if he couldn't say boo to a goose, even if the goose were anxious to have boo said to it. We were waiting for a trolley on a crowded street in New York and bicycles were passing and repassing, as it was near the tempting roads of one of the city's parks.

A little girl started to cross the street just as a wheelman came along at a speed above the legal rate. He clumsily ran into her, and knocked her down, and went right on, while she lay where she had fallen.

My meek friend suddenly found a stentorian voice and hurled it after the escaping wheelman, saying: "Stop! Get off that wheel!"



The fellow stopped as if he had been lassoed, and my friend went briskly up to him, and in a voice surcharged with indignation, said: "What do you mean by trying to evade responsibility? You run over a child and then you try to escape. How do you know how much you've injured her, you coward? I'm a wheelman myself, and I'm ashamed to think that a fellow wheelman can do such a thing."

The wheelman who had been stopped was as large again as my meek friend, but he came back, looking very contrite, and asked the little girl if she was hurt.

By a miracle she had not even a bruise, although he had sent her headlong. The big fellow apologized to her, gave her a quarter, and, looking crestfallen, he mounted his wheel and rode off, and then my meek friend said to me: "Say, I believe I won't go with you. I feel sort of weak."

The vehemence of his sudden upbubbling of righteous anger had left him unstrung.

The small man had right on his side, and right was kind enough to loan him courage for a few brief moments; while wrong robbed the wheelman of his usual brute force and made him like clay in the hands of the meek one.

Anger is a commodity that is needful in the upbuilding of a better world, but there are a great many times when a better world can be built without it; and yet some people are so accustomed to use it that we "preachers," who are just the same as anyone else, no better, no worse, feel constrained to give directions as to its proper use.

It is pertinent to this talk to say that my friend who causes the cellar to reverberate with his vituperations is at heart a kindly man. The very fact that he is willing to pour his abuse into a cellar instead of mortally offending some man by it is in itself a proof that his anger has a comic element in it.

Most anger is comic when you come right down to it. Even my meek little friend looked funny to me when browbeating the wheelman, although I was proud of him for doing his duty; but anger is seldom impressive to a third party.

Think of this the next time you set out to demolish a man by the fury of your voice. And if your anger is comic to your victim, then you are giving a gratuitous performance of utter fatuity.

# Lydford law

By Eden Phillpotts

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA E. FOSTER

*"First hang and draw,  
Then hear the cause, is Lydford law."*

ANCIENT without being venerable, historic sans distinction, hideous of aspect and mean of story, the stump of Lydford Castle still stands and still scowls four-square, to all the winds that blow. Here is a beautiful setting to an ugly gem; here this blot of rotting masonry lies in the lap of scenes as fair as shall be found along the northern foot-hills of the moor. Semi-circled in stone-crowned torso, guarded to north and west with lesser elevations, and protected southward by the sudden precipices of a gorge, the old-time stronghold of Lydford, sunk to one straggling street, lies and wastes in the hand of time, all forgetful of its former glories.

Once, before the Conquest, this borough shared with Exeter foremost place and power in the county; now Devon holds no humbler village, no hamlet more sequestered and obscure. Natural beauties still draw the wandering tourist and painter; the castle continues an object of fleeting interest to the passer-by; but Lydford has long receded from its high estate; the border fortress is dismantled; the place has vanished out of mind; even the comfort of a market is denied it; no shop exists, and those whose lot lies here go far afield for the necessities of life.

Yet, as a mite exaggerates the significance of its proper cheese, and assigns

thereto a larger cosmic importance than may reasonably be granted, so in Lydford, some fifty years ago, there dwelt certain simple souls who judged of their home from inside rather than from without, and arrived at wrong conclusions by this inversion of appraisal. Among these loyal spirits, stoutest and narrowest of all was the keeper of the castle, Reynold Weekes. He held but vague and muddled ideas concerning its history. He knew indeed that once the Stannators kept their courts within the walls, and that those who broke the Timmen's laws were here confined and punished. Somebody had told him that the existing erection was late Norman, dating from the latter part of the twelfth century; and others mentioned how Lydford had been a most important stronghold in the Middle Ages. These few facts he rehearsed to the chance stranger, and added to them very largely from inner consciousness. The actual ruin he knew well enough, and he openly admitted that he had used its dungeon on more than one occasion to incarcerate one or other of his own refractory children—to the scandal of Lydford mothers. Mr. Weekes was left as a widower with four boys and three girls; and since his cottage stood within fifty yards of the castle, he often found the place of service.

For admission to the old ruin one penny was charged, and a pound or two annually accrued to the custodian from this source. For his part, he kept the fabric in repair to the extent of an occasional hod of mortar, or fresh beam in place of rotting woodwork. Folk admitted that Weekes was a fitting custodian of the ruin. He seemed a man planned by Providence to carry jailer's keys. Squat and short, iron-gray and underhung, gaunt, grim, and unlovely, he matched his trust. He had no friends and wanted none. His business was that of a huckster in Tavistock market, and thither he went weekly with eggs, fowls, and butter. In the summer he also sold vegetables. His wife had been the market-woman during her life; but after she sank to the pit under his iron rule and left him with seven children, no woman could be found to fill her shoes. Now, however, the widow's eldest daughter was eighteen, and often she went to market when he was otherwise engaged; and when business took him from Lydford, she was show-woman of the castle if a chance wayfarer drifted hither and expressed a wish to see it.

Hester Weekes knew as little of the long history of eleven centuries as did her father, but she was a pleasanter guide, and where Mr. Weekes had to be content with the regulation penny, Hester often returned in triumph from the ruin with sixpence or a shilling. She held the matter merely as one of business and had none of her parent's grim enthusiasm touching the castle. In process of years he came to regard the wrecked keep as his own property. On Sundays he smoked there alone; climbed a wooden ladder to the top of the walls, and squatted aloft—the harsh, gray, guardian spirit of these malignant ruins.

There were two entrances to the central space, and of one of these Mr. Weekes kept the key, while the other needed no protection, being merely a hole at turf-level, through which the keeper's fowls came and went to their roosts within. A third way indeed was obscurely hinted at, and Reynold al-

leged that a subterranean channel ran from the lowermost dungeon to the river gorge half a mile distant; but of this secret passage there were no visible signs, and the matter had little interest for tourists. One or two of the man's own children, when locked in the ruin, had endeavored to find some such exit, and the smallest offender was lost for three hours in so doing. But then his weeping sister discovered him asleep in a deep hole under the fowls' roosting-places. From association, the keeper's children hated Lydford Castle as heartily as any of the unhappy spirits of vanished malefactors, said still to roam there by night. The sympathy of Lydford was with Mr. Weekes' offspring, and many women did them secret kindnesses. Then Hester began to grow wife-old, and those interested in the matter asked what sort of fate must overtake the remaining four boys and two girls when she was taken from them. Those best versed in knowledge of human nature foretold that Reynold Weekes would not let his daughter marry, and events ere long promised to make good their prophecy.

## II.

Hester Weekes possessed the charms of a grand figure, a good heart, and bright complexion, but lacked other beauty than that of youth. She exhibited a feminine version of her father's determined mouth and dark brow; but her spirit was larger; many brothers and sisters had taught her self-denial and patience. She lacked reserve, was much interested in her kind, and had secretly determined to marry and get a little farther from her parent at the first opportunity any man might offer. The outlook, however, was not hopeful, for Reynold quite appreciated the fact that his comfort depended upon his daughter, and had no intention of letting her escape. One shadow of a romance she had, but the carter who coveted her never went beyond the first discussion with Hester's father. From that conversation the castle-keeper returned home in such a good humor that Hester

ventured to ask what had happened to make him so happy. He looked up from his plate and told her:

"I met Sam Adams to the Castle Inn, and he axed to be allowed for to walk with you. And I told un that for 'dashousness' he beat the dowl; an' I also told un that if ever I catched un within half a mile of you, I'd break his neck afore the nation. That's plain-speaking, I believe. An' you mind an' do likewise. Don't let me see you along with the men, or I'll treat you like the youngest, an' let you taste my ash sapling."

"Tis your custom to make your meanin' clear, no doubt," answered Hester calmly. "An' what did Sam Adams say, please, father?"

"He said if that was my view, he'd look for another female, being a peace-loving character. He also added that 'twould be a happy day for my family when I was in my coffin. But a chittering magpie like him ban't going to rile a man of sense."

Thus the matter of Adams ended, and that wise worthy took a wife elsewhere. Then happened a different sort of romance for Hester, and the great moment of her career dawned suddenly. Between waking and sleeping she seemed to have lived centuries; yet the incident belonged only to one winter day. It opened in a dawn of snow and cold winds wailing out of the north; it ended with moonlight and flagrant romance.

The snow began on New-year's night, and the moor-men, who understood weather, knew well enough that this was to be no chance wintry week, to yield again before the next moist wind out of the west. Nature had made elaborate preparations for her blizzard. A month of east wind and nightly frosts hardened the world's bosom for the load

that it was to bear. Then dark days followed. The sun lowered fiery at dawn and even; it froze at noon. To the north went the wind; the glass, high until now, fell slowly and steadily; wise folk got to market, and laid in extra stores to stand a siege.

On New-year's night Reynold Weekes, according to custom, walked a hundred yards from his home to the Castle Inn, that he might smoke his pipe and take his glass in company. The reason for this gregarious and sociable act none knew. He rarely spoke, save in the way of caustic criticism, or when Lydford Castle and its history were in question. He neither accepted

drink from strangers nor offered any to acquaintances. Yet from force of habit he performed this deed and never omitted it.

To-night, however, he had been happier and wiser to stop at home. Certain wandering spirits from beyond Lydford augmented the local company, and among them was a man who knew something of the peculiarities of Mr. Weekes. Reynold had recently again



*She exhibited a feminine version of her father's determined mouth and dark brow.*

fallen foul of his daughter, touching matrimony; the name of a certain Bridgetstowe man called Yelland had cropped up between them; and, upon the rumor of certain atrocious utterances attributed to the castle-keeper, a stranger now spoke. He had heard Mr. Weekes addressed by name, and immediately accosted him.

"Be you the chap as was going to fling Samuel Yelland into Lydford Gorge if you catched him anigh your darter?" he asked.

"Yes, I be," answered the parent promptly; "an' you after him; an' any other jackanapes as comes poking his ugly nose where he ban't wanted."

"Yet I've heard tell your maiden ban't so wonnertful that you need to keep her under lock an' key."

The face of Mr. Weekes grew dark; his under jaw stuck out; three dull-colored teeth appeared above his nether lip.

He turned to the host.

"Why for do you let these drunken, nameless fools come in your bar insulting your regular customers, Thomas Friend?" he asked.

The stranger laughed.

"I ban't nameless, master. My name's Billy Ash. I know Sam Yelland—him as wanted your brick-red darter. An' as to being a fool, I'm so good as you, an' a sight pleasanter to the eye, so now then!"

"Billy Ash, be you? Then, Billy Ash, you can tell they slack-twisted louts to Bridgetstowe same as the chaps here know already: that I'll have no man running after my darter. And be she brick-red or black or brown or brindled, she'm not for any of your dirty, swilling kind. An', to put it civil, I may tell you this: that if you open your mouth to me again, I'll ram a pint pot down your throat."

"That'll do, Master Weekes," said Thomas Friend firmly. "A very good customer indeed, and I think the world of you, and know your vartues and what a proper family you've gotten, an' what a parent you've been to 'em since the Lard took your lady; but, all the same, there ban't no call to speak so rash to

strangers who be putting up along with me. You do let your tongue get too far beyond your teeth now and again."

"Truth's truth, however," cried Mr. Ash; "an' the truth is that for all his bluster and bunkum, thicky bull-dog there will lose his darter afore he's much older or uglier. No sensible maiden would bide along wi' such a faither."

Billy winked at another stranger—a tall, fresh-faced, broad-shouldered man who sat by the fire and faced the company.

"She'm a lot too good, by all accounts, to be her faither's slave much longer. She'll soon be gone without 'by your leave,' gaffer Weekes, for all you scowl like one of them gogoyles to the church."

But Reynold Weekes was apparently no longer annoyed. He uttered his rare laugh, like a dog barking for battle.

"Let me see the man as'll brave me in that matter," he said.

"You wait till Jan Woodrow comes along then!"

"And who be that?"

"Ax your darter."

"You needn't wait to ax her," said the broad-shouldered man, stretching out his black leggings, and yawning at Weekes. "I'm Jan Woodrow, I believe—six foot three, an' weight, thirteen stone odd—all muscle. You might have heard tell how I throwed all comers to Widecombe revel a bit back-along."

"Your trumpeter's dead be like?"

"Never had one. The truth don't want no trumpeter. Miss Weekes be a very nice sort of maiden—just to my mind, in fact; and so, like as not, I'll marry her myself in the spring. We understand each other very well, I warrant 'e!"

The parent of Hester smiled no more.

"You dare to talk to me like that!" he shouted.

"Rather so, old chap. I'd dare to do a deal more than talk. I'd dare to take your fine girl in my arms, like a babby, an' march off with her under your nose. So you'll do well to sing small afore your betters. You Lydford men do give yourselves such cruel lofty airs, as if

you was the salt of the airth instead of the muck of it."

Reynold could not find words immediately to answer this tremendous attack. He stared and snorted, like a bull before it charges.

"Don't you wish you could lock him up in the castle an' let him starve there, eh?" asked a local man.

"Wouldn't he like to? But I'd pull his old rotten castle down about his ears like Samson," cried Mr. Woodrow. "Ess fay! 'twouldn't keep me in. 'Tis no better'n an old pigsty, I believe. 'Tis all my eye about it being a castle. A fool built it, an' a fool looks arter it!"

"Say a knave," chimed in Billy Ash. "Why, the fellow gets pennies an' pounds, I'll wager, by false pretenses. When you run away with his darter, tell her to take the cash-box same time, Janny!"

They baited the castle-keeper a little longer; then his rage burst out; he smote his pint pot upon the ground and began to curse and to swear.

A policeman put his head in and shook a white helmet.

"It's come, souls!" he said. "Snow be falling like a wall. Best you go back-along to your homes afore the ways are lost. 'Twill be poor hope of keeping roads in an hour."

"We're all right anyway," answered Mr. Ash. "Me an' Jan here bide tonight wi' Mr. Friend. Friend in need, friend indeed!"

The other occupants of the bar, however, made haste to depart, and one, whose destination was three miles into the moor, looked out ruefully upon the swirl of snow and cry of fierce wind.

"Wish I was to home," he said.

Breathing a great revenge, Reynold Weekes also disappeared, and took himself in a passion to his children.

When he was gone, Billy Ash asked his friend a question.

"You don't know his maiden, do 'e?"

"Good Lord, no!" answered the great, florid man. "I never heard tell of the wench afore to-night. 'Twas only to rub it into her cranky twod of a father that I pretended I knew her an' she knew me."

"You've done her small kindness then," declared the innkeeper. "There was murder in them dog's eyes of his when he went

home. I didn't like it."

### III.

Mr. Weekes returned to find his family in bed and asleep. He roared to Hester once, but she did not awake, and he changed his mind and left explana-



*Then he saw Weekes unlock the great gate of the ruin, fling the woman violently inside, and lock the gate again.*



*At midday Tom Friend got to the cottage of the castle-keeper and found him in a demoniac temper, surrounded by troubled children.*

tions until the morning. By that time the snow had powdered the world an inch deep; then, contrary to expectation, it ceased a while. Some rejoiced that the worst was past, but they made merry too soon. Before midday the darkness was that of evening and the cold had increased. The real storm then began, and for ten hours it snowed without intermission.

At breakfast Weekes exploded, and, having finished his own meal, turned on his daughter.

"Nought'll tame you seemingly, but I'll tame you—you that hunger after wedlock and make your faither a scorn and a byword to every sot on the country-side! Us'll see what you'll think of it, married to Lydford castle, wi' snow for a bride-bed, you trollop! Us'll

see if the north wind'll freeze the lewd blood in your veins! Come! If you don't, I'll hale you there!"

He started to his feet and took the castle key from its nail beside the mantelpiece. Then he turned up the collar of his coat and waited. Some of the younger children, scenting trouble, began to cry.

"What have I done, and what are you going to do?" asked Hester calmly.

"What you've done you know well enough—no need to go over that. What I'll do you'll know afore you're an hour older. By the heels I'll lay you, and see if the north wind will larn you sense and freeze you into maidly ways."

"My ways be a maiden's, and always have been, and nobody on God's airth

but my own faither would dare to doubt it. I blush for your beastly mind, I do!" she cried passionately.

"Blush for yourself, you man-loving minx!" he roared.

"Tell me what I've done—that's all I ax."

"You know what you've done. You think I'm blind and deaf as well. I've learned all about your evil, hookem-snivey dealings with 'em. Nought's hid from me—no, not even your dallying with that anointed rascal, Jan Woodrow."

"Never knowed of no Jan Woodrow in my life!" she said. "God judge me if I've ever heard that name!"

The answer angered him.

"Come and tell your lies to the stones and the sky," he said. "I'll not hear another."

"You shall hear me—I—"

For answer he seized her by the neck and dragged her out into the road. The snow fell again and the street was deserted. Only one man saw the scene, heard Hester cry for mercy, and noted her father drive her through the wicket and up the grassy mound on which Lydford Castle stands. The laborer followed, but kept out of sight. Then he saw Weekes unlock the great gate of the ruin, fling the woman violently inside, and lock the gate again.

A few moments later Reynold, ignorant that any had witnessed this outrage, returned to his cottage, and the laborer who had watched him hastened to proclaim it. He was soon at the Castle Inn full of his news, and Mr. Friend, overcome with indignation, faced the weather, hastened afield, hammered at the castle gate, and tried to attract the prisoner's attention.

"Hester, my dear," he shouted, "'tis I, Tom Friend—what can I do for 'e? Shall I tell parson an' constable?"

"Let it alone," cried the girl. "He'll come to his senses presently. Doan't make no upstore in the parish. He'll let me out come bymeby, for I shall be steeved to death if he don't. He wouldn't hang for me."

"Where be you now?"

"Along wi' the fowls. Don't say nothing. 'Tis all right."

"I'll look in on your faither later on," promised Mr. Friend, "an' if he haven't freed 'e afore then, I'll do something desperate, God's my judge!"

When the innkeeper returned to his home he was greeted with hearty wishes for a happy New-year from two guests. Billy Ash and Jan Woodrow had just descended from their sleeping-place, and now, as sauce to a hearty breakfast, they heard the evil fate that had overtaken an innocent woman. Both pulled long faces, and Mr. Woodrow especially showed concern and regret.

"Dang my old wig, but this be three parts my fault!" he said. "'Tis along of my silly nonsense last night that this have overtook the poor girl. What a faither! Something must be done—the man's mad."

They waited for an hour, then the snow fell in earnest. One by one the paths were blotted out, and the white layer began to pile in drifts against northward-facing walls and hedges. In dead silence the snow-cloud descended like a pall upon Lydford; the new year began with the quietness of the grave.

Woodrow and his companion had designed to ride to Tavistock, but they changed their minds for more reasons than one.

At midday Tom Friend got to the cottage of the castle-keeper and found him in a demoniac temper, surrounded by troubled children. Hester was still a prisoner, and when the visitor protested, Weekes told him to mind his own business and go to hell among the rogues.

"Till the church clock tells twelve this night, she shall bide there; and not a moment sooner will I set her free," he said. "I'll read her a lesson such as won't want no reading again; and if any man comes between me an' her, 'twill be at his own peril."

"'Tis my duty to tell constable, and I shall do it," said Mr. Friend warmly.

"Tell fifty constables, if you mind to. I've got the key of the castle; so all's said."



*The rescuer, thrown off his balance,*

"She's innocent as the babe unborn.  
This day's work will kill her."

"That's two lies. She ban't innocent, and us Weekes folk ban't built of sugar. 'Twill knock the fear of God and her faither into her; an' I wish I had that long-boned beast of a Woodrow under lock an' key likewise. I'd freeze his red cheeks blue afore I'd done with him."

"Mark me, you'll come under the law for it; an' snowing heavens hard as 'tis, an' all," said Tommy Friend somewhat vaguely. Then he departed and told of his fruitless enterprise.

Upon hearing of it Woodrow spoke.

"So be it, then. This here's my job! Us'll get to work without more waiting, else the poor soul won't want to be took farther than churchyard. First you take some of them hot cakes there an' fling 'em in by the window, Tommy. But go round to the back an' keep out of sight of her faither's house, else he'll manangle thee like a tiger. Tell her to eat and keep heart, an' she shall be out by dusk, if not afore."

Friend did as he was ordered, and presently reported that Hester had thanked him gratefully for the cakes.

"I throwed 'em through the west window, an' she got 'em an' then went back



to the fowls. She says they're keeping of her warm and that she'll be perfectly willing to escape, if us can bring it about. She ban't in a very daughterly mood—a n d w h o shall blame her?"

"What winder be you talking of?" asked Woodrow. "Be it big enough

for the woman to come out, or for me to get in?"

"She might make shift to get out, but I doubt your getting in," replied Friend.

"Very well, then," declared Jan; "us'll do it that way. I'd meant to step across to the man an' take his keys, willy-nilly, if I had to break his brute's head in with 'em to get 'em; but t'other way's best. An' sooner the better."

"Snow's stop-ping a thought, but 'tis terrible deep,

and not a mouse stirring," answered Mr. Friend.

"What'll 'e do with her when you've got her, Jan?" asked Billy Ash. "'Tis a ticklish business for a young bachelor to take a fine female by force of arms, highwayman fashion."

"So 'tis, no doubt," admitted the big man; "but she'll have her ideas 'pon that subject, if she ban't dead wi' cold. Trust a woman to know what's best to be done in such a coil. 'Tis clear she'm a high-hearted maiden, whatever her color."

#### IV.

For the next hour Mr. Woodrow was too busy to eat or drink. The New-year's goose smoked and exhaled a rich fragrance in vain. Not till Tommy Friend had again crept to the castle window, flung in a blanket and some hot food, and heard that Hester was well and cheerful, did the guests of the inn find any appetite. Then they ate heartily, and soon afterward prepared for the rescue.

Woodrow had a flat bottle of brandy in his pocket, and carried a heavy coil of rope upon his arm; Billy Ash led the horses and stood beside them in the lane im-



*rolled down the castle knoll.*

mediately behind the castle. A wayfarer newly come from Bridgetstowe reported one road still passable, and that fact determined Mr. Friend's guests to return to their homes that night.

By five o'clock it had become exceedingly dark, though the snow again slackened somewhat. The sun cast one fiery beam out of the desolation of the west, then vanished; the wind blew less harshly; the cold decreased.

Mr. Woodrow, assisted by Friend, approached the western window of the ruin and shouted:

"Be you there, Miss Weekes?"

"Ess, I be."

"Have 'e any nature left in 'e, my dear?"

"I'm pretty near done for—awful cold to the hands and feet. Who be you, then?"

"A chap by the name of Jan Woodrow."

"Then, Jan Woodrow, you'd best to try to get me out of this cruel mess, I reckon, for 'tis all along o' you I'm here."

"I know it. Look out!"

Hester heard a sound, followed by a fall. A coil of rope fell on the snow at her feet; then it began to unwind, and she saw that the end ran up to a window some way above her head.

"'Tis a ladder, and please God you've strength to climb it!" said the man outside. "Only get to the winder and jump out, and I'll do the rest."

A rope-ladder hung down from the window. It extended to the sill and was twelve feet long; but outside the wall no such drop occurred, and to leap safely down into a strong man's arms was little matter if Hester could but reach the aperture above her.

She made the attempt, and failed.

"Bide a minute," she cried; "'tis only my fingers be turned to icicles. I'll try again in a minute."

Even as she spoke, Tommy Friend hurried up from the point where he had mounted guard.

"The old devil's coming out of his house!" he shouted. "I've just seed un creep into the snow wi' a lantern and the key!"

The ladder was agitated again, and a moment later the opening of the narrow window filled.

"Brave wench!" cried Mr. Woodrow. "Well done! Now you've only to trust me."

"Save me from him, that's all I ax," she said. "I—I be—" She ceased, swayed a moment above him, then fell forward. At the same moment the castle gate behind her swung open.

Jan Woodrow did not bargain for the dead weight of a big girl in a faint.

"Like a ton of coals she comed," he told his friends afterward. "'Twas a marvelous handful of woman as dropped on my head that blessed night; but I was ready for her, and somehow knowed my luck the moment I felt her, though she did knock me heels over tail into the snow."

This actually happened. The rescuer, thrown off his balance, rolled down the castle knoll of five yards; then he freed himself, and, with no small presence of mind, climbed back to his station under the window. He seized the rope still dangling there, and at the same time bawled to Tommy Friend, who was on the other side of the building.

"Shut the door! Shut home the door on un! Us have catched the varmint in his own den!"

Even as Woodrow spoke, the great door slammed. The guardian of the castle had left the key in the lock outside, and now he found himself a prisoner. Roaring with rage, he made for the step-ladder and climbed a few rungs of it; but Woodrow was at the other end again, and now he loosed his hold suddenly. Whereupon Reynold Weekes came to the ground with a crash, and, before he could recover, Jan's rope-ladder was pulled up out of the window. The castle-keeper bellowed and beat the door, then he yelled curses against his daughter, and not until the chill of silence, the cold of gathering night, and the consciousness of an injured wrist began to weigh upon him, did he cease his screaming.

Then it was that from without arose the sober voice of Tommy Friend.

"Best you keep your wind to blow

on your fingers, you murdering man!" he said. "If you'll hold your noise, I'll tell 'e the adventure; if not, you can just bellow like a foreign tiger in a cage all night, an' be damned to you!"

"I'll be even with that minx yet. Wait till she comes home!"

"So you'll have to, Reynold Weekes; an' twill be a tidy time to wait, my bold hero! She've gone; an' 'tis that mighty youth, Jan Woodrow, have took her; an' she'm riding pillion this minute with Jan's friend, Billy Ash of Bridgetstowe. Because, you see, Jan's a big chap, an' his horse couldn't carry him an' the maid both through this here snow. But Billy—you mind him yesterday, no doubt, and all the things you was going to do against him—Billy's a little, peart man, an' your big girl's riding in front of him on his gert bay hoss wi' his arm around her."

"Let me out! Let me out, Tom Friend, or I'll never come in your bar no more!"

"That you never will, anyhow, for I'm a faither myself and I'd sooner let infidel Jews and cut-throat Russians drink my liquor than you. Never again, you blue-faced child-murderer! I've just come from a talk wi' his reverence and told him the whole tale, and this be his word: 'Let the man be read a lesson. He that judged without justice, even he with justice shall be judged. What sentence he meted to an innocent girl shall be meted to him again. Tell women to look to his children, and let him lie in Lydford Castle till morning!' So that's your case, an' to-morrow his reverence an' me an' other just persons will let 'e out; an' I'm sure I hope us shall find by that time the Lord have touched your beastly heart!"

"Then mark me: I'll be revenged on every man-jack in the borough, from parson down. I'll do things that shall—I'll—!"

He swore and cursed to empty night, for Mr. Friend, having told his story, hastened home. Then, with other charitable souls, the innkeeper turned his attention to the unhappy family that Mr. Weekes had left behind him.

In the morning the castle-keeper was

released, and the vicar of Lydford improved the occasion to preach a brief homily before the spectacle of this shivering and prostrate sinner. Everybody appreciated the wisdom and justice of his words save Reynold himself. Yet even his ferocious spirit for the time was quelled; indeed, those who knew him best were wont to assert that the man never recovered from that night.

"'Twas a question whether he hanged hisself or comed out in the way to be a reformed character," said Tommy Friend; "but the Lord had His Everlasting Eye on the man, and meek as a drownded worm he was when we released him, till he'd took down a noggin of my brandy. And by the time he'd heard the worst, six days later, he'd got over his savage griefs and begun to talk a thought tamer. The sting was what Billy Ash gave him straight from the shoulder, a sennight after, in the open street afore this very house.

"Where's my darter, you red-nosed imp of the dowl?" axes Weekes in his usual hatch-mouthed way.

"She's along with Tabitha Woodrow, mother of Jan Woodrow; an' the banns was axed out for the first time last Sunday," answers Bill, so cheerful as a minnow.

"Never let her darken my door no more!" thunders Reynold, showing them yellow spikes what he calls his teeth.

"There idden no immediate fear of it, I believe," answers Billy. "She ban't homesick yet, master. She only wanted for to know if the children was all right. Her an' Jan Woodrow be life an' soul each to t'other already, I assure 'e. 'Twas their pious hope to Bridgetstowe that by God's will the frost that night had taken you; but I see you'm still left for a warning; and well I knewed you would be; for your latter end's fire, not frost, if I'm a prophet."

"Twas a pretty case of giving judgment afore you'd heard the evidence," concluded Mr. Friend, when he told the story; "and it shows what a thin chance happiness do hang upon; for if Reynold Weekes had believed his darter an' took

her word for it that she'd never in her life heard of Jan Woodrow, 'tis odds but she never would have heard of him again; but, just because he played Lydford law on her and punished her afore he heard her speak her speech, then up comes Jan, as big as bull's beef, and takes her, though he'd never have gived the female a thought but for her wrongs.

"An' a very happy and fine couple they was; though her faither never forgived 'em. They took her first cheel to see the old curmudgeon in Jan's market-cart a week after Hester was churched. But it didn't soften him. He comded to his door in his shirt-sleeves—

for 'twas after dinner Sunday they called—an' he said, in his barking way, that he'd wring the neck of any of her childern as ever fouled his threshold; an' he also hoped a just God would let him see her heart broken yet afore he died. So, feeling they'd took their drive for nought except the air, Jan an' Hester just comed in here an' had a bit of a tell wi' me an' a few other neighbors afore they drove home. Them Woodrows have only had one gert sorrow in their lives so far, an' that is that her second boy be so like as damn it to his gran'faither Weekes. The living daps of the old man! Though all agreed 'twas a pity nature kept the pattern."



### The House of the Past

WITHIN an ancient forest,  
Deep in its shadows vast,  
There stands a gloomy dwelling old,  
The silent House of the Past.

In the mystical House of the Past,  
To which I alone have the key,  
There's a darkened room that is peopled by shades,  
By shades I alone can see.

There's a boy in that gloomy old room,  
The boy that I used to be;  
With his hopes, and his fears, and his wonderful dreams  
Of the world he was going to see.

There's a man in that lonely old room,  
The man that I might have been;  
With the brain to plan, and the courage to dare.  
Alas! that he's only a dream.

So their phantom fingers point,  
With a mien accusing and stern,  
Till my heart and brain seem scorched and seared  
With the thoughts that scourge and burn.

O wonderful House of the Past,  
To which I alone have the key,  
What are the shades I must people you with  
In the days that are to be?

Must I your solitudes fill  
With visions more dreary and sad  
Than the shade of the man that I once might have been,  
And the shade of myself as a lad?

RALPH D. NICHOLLS.

# A BELATED BLOSSOMING

—BY—

LEIGH GORDON GILTNER



ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. FREEMAN

MRS. WARREN was concededly a creature of impulse—of generous impulse for the most part; yet when charity and convenience chanced to coincide she was inclined to regard such coincidence as the immediate reward of altruistic virtue. She so regarded her providential recollection of Egeria Halleck—a distant cousin who had been on her conscience for years and for whom she had long vaguely intended to "do something"—when the charming Miss Cutting whom she had especially wanted for her house-party regretted at the eleventh hour.

Like all progressive spirits Mrs. Warren had the courage of her convictions; and she was not in the least shaken by the suggestion of her husband who had adopted the rôle of "wet blanket" to her perennial enthusiasms—that the girl might prove absolutely impossible.

"I remember her perfectly, Verner," she said, "though it has been quite six years since we met. She's tremendously clever—goes in for Greek and Sanskrit and the higher mathematics and all that sort of thing." Mr. Warren groaned. "And she's by no means bad-looking—quite the reverse in fact, though a trifle—er—rural in dress and manner. I'll have her here a day or two in advance of the others, and Hortense can take her hair in hand and smarten her wardrobe a bit—you've no idea how trifles make or mar one's appearance. And besides, if she should

prove as hopeless as you predict we can pair her off with that unspeakable Mr. Hopkinson you felt under obligations to ask."

So, like a benign bombshell—if the paradox be pardonable—Mrs. Warren's charmingly worded note of invitation dropped in upon the quiet, colorless existence of quiet, colorless Egeria Halleck, doing daily treadmill duty in the preparatory department of Brownsville Academy.

Egeria had never known any youth, so she was drifting into spinsterhood without any of the distress and discomfort usually attendant upon that painful period of transition. Her father, Professor Halleck, a man of ripe learning and infinite superiority to the station to which he had been called, had come in his youth to teach in the Academy in Brownsville as a stepping-stone to larger things. But he had married the village belle—who fortunately died before they discovered their entire incompatibility. He had grown gradually absorbed in his work and interested in the upbuilding of the institution, of which he was ultimately made principal; and so, in time, his aspirations evaporated and he forgot the existence of a world outside of books and Brownsville. Egeria had been brought up with but one ambition—to become a teacher in the Academy and subsequently, perhaps, her father's assistant.

She had taken the complete course,

in addition to the study of sundry dead languages and abstruse subjects under the tutelage of her father; and, her ambition being at length achieved, she became, like the professor, oblivious to anything beyond Brownsville and books. If in her secret soul she ever envied her contemporaries their small social successes and girlish love-affairs, no one was the wiser, so serenely did she go her bookish way. And this was fortunate indeed, for the village youth, awed by her reputed erudition, would as soon have thought of offering attentions to the plaster cast of Minerva adorning the professor's desk as to his learned daughter.

Egeria for the major part of her twenty-six years had administered the affairs of her father's household—with the aid of one Martha Sands, a typical New England product, who had taken charge of the professor and his little daughter at the death of the wife and mother—in the intervals of attendance upon the Academy where all her thought and interests seemed to center.

But the fact that Egeria's sad eyes kindled and her color rose, while two totally disregarded dimples struggled to display themselves, as she read her cousin's note, was proof that the "eternal feminine" inhered in even this erudite maid. And it was perhaps some vague recognition thereof which prompted the professor, peering mildly over his spectacles at his daughter, in whose pale face the unwonted color came and went, to say kindly:

"Go, if you like, my dear. Elvira Hawes will take pleasure in substituting for you and you really need an outing. I'll gladly supply whatever money is necessary, and Martha and I will manage famously in your absence." And Egeria, moved by some entirely novel and inexplicable impulse, wrote an instant acceptance.

Then arose the vexed question of clothes—a subject to which Egeria had hitherto accorded small consideration. Her feminine instinct told her that the crude creations of Maria Boker, the village modiste who for twenty years had taken anxious thought as to how

Brownsville's feminine contingent should be clothed, would appear archaic in a more enlightened locality. Her father, though an authority on disputed readings and Greek roots, was ignorant of the very existence of modern modes; her feminine acquaintances regarded Miss Boker as the very High Priestess of Fashion; and Martha Sands' attitude in the matter was expressed in the oracular dictum:

"Ef Maria Boker has dress-made fer the hull of Brownsville from your ma's time up to now, it stands to reason that she knows what's what as well as the next one!" So Egeria accepted the inevitable, and donning the most flagrant of the Boker atrocities—the rest being carefully packed in the tiny trunk the professor had brought to Brownsville thirty years before—she set forth with many misgivings for the scene of the festivities.

Now Fate is often busy with our destinies when we fancy she least remembers us, for it was surely Fate and no other who at this juncture took Egeria's affairs in hand. Arrived at Beechmere—quite overwhelmed by the imposing equipage awaiting her at the station—she found Mrs. Warren prostrated with "one of her headaches," the proprietary pronoun serving to lend distinction to the malady and lift it above the level of the ills of the common herd.

So, after a brief interview with her hostess in a darkened room presided over by an autocratic French maid, Egeria was left to her own devices and the tender mercies of a houseful of supercilious servants until her host, who had been in town for the day, returned, bringing with him from the station the bright particular star of the occasion—a Miss Berkeley of whose social triumphs even Egeria remembered to have heard. Miss Berkeley, who was in constant demand for all sorts of social functions, thus explained her early appearance to the admiring Egeria, who sat gazing at the radiant creature before her as at a vision:

"I happened to be at the Burke-Leverings' for the week-end; as I didn't care to run up to town for a day only—I

was unconventional enough to write Mrs. Warren asking if she'd allow me to come a day before the feast, which she kindly did. And I'm very glad," she finished pleasantly, "since it has given me this opportunity of knowing you, Miss Halleck." Egeria began to understand why Belle Berkeley, though adored of all men, should be accounted a "woman's woman" as well.

Mrs. Warren did not come down to dinner, but none the less, enlivened by Miss Berkeley's infectious spirits, the meal went merrily. Gaiety and good cheer, Egeria was to learn, followed invariably in Belle Berkeley's wake. Egeria had capitulated on sight. In all her limited experience she had never encountered a creature so contagiously gay, so unaffectedly cordial, so altogether charming. On her own part Miss Berkeley found herself inspired with an instant interest in this shy, awkward, ill-dressed young person from the provinces, who so palpably admired her. Shortly after dinner, rightly guessing her host's wish to join his wife, Miss Berkeley rose.

"Won't you come with me to my room while I unpack, Miss Halleck?" she asked. "My maid went to town on an errand for me, and won't be here until to-morrow, so I'll seize this opportunity—if Mr. Warren will excuse us."

"Hortense—" Mr. Warren was suggesting, when Belle interposed laughingly:

"Not for me, please. I couldn't think of subjecting my humble effects to Hortense's stony Gallic stare. There's a legend, Miss Halleck, that Hortense was once maid to a duchess; and she makes her successor and her friends feel their lowly estate, I assure you. She condescended to unpack for me once, and I didn't recover my self-respect for a week. She reduced, with one disdainful glance, my two Redfern creations to 'tatters, to very rags'; the rest of my clothes were simply beneath her contempt. She's an admirable maid, but, like Lady Mickleham, she 'invites an apologetic attitude.' I don't see how Mrs. Warren bears up under it!"

Egeria, sitting wistfully by while her

new friend unpacked, experienced a revelation as Miss Berkeley, in a fetching pink kimono, lifted out tray after tray from the two huge trunks in either of which Egeria's meager outfit would have been lost. There were more beautiful things therein than were dreamed of in the girl's simple philosophy. There were seductive matinées and exquisite lingerie; mannish shirt-waists and tailored linens for morning wear; frilly muslins and alluring organdies; costumes for riding, driving and motoring; street-gowns and demi-toilettes galore, and more millinery than Egeria had owned in the course of her life. But it was the evening gowns, exquisite creations of silk and lace and chiffon in every imaginable hue, that were at once the delight and despair of the looker-on.

As she sat dumbly by, watching beautiful Belle Berkeley flitting blithely among her beautiful things like a butterfly in a garden of gorgeous flowers, Egeria suddenly caught sight in an opposite mirror of her own sallow face and somber figure in its ill-fitting castor cashmere—and felt herself an alien by contrast. What had she, a plain, provincial little schoolma'am from benighted Brownsburg, in common with all this splendor? A great wave of depression swept over her; she felt herself hopelessly alien and out of her element.

"Of course, if you've never met any of them, you'll like to know something of the guests before they arrive," babbled Belle as she shook out an accordian-plaited *crêpe de chine*. "There'll be the Leverings, Dora and Isabel—dears, both of them; Evelyn Oelrichs—a Juno-esque blonde, too languidly sure of her charm to trouble to be civil; Lola Burden, a cat pure and simple, purring one second and clawing the next, solely because 'it is her nature to'; Helen MacKay, the darlingest of girls; and Aline Otis, who is merely a lay-figure.

"The men are Ward Drexel, Archie Drayton, Bert Halsted, Rives Mackay, and Jimmy Ronalds—all agreeable and all of the same type; a Mr. Hopkinson, who is an unknown quantity; Lloyd Levering, as charming as his cousins,

and Challon Marshall, my lifelong 'friend and partner,' and the best of good fellows. You'll like him, I'm sure. We—— Why, what is it dear? What on earth's the trouble?" Belle dropped the tray she had just lifted, and hurried in dismay to the side of her new acquaintance, who had interrupted her recital with a sudden unexpected and unmistakable sob. Egeria, the silent, the self-contained, confronted with her first

was tragedy in her mien. "Here is my wardrobe in its imposing entirety!"

She threw open a closet door and dragged out for Belle's amazed inspection the Brownsville creations which Martha Sands had considered amply adequate for any scene or occasion: three ill-made muslin shirt-waists of last year's mode; a flannelette dressing-sack and a queer-looking kimono; a plum-colored cloth trimmed in staring



*Egeria, sitting wistfully by while her new friend unpacked, experienced a revelation.*

glimpse of a world to which she knew herself an alien, and appalled rather than pleased by the prospect, was sobbing like a homesick child.

"Why, you poor, poor dear!" Belle cried contritely. "What is it? What have I said or done to pain you?"

"No—nothing," sobbed Egeria, struggling for control. "It's—myself—and my clothes! I—I want you to look at them. Will you come?" She rose and Belle obediently, if bewilderedly, followed.

"Look!" said Egeria simply, but there

brocade; a ready-made silk waist of a violent plaid—which Miss Boker had urged her to purchase as "the latest thing, my dear"; a fussy brown foulard, and her one and only evening gown, a black grenadine with a removable guimpe which Egeria had fondly fancied made it adapted for either afternoon or evening wear.

"Look!" she said again, "and then—look at me!" As, in her ill-fitting, country-built, snuff-colored gown she revolved slowly before the other's sympathetic gaze, the figure presented might

have dismayed one less keenly alive to latent possibilities than Belle. But that clever young person had noted in the twinkling of an eye more of charm, actual and possible, than poor Egeria had discovered in a lifetime. "Good profile; nice eyes, with wonderful lashes; pretty little mouth; complexion something sal-low but amenable to treatment; carriage awkward—probably due to shoes; figure fair, if properly handled; ensemble not exactly encouraging. But 'a little kindness and putting her hair in curl-papers will do wonders for her,' was Belle's mental inventory. Aloud she said winningly:

"Miss Halleck, I'm wondering if you'll let me be of use to you? I've taken a tremendous fancy to you; and I'd be very, very glad to contribute to the pleasure of your stay. Won't you let me try? Won't you forget that we've only just met, and take me for a friend? I once lived in a small town myself, and I appreciate your difficulties. I'm used to making the best and most of things—it's only recently that I've been able to have the pretty things I love—that's why I've so many, so many more than I need. Won't you share them with me? Say you will!"

Egeria hesitated; demurred; refused; but others than she had found Belle Berkley irresistible.

"Let's adjourn to my room and experiment at least," Belle suggested briskly. "First of all, slip on this combing-jacket and let me undulate your tresses—these whalebone curlers do the work in a jiffy. You've such pretty hair; it's criminal not to make the most of it," she pursued, busying herself with the wealth of lusterless fair locks that Egeria was wont to strain back from her face with unnecessary tightness. Then as her victim's head began to bristle, Medusalike, with sundry strange protuberances prefiguring a Marcel wave, she thus encouraged her:

"You've only to 'look pleasant' for ten minutes, say, and the thing is done! Meantime let's experiment further. Fortunately we're about one height, and our figures are much the same—or would be if you stooped to stays. I've

a new French model in my trunk—won't you try them, dear? A straight-front figure is imperative in these tailor-made times. Then I want to dress you up in one of my gowns—now don't refuse; don't be formal and stiff and horrid, but let me have my way; and then see how lovely you'll look in—this pink *crêpe princesse*, for instance"—and she held the seductive garment alluringly before Egeria's longing eyes. Again the latter hesitated.

"Oh, I can't—I couldn't," she breathed; "I should feel like a jack-daw in borrowed plumes and—and, besides, I'm so hopelessly crude and provincial. I don't know anything but text-books; I haven't any small-talk; I'm as ignorant of the social world as though I came from a convent. I don't know a bit what to say to all those strangers. Oh, Miss Berkeley, I think I'll take the first South-bound train tomorrow!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Belle answered authoritatively. "You're going to stay and you're going to be a success and have a beautiful time. I've set my heart on it and you won't disappoint me, I know. Please!" If there existed a solitary person impervious to Belle's blandishments, Egeria was not that one.

"But—but," she faltered, "I shall be a wallflower of wallflowers, a bother to Cousin Clara and a bore to the rest. I simply haven't a word to say among strangers."

"You'll have little chance with this assembly," Belle reassured her. "All the girls chatter like magpies—except Miss Oelrichs, who poses in statuesque silence. And with the men all you've got to do is to assume an air of breathless interest, throwing in an occasional 'Really!' 'How wonderful!' or 'Fancy!' while they talk of the first person singular. A steady flow of speech is really a drawback to social success; a good listener is always far more popular than a good talker—we'd all of us rather say clever things than hear them. For my part, I often wish for the gift of silence—but I will babble and betray my limitations. There! your hair

is perfect. No, don't look till I get you finished. Now the gown—it's a trifle tight, but if you'll draw in your breath perhaps I can manage. There! It's fastened, and it fits to perfection. Isn't that luck? Now the girdle and—wait a second till I clasp this necklace. And now—behold!"

An instant later Egeria was surveying herself in the long mirror before her—no, *not* herself. Could that dainty girlish figure gowned in palest rose be her own? Was that pretty—yes, actually pretty—eager face, with its sea-shell tints and its frame of waving soft fair hair be her own sad, sallow countenance? Could that slender white throat rising from diaphanous clouds of pink, its long line broken by a necklace of pearls, be the neck the length of which she daily bewailed and which she was wont to swathe in clumsy stocks and unbecoming bands? For a long moment the butterfly, but lately emerged from the hideous brown chrysalis on the chair beside her, surveyed herself in naive rapture; then she turned to her admiring fairy godmother with the look of a happy child on her face.

"Oh, it's wonderful, wonderful!" she breathed. "And I may really wear it once—just once? I'll take such care of it and be so grateful. Miss Berkeley, you can't fancy what this means to me. I've gone about looking like a freak all my life, and it's a revelation to see myself like other women. There's a sort of moral support in being properly dressed. Somehow I sha'n't feel half so afraid to face your friends in this gown. But"—as a sudden disquieting thought intruded itself—"Cousin Clara?"

"Mrs. Warren needn't know anything about it. This is strictly *our* affair, my



*"You've such pretty hair; it's criminal not to make the most of it."*

from the

dear. I'm going to make equitable division of my gowns at once. I've quantities of things, fortunately—I've fairly rioted in clothes since I came into my inheritance. Try this hat, Miss—may I say Egeria? I knew it would suit you. Now, let's plan your costumes for tomorrow. We're to meet the others at the station—and so much depends on first impressions. What do you think of this white muslin?"

"Oh, please!" Egeria faltered. "Don't give me that daintily exquisite thing. Let me wear something plainer—this simple little blue linen, for instance." And Belle cheerily assented, forbearing to explain that the "simple little blue linen" was the work of a famous metropolitan tailor and had cost perhaps more than Egeria's salary for an entire quarter.

When the guests arrived next morning at Warrentown, the railway-station nearest Beechnere, they were met by a delegation comprising their host—Mrs. Warren was still slightly indisposed—Miss Berkeley, who had driven herself over in Warren's electric run-about, and a charmingly pretty if rather shy young woman in blue linen, who had occupied the box-seat beside Warren coming over.

"Challon!" Miss Berkeley hailed a tall, good-looking young fellow who had been looking eagerly about in search of her since he had stepped down from the Pullman, "come and meet Miss Halleck, Mrs. Warren's cousin. You're to drive her across in the motor while I take her place on the break. Miss Halleck, may I present Mr. Marshall, into whose hands I commit you? I hope you aren't nervous. He's a motormaniac, and I won't answer for consequences, though I promise to faithfully carry out any last wishes you care to leave." She was off to join the chattering throng, before poor embarrassed Egeria could protest, and Marshall, with an approving glance at the chic costume and the fair face—doubly alluring under the double veil in which Belle's deft fingers had draped it—took his place beside her.

"I'm wondering a little that I haven't met you before, Miss Halleck," he began as they drew slowly away from the platform. "I've chummed with Warren since our college days, and Clara and I are sworn friends and allies. I shall take her to task for so long deferring this pleasure. But"—with another swift glance that comprehended the trim, girlish figure and rather frightened face under the coquettish white hat—"perhaps you're just out this season?" Egeria inwardly blessed her double veil.

"Fancy," she heard herself murmur confusedly.

"Oh, but really, you know," protested Marshall, "you haven't at all the look of the seasoned campaigner, the survivor of countless crushes, dinners, dances and the like. Talk about the 'motor face' It's nothing compared to the

set countenance, the 'do or die' expression of the débutante after her first metropolitan season. May I ask when you arrived?"

"Yesterday," Egeria was able to reply quite lucidly—rather to her own surprise. "I found Cousin Clara ill, but was fortunate in meeting Miss Berkeley."

"Fortunate, indeed!" Marshall interposed. "Belle's a perennial delight, isn't she? She's been petted, flattered and sought after all her life, in a way to have turned the average woman's head, but she remains the same sweet, wholesome, sensible girl I've known since her pinafore days. There's not an ounce of petty feminine jealousy or spite in her composition. Rather she's full of a something which, for lack of a better term, I shall call chivalry toward her sex. She goes about detaching unappreciated damsels from walls and corners, and her men friends have learned that the surest way to her favor is to consider the left-overs.

"You'll pardon my enthusiasm, which, when you come to know her intimately, you'll concede but natural and normal." To all of which Egeria subscribed with engaging fervor. The conversation drifted to general topics, and Egeria was amazed to find herself entirely at her ease, while Marshall evinced no tendency to the exhibition of speed mania, being, indeed, ignominiously distanced by his host.

Mr. Hopkinson, an oily individual with a fund of anecdote and a bulbous nose, took Egeria in to dinner that evening, but Marshall was at her other hand. Already she was beginning to lose her constraint with him; and while she vouchsafed the unctuous Hopkinson merely an occasional "Really?" or "How remarkable!" she found herself talking quite simply and naturally to her right-hand neighbor. She was wearing, at Belle's suggestion—"We mustn't stun them at the start," Belle had said; "better to work up gradually to our climax"—her own black grenadine over a slip of turquoise silk, with turquoise girdle and a splashing big turquoise *chou* on her corsage.

The shade harmonized admirably with her hair and with a complexion redeemed from its tendency to sallowness by a judicious application of an imperceptible Parisian preparation and the tiniest *soupson* of rouge. Under Belle's artistic touch the featureless black barbarism took on a certain air of quiet distinction. Serene in the consciousness of a costume which had triumphantly passed Cousin Clara's critical inspection, Egeria's spirits rose. She was really by no means dull, except in so far as she reflected the surroundings and atmosphere she had always known. In this wholly new setting her native adaptability came to her aid, so that even Mrs. Warren conceded her poise and manner faultless.

Unfortunately she neither danced nor played bridge, which gave Belle an anxious moment for her disposal after dinner. But Jimmy Ronalda manifested the utmost eagerness to talk to her; and as Jimmy was one of those youths whom every one likes and gets on with inevitably, Egeria felt no constraint with him and was almost sorry when Levering joined them.

"Egeria, you're a success," Belle whispered in passing, and so far had she exceeded her own expectations that Belle's verdict did not seem unwarranted.

All the young women were charming to her, except the languidly lovely Miss Oelrichs and "the cat," as Belle had irreverently dubbed her, who scratched and clawed all comers impartially. The men without exception approved her—as well they might, since she was the finished product of Belle Berkeley's art. Stimulated by success, Belle spent her best energies in devising new effects as bewildering to the subject as to the spectators. She herself was frankly beautiful, with a beauty which needed no enhancement; but Egeria's neglected charms held fascinating possibilities with which Belle experimented so successfully that when, one evening, her protégée came down in a clinging white gown with a suggestion of Grecian simplicity in its severity of outline, and with her fair hair arranged à la Mérude,

all present—save the cat—pronounced her a stunning beauty. Belle managed to conceal her delight at the fulfilment of her plans and prophecies; Cousin Clara was in raptures at the success of her concededly doubtful experiment; and Egeria for the first time in her career found herself in demand.

Mr. Hopkinson frankly displayed his infatuation; Jimmy Ronalda proclaimed himself her slave; she motored with Drayton, and Drexel taught her bridge, while the other men made languid love to her when occasion offered. But it was Marshall who was oftenest at her side; Marshall who wired his florist an order which brought her a daily offering of roses; Marshall who inspired her to the display of her native cleverness and wit—all, Egeria fancied, at Belle's behest. The wine of adulation intoxicated her; she bloomed in the sunshine of success. The homely chrysalis developed speedily into a full-fledged butterfly.

But whenever she remembered that these enchanted days and nights must soon become but a memory, a wave of depression submerged her; but with an optimism borrowed from her mentor she strove to rise above it and make the most of every moment.

"Whatever happens now, Belle," she said the evening before her last day at Beechmere, "I've had my little hour—and you've given it to me. I'll always have one perfect fortnight to recall, and nothing can take the memory away from me. How can I thank you for it?" But even as she spoke, with her eyes on Belle Berkeley, beautiful and brilliant, a little jealous pang assailed her. She had indeed had her hour, just *one* such golden hour as made up the whole existence of this more fortunate other. Down the vista of the years her fancy followed her, happy, sheltered, loving and beloved, beloved by one who—had not Miss Burden yesterday spoken of—of him—as "Miss Berkeley's favorite fiance"? Suddenly to her mortification and terror, Egeria found a tear upon her cheek.

"You horrid, selfish, jealous little beast!" she apostrophized herself in

wardly. "What do you mean by this? Don't you want your best friend to be happy, even though—" Suddenly, despite her effort at control, the tears overflowed—to her own confusion and Belle's dire dismay.

"Tears?" she cried distressedly. "Oh, not really, Egeria. Don't you know that only heroines in novels can weep without ruining their complexions and reddening their noses? Hand me that powder-puff—perhaps I can repair the damage. There! that's better. Now forget your troubles, forget to-morrow and all the to-morrows to come, and go down to smile sweetly on your faithful Hopkinson!"

Despite her brief breakdown, Egeria was at her loveliest when five minutes later she entered the drawing-room where the assembled company awaited the summons to dinner. So Hopkinson thought, and the thought found echo in Marshall's consciousness. Belle had played her trump-card; Egeria was wearing the pink *crêpe de chine*, a veritable confection; her fair hair, faultlessly undulated, was piled high on her handsome head; a diamond star blazed at her throat and a lesser luminary glittered on her corsage; she held her long gloves loose in her hand and her slender arms showed flawless. Belle had just faintly tinted lips and cheeks, and delicately penciled the sandy brows, giving an added depth and luminosity to the blue-gray eyes beneath.

Marshall gave the girl one long, comprehensive look, then succumbed. At the risk of seeming presumptuous, he resolved to put his fate to the touch that very night. Later in the evening, as Isabel Levering sang songs of love and longing, he somehow found him-



*The girl stood tranced. No one had ever called her "dearest" before, and the word rang sweet in her ears.*

self gravitating toward the moonlit balcony without, while by some subtle magic of Belle Berkeley's it was Egeria and not Miss Burden at his side. As the music sank and swelled within, there was a silence without, an electrical silence, pending which Marshall stood looking eloquently down upon her—and novice though she was, she thrilled and trembled before his gaze. At last he spoke.

"Egeria," he said simply, "I've known you only a fortnight to outward seeming, but really I've known and loved you all the days of my life. Always I've wanted you, sought you, lived up to you, until now, when I find you at last—

dear, dearest, don't tell me I've found you only to lose you again. Egeria, can you, do you care a little—ever so little, dear?"

The girl stood tranced. No one had ever called her "dearest" before, and the word rang sweet in her ears. Marshall, the living embodiment of all her secret ideals; Marshall, to whom she had felt herself forever to be parted; Marshall, whom she had always ascribed to Belle, had spoken the fond word—and Marshall himself was bending above her, his handsome face perilously, alluringly near. For a moment Egeria experienced a rapture as poignant as pain; the next instant memory accused her and despair succeeded.

"Oh," she breathed, "wait; you don't know. I'm not like these others—the women of your world. I'm a pretender, a masquerader, a jackdaw in borrowed plumes. This gown, these jewels, all the pretty things I've been wearing, are not my own but Belle's, who pitied my shabbiness and shared her abundance with me. I'm not a butterfly like the girls in your set; I'm a plain, plodding grub, toiling for my daily bread; a teacher in a cheap academy in a crude little country town. I'm a poor relation, whom Cousin Clara invited out of sheer kindness of heart; a Cinderella transformed by a fairy godmother; and

to-morrow I go back to Brownsville to take up my burden—"

"I'm going with you," Marshall announced quietly, "unless you advance a better argument to the contrary. Warren casually spoke of your pedagogic stunts a day or two after my arrival—but I didn't consider the fact incriminating. As for the frills and furbelows—with apologies to Paquin and Redfern—they aren't worth a thought. If Belle chooses to share her superabundance with you, and you're sensible enough not to deny her the pleasure of being generous, it's quite your own affair."

"If you fancy my feeling for you is founded on—on fabrics—why, dear, you'd be lovely in any guise—satin or sackcloth, it's all one to me!"—None the less Egeria sagely determined never to subject his devotion to the test of a Boker creation.—"Egeria, dearest, forget these trifles, and say I may go with you to Brownsville—blessed be Brownsville since it gave me you!—and ask your father's consent to my suit? Egeria!"

Egeria did not—could not—speak, but the omission seemed of slight moment. For she lifted eloquent eyes—"nice eyes, with wonderful lashes," Belle had pronounced them—and in their depths he read his answer.



### Retrospection

TO-DAY, across Life's web of gray  
There runs no thread of gold;  
But, ah, my stint of yesterday  
Was gorgeous to behold!

All gold the days by Mem'ry told—  
To-day will e'en be bright,  
And shine, as future years unfold,  
Like stars against the night!

BETH SLATER WHITSON.

# THE "DAMINITER"



BY  
**HOLMAN**  
**F.**  
**DAY**

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

**M**R. AHOLIAH LUCE, of the Purgatory Hollow section of Scotaze, stood at bay on the dirt-banking of his castle, that is, a sagged-in, old hulk of a house of which only the L was inhabitable.

He was facing a delegation of his fellow citizens, to wit: Cap'n Aaron Sproul, first selectman of the town; Hiram Look, retired showman; Zeburee Nute, constable; and a nervous little man with a smudge of smut on the side of his nose—identity and occupation revealed by the lettering on the side of his wagon:

**T. TAYLOR,**  
**STOVES AND TINWARE,**  
**VIENNA.**

Mr. Luce had his rubber boots set wide apart, and his tucked-in trousers emphasized the bow in his legs. With those legs and his elongated neck and round, knobby head, Mr. Luce closely resembled one of a set of antique andirons.

"You want to look out you don't

squdge me too fur in this," said Mr. Luce warningly. "I've been squdged all my life, and I've 'bout come to the limick. Now look out you don't squdge me too fur!"

He side-stepped and stood athwart his door, the frame of which had been recently narrowed by half, the new boarding showing glaringly against the old. When one understood the situation, this new boarding had a very significant appearance.

Mr. Luce had gone over into Vienna, where his reputation was not as well known, and had secured from Mr. T. Taylor, recently set up in the stove business, a new range with all modern attachments, promising to pay on the instalment plan. Stove once installed, Mr. Luce had immediately begun to "improve" his mansion by building a new door-frame too narrow to permit the exit of the stove. Then Mr. Luce had neglected to pay, and, approached by replevin papers, invoked the statute that provides that a man's house cannot be ripped in pieces to secure goods purchased on credit.

Constable Nute, unable to cope with

the problem, had driven to Scotaze village and summoned the first selectman, and the cap'n had solicited Hiram Look to transport him, never having conquered his sailor's fear of a horse.

"It ain't goin' to be twitted abroad in Vienny nor any other town that we let you steal from outsiders in any such way as this," declared the first selectman, once on the ground. "Folks has allus cal'lated on your stealin' about so much here in town in the run of a year, and ain't made no great fuss about it. But we ain't goin' to harbor nor protect no general Red Rover and have it slurried against this town. Take down that scantlin' stuff and let this man have his stove."

"You can squdge me only so fur and no furder," asserted Luce sullenly, holding down his loose upper lip with his yellow teeth as though to keep it from flapping in the wind. Within the mansion there was the mellow rasp of a tin of biscuit on an oven floor, the slam of an oven door, and Mrs. Luce appeared dusting flour from her hands. All who knew Mrs. Luce knew that she was a persistent and insistent exponent of the belief of the Millerites—"Go-uppers," they called the sect in Scotaze.

"I say you've got to open up and give this man his property," cried Cap'n Sproul, advancing on them.

"Property? Who talks of property?" demanded Mrs. Luce, her voice hollow with the hollowness of the prophet. "No one knows the day and the hour when we are to be swept up. It is near at hand. We shall ride triumphant to the skies. And will any one think of property and the vain things of this world then?"

"Prob'lly not," agreed the cap'n sarcastically, "and there won't be no need of a cook-stove in the place where your husband will fetch up. He can do all his cookin' on a toastin'-fork over an open fire—there'll be plenty of blaze."

"Don't squdge me too fur," repeated Mr. Luce, clinging to the most expressive warning he could muster just then.

"It's full time for that critter to be fetched up with a round turn," muttered Constable Nute, coming close to

the elbow of the first selectman, where the latter stood glowering on the culprit. "I reckon you don't know as much about him as I do. When his mother was nussin' him, a helpless babe, he'd take the pins out'n her hair, and they didn't think it was anything but playin'. Once he stole the specs off'n her head whilst she was nappin' with him in her arms, and jammed 'em down a hole in the back of the rockin'-chair. Whilst old Doc Burns was vaccinatin' him—and he wa'n't more'n tew years old—he got doc's watch."

"Those things would kind of give you a notion he'd steal, give him a fair chance," commented Hiram dryly.

"He's stole ever since—everything from carpet tacks to a load of hay," snapped the constable, "till folks don't stop to think he's stealin'. He's got to be like rats and hossflies and other pests—you cuss 'em, but you reckon they've come to stay."

"I've abated some of the nuisances in this town," gritted the cap'n, "and I cal'late I'm good for this one, now that it's been stuck under my nose. Why ain't you arrested him in times past, same as you ought to have done?"

"Wa'n't no one who would swear out complaints," said the constable. "He's allus been threatenin' what kairosene and matches would do to barns; and it wouldn't be no satisfaction to send 'Liah Luce to State prison—he ain't account enough. It wouldn't pay for a stand of buildin's—hayin' him there. And insurance companies won't take farm risks."

Cap'n Sproul began to understand some of the sane business reasons that guaranteed the immunity of Aholiah Luce, so long as he stuck to petty thieving. But this international matter of the town of Vienna seemed to the first selectman of Scotaze to be another sort of proposition. And he surveyed the recalcitrant Mr. Luce with malignant gaze.

"I've never seen you backed down by nobody," vouchsafed the admiring constable, anxious to shift his own responsibility and understanding pretty well how to do it. "I've allus said that if there was any man could run this town

the way it ought to be run you was the man to do it."

Cap'n Sproul was not the kind to disappoint the confident flattery of those who looked up to him. He buttoned his pea-jacket, and set his hat firmly on his head. Mr. Luce noted these signs of belligerency and braced his firedog legs.

"It's the meek that shall inherit, ye want to remember that!" croaked Mrs. Luce. "And the crowned heads and the high and mighty, where will they be then?"

"They won't be found usin' a stolen cook-stove and quotin' Scriptur'," snorted the cap'n in disgust.

"It ain't been stole," insisted Mr. Luce. "It was bought reg'lar, and it can't be took away without mollywhackin' in my house—and I've got the law on my side that says you can't do it."

Cap'n Sproul was close to the banking.

"Luce," he said savagely, "I ain't out here to-day to discuss law p'ints nor argy doctrines of religion. You've got a stove there that belongs to some one else, and you either pay for it or give it up. I'm willin' to be fair and reasonable, and I'll give you fifteen seconds to pay or else to tear down that door framework."

But neither alternative, nor the time allowed for acceptance, seemed to please Mr. Luce. In sudden, weak anger at being thus cornered after long immunity, he anathematized all authority as 'twas vested in the first selectman of Scotaze. Several men passing in the highway held up their horses and listened with interest.

Emboldened by his audience, spurred to desperate measures, Mr. Luce kicked out one of his rubber boots at the advancing cap'n. The cap'n promptly grasped the extended leg and yanked. Mr. Luce came off his perch and fell on his back in the April mud, and Constable Nute straddled him instantly and held him down. With an ax that he picked up at the dooryard wood-pile, Cap'n Aaron hammered out the new door-frame, paying no heed to Mr. Luce's threats or Mrs. Luce's maledictions.

"I don't know the law on it, nor I don't care," he muttered between his teeth as he toiled. "All I know is, that stove belongs to T. Taylor, of Vienny, and he's goin' to have it."

And when the new boarding lay around him in splinters and the door was wide once more, he led the way into the kitchen.

"You jest throw that hot water on me, Mis' Luce," he declared, noting what her fury was prompting, "and you'll go right up through that roof, and it won't be no millenium that will boost you, either."

The stove man and Hiram followed him in and the disinterested onlookers came, too, curiosity impelling them. And as they were Scotaze farmers who had suffered various and aggravating depredations by this same Aholiah Luce, they were willing to lend a hand even to lug out a hot stove. The resplendent monarch of the kitchen departed, with the tin of biscuit still browning in its interior, passed close to the cursing Mr. Luce, lying on his back under Nute's boring knee, and then with a lusty "Hup-ho! All together!" went into T. Taylor's wagon.

Mr. Luce, freed now as one innocuous, leaped up and down in a perfect ecstasy of fury. "You've squdged me too fur. You've done it at last!" he screamed, with hysterical iteration. "You've made me a desp'rit' outlaw."

"Satan made you a cheap sneak-thief," sneered the cap'n, "but Jehovah himself couldn't make an outlaw of you—it ain't in you. It takes something besides soap-grease to make an outlaw."

"That's right, Cap'n Sproul," remarked the constable. "He can't even steal hens till it's dark and their backs are turned. If they turned and put their eye on him he wouldn't dare to touch 'em."

"I don't dast to be an outlaw, hey?" shrieked Mr. Luce. The vast injury that had been done him, this ruthless assault on his house, his humiliation in public, and now these wanton taunts, whipped his weak nature into frenzy. Cowards at bay are the savagest foes. Mr. Luce ran amuck!

Spurring his resolution by howling over and over: "I don't das to be an outlaw, hey? I'll show ye!" he hastened with a queer sort of stiff-legged gallop into the field, tore away some boarding, and descended into what was evidently a hiding-place, a dry well. A moment, and up he popped, boasting a burden. He slung it over his shoulder and started toward them, staggering under its weight. It was a huge sack, with something in it that sagged heavily.

"Nice sort of an outlaw he'll make—that woodchuck!" observed Constable Nute, with a cackle of mirth.

The first selectman and his supporters surveyed the approach of the furious Mr. Luce with great complacency. If Mr. Luce had emerged with a shotgun in his fist and a knife in his teeth he might have presented some semblance of an outlaw. But this bow-legged man with a sack certainly did not present a savage appearance. Hiram offered the humorous suggestion that perhaps Mr. Luce proposed to restore property, and thereby causing people to fall dead with astonishment would get his revenge on society.

"I warned ye and you wouldn't listen," screamed the self-declared pariah. "I said there was such thing as squidgin' me too fur. Ye didn't believe it. Now mebbe ye'll believe that!"

He had halted at a little distance from them, and had set down his sack. Now he dove into it and held up a cylinder, something more than half a foot long, a brown, unassuming cylinder that certainly didn't have anything about its looks to call out all the excitement that was convulsing Mr. Luce.

"Pee-ruse that!" squealed he. "There's a lead-pencil that will write some news for ye." He shook the cylinder at them. "And there's plenty more of 'em in this bag." He curled his long lip back. "Daminate!" he spat. "I'll show ye whuther I'm an outlaw or not."

"And I know where you stole it," bawled one of the bystanders indignantly. "You stole all me and my brother bought and had stored for a season's blastin'. Constable Nute, I call on you

to arrest him and give me back my property."

"Arrest me, hey?" repeated Mr. Luce. In one hand he shook aloft the stick of dynamite, with its dangling fuse that grimly suggested the detonating cap at its root. In the other hand he clutched a bunch of matches. "You start in to arrest me and you'll arrest two miles straight up above here, travelin' a hundred miles a minit."

"There ain't no grit to him, Nute," mumbled Cap'n Sproul. "Jest give a whoop and dash on him."

"That sounds glib and easy," demurred the prudent officer, "but if that man ain't gone clean loony then I'm no jedge. I don't reckon I'm goin' to charge any batteries."

"You'll do what I tell you to," gritted the selectman. "You're an officer, and under orders."

"You told me once to take up Hiram Look's el'funt and put her in the pound," remonstrated the constable. "But I didn't do it, and I wa'n't holden to do it. And I ain't holden to run up and git blowed to everlastin' hackmetack with a bag of dynamite."

"Look here, Nute," cried the cap'n, thoroughly indignant and shifting the contention to his officer—entirely willing to ignore Mr. Luce's threats and provocations—"I ain't called on you in a tight place ever in my life but what you've sneaked out. You ain't fit for even a hog-reeve. I'm going to cancel your constable appointment, that's what I'll do when I get to town hall."

"I'll do it right now," declared the offended Mr. Nute, unpinning his badge. "Any time you've ordered me to do something sensible I've done it. But el'funts and lunatics and daminite and some of the other jobs you've unlo'ded onto me ain't sensible, and I won't stand for 'em. You can't take me in the face and eyes of the people and rake me over." He had noted that the group in the highway had considerably increased. "I've resigned."

Mr. Luce was also more or less influenced and emboldened and pricked on by being the center of eyes. As long as he seemed to be expected to give a

show, he proposed to make it a good one. His flaming eyes fell on T. Taylor, busy over the stove, getting it ready for its journey back to Vienna. Mr. Taylor, happy in the recovery of his property, was paying little attention to outlaws or official disputes. He had cleaned out the coals and ashes, and having just now discovered the tin of biscuit, tossed it away. This last seemed too much for Mr. Luce's self-control.

"I don't dast to be an outlaw, hey?" he cried hoarsely. "That stove is too good for me, is it? My wife's biscuits throwed into the mud and mire!"

He lighted the fuse of the dynamite, ran to the team and popped the explosive into the stove oven and slammed the door. Then he flew to his sack, hoisted it to his shoulder and staggered back toward the dry well.

At this critical juncture there did not arise one of those rare spirits to perform an act of noble self-sacrifice. There have been those who have tossed spluttering bombs into the sea; who have trodden out hissing fuses. But just then no one seemed to care for the exclusive and personal custody of that stick of dynamite.

All those in teams whipped up, yelling like madmen, and those on foot grabbed on behind and clambered over tailboards. Cap'n Sproul, feeling safer on his own legs than in Hiram's team, pounded away down the road with the

*"Daminiter!" screamed a voice. "I'll show ye whuther I'm an outlaw or not!"*

speed of a frantic Percheron. And in all this panic T. Taylor, only dimly realizing that there was something in his stove that was going to cause serious trouble, obeyed the exhortations screamed at him and cut away his horse, straddled the beast's back and fled with the rest.

The last one in sight was Mrs. Luce, who had shown serious intentions of remaining on the spot as though she feared to miss anything that bore the least resemblance to the coming of the last great day. But she suddenly



obeyed her husband, who was yelling at her over the edge of the hole, and ran and fell in by his side.

Missiles that screamed overhead signalled to the scattered fugitives the utter disintegration of T. Taylor's stove. The hearth mowed off a crumbly chimney on the Luce house, and flying fragments crushed out sash in the windows of the abandoned main part. Cap'n Sproul was the first one to reappear, coming from behind a distant tree. There was a hole in the ground where T. Taylor's wagon had stood.

"Damnit!" screamed a voice. Mr. Luce was dancing up and down on the edge of his hole, shaking another stick of the explosive. "I'll show ye whuther I'm an outlaw or not! I'll have this town down on its knees. I'll show ye what it means to squidge me too fur. I give ye fair warnin' from now on. I'm a desp'r'it man. They'll write novels about me before I'm done. Try to arrest me, will ye? I'll take the whole possey sky-hootin' with me when ye come." He was drunk with power suddenly revealed to him.

He lifted the sack out of the hole and, paying no heed to some apparent ex postulations of Mrs. Luce, he staggered away up the hillside into the beech-growth, bowed under his burden. And after standing and gazing for some time at the place where he disappeared, the first selectman trudged down the road to where Hiram was waiting for him, soothing his trembling horse.

"Well," said the old showman, with a vigorous exhalation of breath to mark relief, "get in here and let's go home. Accordin' to my notion, replevin' and outlawin' ain't neither sensible or fash-ionable or healthy. Somethin' that looked like a stove-cover and sounded like a howlaferinus only jest missed me by about two feet. That critter's dangerous to be let run loose. What are you goin' to do about him?"

"Ketch him!" announced the cap'n sturdily.

"Well," philosophized Hiram, "small-pox is bad when it's runnin' round loose, but it's a blastnation sight worse when it's been ketched. You're the

head of the town and I ain't, and I ain't presumin' to advise, but I'd think twice before I went to runnin' that bag o' dynamite into close corners. Luce ain't no account, and no more is an old hoss-pistol, but when a hoss-pistol busts it's a dangerous thing to be close to. You let him alone and mebbe he'll quiet down."

But that prophecy did not take into account the state of mind of the new outlaw of Scotaze.

At about midnight Cap'n Sproul, snoring peacefully with wide-open mouth, snapped upright in bed with a jerk that set his teeth into his tongue and nearly dislocated his neck. He didn't know exactly what had happened. He had a dizzy, dreaming feeling that he had been lifted up a few hundred feet in the air and dropped back.

"Land o' Goshen, Aaron, what was it?" gasped his wife. "It sounded like something blowin' up!"

The hint steadied the cap'n's wits. 'Twas an explosion—that was it! And with grim suspicion as to its cause, he pulled on his trousers and set forth to investigate. An old barn on his premises, designated to hold an overplus of hay and discarded farming tools, had been blown to smithereens and lay scattered about under the stars. And as he picked his way around the ruins with a lantern, cursing the name of Luce, a far voice hailed him from the gloom of a belt of woodland: "I ain't an outlaw, hey? I don't dast to be one, hey? You wait and see."

About an hour later, just as the selectman was sinking into a doze, he heard another explosion, this time far in the distance—less a sound than a jar, as of something striking a mighty blow on the earth.

"More dynamite!" he muttered, recognizing that explosive's down-whacking characteristic. And in the morning Hiram Look hurried across to inform him that some miscreant had blown up an empty corn-house on his premises, and that the explosion had shattered all the windows in the main barn and nearly scared Imogene, the elephant, into convulsions. "And he come and hol-

lered into my bedroom window that he'd show me whether he could be an outlaw or not," concluded the old showman. "I tell you that critter is dangerous, and you've got to get him. Instead of quietin' down he'll be growin' worse."

There were eleven men in Scotaze, beside Zeburee Nute, who held commissions as constables, and those valiant officers Cap'n Sproul called into the first selectman's office that forenoon. He could not tell them any news. The whole of Scotaze was ringing with the intelligence that Aholiah Luce had turned outlaw and was on the rampage.

The constables, however, could give Selectman Sproul some news. They gave it to him after he had ordered them to surround Mr. Luce and take him, dynamite and all. This news was to the effect that they had resigned.

"We've talked it over," averred Lycurgus Snell, acting as spokesman, "and we can't figger any good and reliable way of gittin' him without him gittin' us, if he's so minded, all in one tableau, same to be observed with smoked glasses like an eclipse. No, s'r, we ain't in any way disposed to taller the heavens nor furnish mince-meat funerals. And if we don't git him, and he knows we're takin' action agin' him, he'll come round and blow our barns up—and we ain't so well able to stand the loss as you and Mr. Look be."

"Well, if you ain't about the nearest to knot-holes with the rims gone off'n 'em of anything I ever see," declared the cap'n, with fury, "may I be used for oakum to talk a guano gunlow!"

"If you think it's a job to set any man to, you'd better go and do it yourself," retorted Snell, bridling. "You know as well as I do, s'leckman, that so long as 'Liah has been let alone he's only been a plain thief, and we've got along with him here in town all right—onpleasant and somewhat expensive, like potater-bugs. But you seem to have gone to pushin' him and have turned him from a potater-bug into a r'yal Peeruvian tiger, and I don't see any way but what you'll have to tame him yourself. There's feelin' in town that way, and people are scart, and citi-

zens ain't at all pleased with your pokin' him up, when all was quiet."

"Citizens ruther have it said, hey, that we are supportin' a land pirut here in this town, and let him disgrace us even over in Vienny?" demanded the cap'n.

"Which was wuss?" inquired Mr. Snell serenely. "As it was or as it is?"

Then the ex-constables, driven forth with contumely, went across to the platform of Boadway's store, and discussed the situation with other citizens, finding the opinion quite unanimous that Cap'n Sproul possessed too short a temper to handle delicate matters with diplomacy. And it was agreed that Aholiah Luce, weak of wit and morally pernicious, was a delicate matter, when all sides were taken into account.

To them appeared Aholiah Luce, striding down the middle of the street, with that ominous sack on his shoulder.

"Be I an outlaw, or ain't I?" he shouted over and over, raising a clamor in the quiet village that brought the cap'n out of the town house. "Arrest me, will ye? When ye try it there won't be nothin' left of this town but a hole and some hollerin'."

He walked right upon the store platform and into the store, and every one fled before him. Boadway cowered behind his counter.

"Put me up a fig o' tobacker, a pound of tea, quart o' merlasses, ten pounds of crackers, hunk o' pork and two cans of them salmons," he ordered.

In past years Mr. Luce had always slunk into Boadway's store apologetically, a store-bill everlastingly unpaid oppressing his spirits. Now he bellowed autocratic command, and his soul swelled when he saw Boadway timorously hastening to obey.

"I'll show 'em whether I'm an outlaw or not," he muttered. "And I wisht I'd been one before, if it works like this. The monarch of the Injies couldn't git more attention," he reflected, as he saw the usually contemptuous Boadway hustling about, wrapping up the goods.

He saw scared faces peering in at him through the windows. He swung the sack off his shoulder, and bumped it on the floor with a flourish.

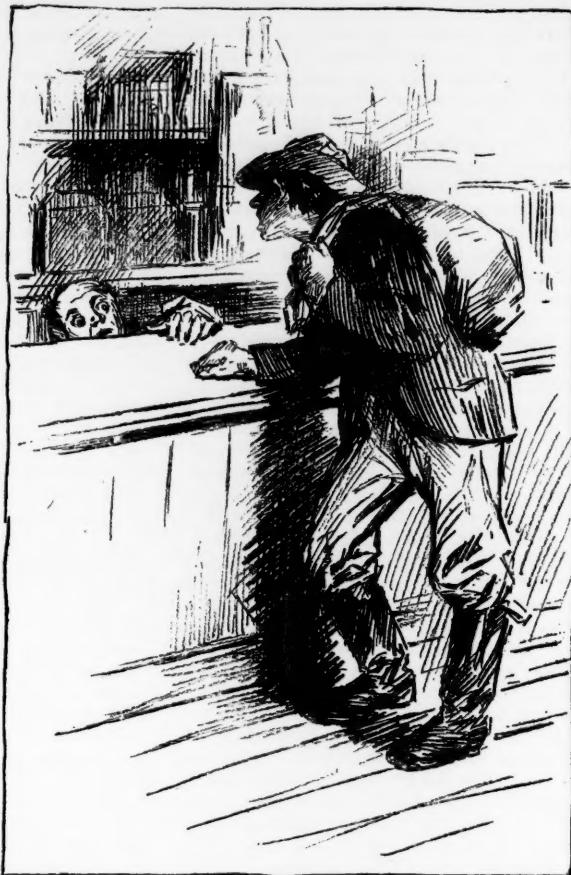
"My Lord-  
amighty, be careful  
with that!"  
squawked Boardway,  
ducking down be-  
hind the counter.

"You 'tend to busi-  
ness and make less  
talk, and you won't  
git hurt," observed  
Mr. Luce ferociously.  
He pointed at  
the storekeeper the  
stick of dynamite  
that he carried in his  
hand. And Mr.  
Boardway hopped up  
and bestirred him-  
self obsequiously.

"I don't know  
whether I'll ever  
pay for these or  
not," announced Mr.  
Luce, grabbing the  
bundles that Board-  
way poked across  
the counter as gin-  
gerly as he would  
feed meat to a tiger.  
He stuffed them into  
his sack. "I shall do  
jest as I want to  
about it. And when  
I've et up this grub  
in my lair, where I  
propose to outlaw it  
for a while, I shall  
come back for some  
more; and if I don't  
git it, along with po-  
lite treatment, I'll  
make it rain groc'-  
ries in this section for twenty-four  
hours."

"I didn't uphold them that smashed  
in your door," protested the storekeep-  
er, getting behind the coffee-grinder.

"I've been squudged too fur, that's  
what has been done," declared Mr.  
Luce, "and it was your seleckman that  
done it, and I hold the whole town re-  
sponsible. I don't know what I'm li'ble  
to do next. I've showed *him*—now I'm  
li'ble to show the town. I dunno! It  
depends."



Boardway cowered behind his counter.

He went out and stood on the store  
platform, and gazed about him with the  
air of Alexander on the banks of the  
Euphrates. For the first time in his  
lowly life Mr. Luce saw mankind shrink  
from before him. It was the same as  
deference would have seemed to a man  
who had earned respect, and the little  
mind of Scotaze's outlaw whirled dizzy  
in his filbert skull.

"I don't know what I'll do yit," he  
shouted, hailing certain faces that he  
saw peering at him. "It was your se-

leckman that done it—and a seleckman acts for a town. I reckon I shall do some more blowin' up."

He calmly walked away up the street, passing Cap'n Sproul, who stood at one side.

"I don't dast to be an outlaw, hey?" jeered Mr. Luce.

"You don't dare to set down that sack," roared the selectman. "I'll pay ye five hundred dollars to set down that sack and step out there into the middle of that square—and I call on all here as witnesses to that offer," he cried, noting that citizens were beginning to creep back into sight once more. "Five hundred dollars for you, you bow-legged hen-thief! You sculpin'-mouthed hyena, blowing up men's property!"

"Hold on," counseled Mr. Luce. "You're goin' to squidgin' me ag'in. I've been sassed enough in this town. I'm goin' to be treated with respect after this if I have to blow up ev'ry buildin' in it."

"It ain't safe to go to pokin' him up," advised Mr. Nute from afar. "I should think you'd 'a' found that out by this time, Cap'n Sproul."

"I've found out that what ain't cowards here are thieves," roared the cap'n, beside himself, ashamed, enraged at his impotence before this boastful fool and his grim bulwark. His impulse was to cast caution to the winds and rush upon Luce. But reflection told him that, in this flush of his childish resentment and new prominence, Luce was capable of anything. Therefore he prudently held to the side of the road.

"The next time I come into this village," said Mr. Luce, "I don't propose to be called names in public by any old salt hake that has pounded his dollars out of unfort'nit' sailors with belayin' pins. I know your record, and I ain't afraid of you!"

"There'll be worse things happen to you than to be called names," gritted the cap'n malevolently.

"Oh, there will, hey?" inquired Mr. Luce; his weak passion flaming. "Well, lemme give you jest one hint that it ain't safe to squidge me too fur!"

He walked back a little way, lighted

the fuse of the stick of dynamite that he carried, and in spite of horrified appeals to him, cast over the shoulders of fleeing citizens, he tossed the wicked explosive into the middle of the square and ran.

In the words of Mr. Snell, when he came out from behind the watering-trough: "It was a corn-cracker!"

A half-hour later Mr. Nute, after sadly completing a canvass of the situation, headed a delegation that visited Cap'n Sproul in the selectman's office, where he sat, pallid with rage, and cursing.

"A hundred and seventeen lights of glass," announced Mr. Nute, "includin' the front stained-glass winder in the meetin'-house and the big light in Boadway's store. And it all happened because the critter was poked up ag'in"—and I warned ye not to do it, cap'n."

"Would it be satisfactory to the citizens if I pulled my wallet and settled the damage?" inquired the first selectman, with baleful blandness in his tones.

Mr. Nute did not possess a delicate sense of humor or of satire. He thoughtfully rubbed his nose.

"Reelly," he said, "when you git it reduced right down, that critter ain't responsible any more'n one of them daminite sticks is responsible, and if it hadn't been for you lettin' him loose and then pokin' him, contrary to warnin', them hundred and seventeen lights of glass wouldn't—"

"Are there any left?" asked Cap'n Sproul, still in subdued tones.

"About as many more, I should judge," replied Mr. Nute.

"Well, I simply want to say," remarked the cap'n, standing up and clenching his fists, "that if you ever mention responsibility to me again, Nute, I'll take you by the heels and smash in the rest of that glass with you—and I'll do the same with any one else who don't know enough to keep his yawp shet. Get out of here, the whole of you, or I'll begin on what glass is left in this town house."

They departed silently, awed by the menace of his countenance, but all the more bitterly fixed in their resentment.

That night two more hollow "chunks" shook the ground of Scotaze, at intervals an hour separated, and morning light showed that two isolated barns had been destroyed.

Mr. Luce appeared in the village with his sack, quite at his ease, and demanded of Broadway certain canned delicacies, his appetite seeming to have a finer edge to correspond with his rising courage. He even hinted that Broadway's stock was not very complete, and that some early strawberries might soften a few of the asperities of his nature.

"I ain't never had a fair show on eatin'," he complained to the apprehensive storekeeper. "It's been ten years that my wife ain't got me a fair and square meal o' vittles. She don't believe in cookin' nothin' ahead nor gettin' up anything decent. She's a Go-upper and thinks the end of the world is lib'le to come any minit. And the way I figger it, not havin' vittles reg'lar has give me dyspepsy, and dyspepsy has made me cranky, and not safe to be squudged too fur. And that's the whole trouble. I've got a hankerin' for strorb'ries. They may make me more supple. P'raps not, but it's wuth tryin'."

He tossed the cans into his sack in a perfectly reckless manner, until Broadway was sick and hiccuping with fear. "Love o' Lordy," he pleaded, "don't act that way. It's apt to go off—go off any time. I know the stuff better'n you do—I've dealt in it. Ain't I usin' you square on goods?"

"Mebbe so," admitted Mr. Luce. "Fur's you know, you are. But the trouble with me is my disposition. It ain't been made supple yet. If you've got in stock what my appetite craves I may be more supple next time I come."

He dug a tender strip out of the center of a hanging codfish, and walked out. Parading his ease of spirits and contempt for humanity in general, he stood on the platform and gnawed at the fish and gazed serenely on the broken windows.

"I done it," he mumbled admiringly.

"I showed 'em! It won't take much more showin', and then they'll let me alone, and I'll live happy ever after. Wonder is I hadn't reelized it before. Tail up, and everybody stands to one side. Tail down, and everybody is tryin' to kick you. If it wa'n't for that streak in human nature them devilish trusts that I've hearn tell of couldn't live a minit." He saw men standing afar and staring at him apprehensively. "That's right, ding baste ye," he said musingly, "look up to me and keep your distance. It don't make no gre't diff'runce how it's done, so long as I can do it."

And after further triumphant survey of the situation, he went away.

"Hiram," said Cap'n Sproul, with decision, turning from a long survey of Mr. Luce's retreating back through a broken window of the town house, "this thing has gone jest as fur as it's goin'."

"Well," declared the showman with some bitterness, "to have them that's in authority stand round here and let one bow-legged lunatic blow up this whole town piecemeal ain't in no ways satisfyin' to the voters. I hear the talk, and I'm givin' it to you straight as a friend."

"I've got my plan all made," said the first selectman. "I want you as foreman to call out the Ancient and Honer'ble Firemen's Association and have 'em surround them woods, and we'll take him."

"We will, hey?" demanded Hiram, pushing back his plug-hat and squinting angrily. "What do you think that firemen's association is for, anyway?"

"Never knew it to do anything but eat free picnics and give social dances," retorted the cap'n. "I didn't know but it was willin' to be useful for once in its life."

"Slur noted!" said Hiram, with acerbity. "But you can't expect us to pull you out of a hole that you've mismanaged yourself into. You needn't flare, now, cap'n. It's been mismanaged, and that's the sentiment of the town. I ain't twittin' you because I've lost property. I'm talkin' as a friend."

"That's twice this mornin', you've passed me that 'friend' handbill," raged



*"It's to write to the President and get him to send down a hunk of the United States Army."*

the selectman. "Advertisin' yourself, be ye? And then leavin' me in the lurch! This is a friendly town, that's what it is. Constables, voters, firemen, and you yourself dump the whole burden of this onto me, and then stand back and growl at me! Well, if this thing is up to me alone and friendless and single-handed I know what I'm goin' to do!" His tone had the grate of file against steel.

"What?" inquired his friend with interest.

"Get a gun and go out and drop that humpbacked old Injy-cracker!"

But Hiram protested fervently.

"Where would you shoot him?" he cried. "You don't know where to find him in them woods. You'd have to nail him here in the village, and besides it's bein' murder right in the face and eyes of folks, you'd put a bullet into that sack o' dynamite and blow ev'ry store, meetin'-house and schoolhouse in Scotaze off'n the map. You give that up, or I'll pass the word and have you arrested, yourself, as a dangerous critter."

He went away, still protesting as long as he was in hearing.

Cap'n Sproul sat despondent in his chair, and gazed through the broken

window at other broken windows. Ex-Constable Nute presented himself at the pane outside and said, nervously chewing tobacco: "I reckon it's the only thing that can be done now, cap'n. It seems to be the general sentiment."

With a flicker of hope irradiating his features, Cap'n Sproul inquired for details.

"It's to write to the President and get him to send down a hunk of the United States army. You've got to fight fire with fire."

Without particular display of passion, with the numb stolidity of one whose inner fires have burned out, the selectman got up and threw a cuspidor through the window at his counselor, and then seated himself to his pondering once more.

That afternoon Mrs. Aholiah Luce came walking into the village, spent, forlorn and draggled. She went straight to the town office, and seated herself in front of the musing first selectman.

"I've come to call on for town help," she said. "I ain't got scrap nor skred to eat, and northin' to cook it with. You've gone to work and put us in a pretty mess, Mister S'leckman. Makin'

my husband an outlaw that's took to the woods, and me left on the chips!"

The cap'n surveyed her without speaking—apparently too crushed to make any talk. In addition to other plagues, it was now plain that he had brought a pauper upon the town of Scotaze.

"So I call on," she repeated, "and I need a whole new stock of groc'ries, and something to cook 'em with."

And still the cap'n did not speak. He sat considering her, his brows knitted.

"I'm a proud woman nat'rally," she went on, "and it's tough to have to call on 'cause the crowned heads of earth has oppressed the meek and the lowly."

Cap'n Sproul trudged across the room, and took down a big book inscribed "Revised Statutes." He did not speak. He found a place in the volume and began to read in an undertone, occasionally looking over his specs at her.

"It's as I thought it was," he muttered; "when one member of a family, wife or minor children call on for town-aid, whole family can be declared paupers till such time as, and so forth." He banged the big book shut. "Interestin' if true—and found to be true. Law to use as needed. So you call on, do you, marm?" he queried, raising his voice. "Well, if you're all ready to start for the poor-farm come along."

"I ain't goin' onto no poor-farm," she squealed. "I call on, but I want supplies furnished."

"Overseer of the poor has the say as to what shall be done with paupers," announced the cap'n. "I say poor-farm. They need a good, able-bodied pauper woman there, like you seem to be. Other wimmen paupers is bedridden."

"My husband will never let me be took to the poorhouse and kept there."

"Oh, there ain't goin' to be no trouble from that side. You're right in line to be a widder most any time now."

"Be you goin' to kill 'Liah?" she wailed.

"It will be a self-actin' proposition, marm. I ain't got no very special grudge against him, seein' that he's a poor, unfortunate critter. But the thing will take care of itself. I'm sorry, but

so it is." He went on with great appearance of candor. "You see, he don't understand the nature of that stuff he's luggin' round. It goes off itself when it gets about so warm. It's comin' warmin' weather now—sun gettin' high—and mebbe next time he starts for the village the bust will come."

"Hain't no one goin' to warn him?"

"I can't find it's set down in my duties, marm; and from the acts of the gen'ral run of cowards in this town I don't reckon any one else will feel called on to get near enough to him to tell him. Oh, no! He'll fire himself like an automatic bomb. Prob'ly to-morrow. By the looks of the sky it's goin' to be a nice warm day."

She backed to the door, her eyes goggling.

"I ain't got no hard feelin's at all, marm. I pity you, and here's a ten-dollar bill that I'll advance from the town. I reckon I'll wait till after you're a widder before I take you to the poorhouse."

She clutched the bill and ran out. He watched her scurry down the street with satisfaction wrinkling under his beard. "It was a kind of happy idee and it seems to be workin'," he observed. "I've allus thought I knew enough about cowards to write a book on 'em. We'll see!"

That night there were no alarms in Scotaze. Cap'n Sproul, walking to his office the next forenoon, mentally scored one on the right side of his calculations.

When he heard Mr. Luce in the village square and looked out on him, he scored two, still on the right side. Mr. Luce bore his grisly sack, but he did not carry a stick of dynamite in his hand.

"Goin' to put my wife in the poorhouse, hey?" he squallled.

Cap'n Sproul scored three. "She got at him and unloaded!" he murmured. "And it fixed him, if I know cowards."

"She's goin' to be a widder, hey? I'm afeard o' daminite, hey? I'll show ye!" He swung the sack from his shoulder, and held it up in both hands for the retreating populace to see. "I

jest as soon flam this whole thing down here in the ro'd. I jest as soon kick it. I jest as soon as set on it and smoke my pipe. I'm an outlaw and I ain't afeard of it. You use me right and let my wife alone, or I'll show ye."

Cap'n Sproul, sailor-habit always strong with him, had for a long time kept one of his ship telescopes hanging beside a window in the town office. He took this down and studied the contour of the bumps that swelled Mr. Luce's sack. His survey seemed to satisfy him. "Tone of his talk is really enough—but the shape of that bag settles it with me."

The next moment all of Scotaze that happened to be in sight of the scene gasped with horror on beholding the first selectman walk out of the town house and stalk directly across the square toward the dynamiter.

"You go back," screamed Mr. Luce, "or I'll flam it!"

But no longer was Mr. Luce's tone dauntless and ferocious. The cap'n's keen ear caught the coward's note of querulousness, for he had heard that note many times before in his stormy association with men. He chuckled and walked on more briskly.

"I'll do it—I swear I will!" said Mr. Luce, but his voice was only a weak piping.

In spite of itself Scotaze stopped, groaned and squatted where it stood when Mr. Luce swung the sack and launched it at the intrepid selectman. As he threw it, the outlaw turned to run. The cap'n grabbed the sack, catapulted it back, and caught the fleeing Mr. Luce squarely between the shoulders; and he went down on his face with a yell of pain. The next moment Scotaze saw her selectman kicking a bleating man around and around the square until the man got down, lifted up his hands, and bawled for mercy.

And when Scotaze flocked around, the cap'n faced them, his fist twisted in Mr. Luce's collar.

"This critter belongs in State prison, but I ain't goin' to send him there. He's goin' onto our poor-farm, and he's goin' to work for the first time in his life, and

he'll keep to work till he works up some of the bill he owes this town. He's a pauper because his wife has called on. But I ain't dependin' on law. I'm runnin' this thing myself. I've shown ye that I *can* run it. And if any of you quitters and cowards have got anything to say why my sentence won't be carried out, now is the time to say it."

He glowered into their faces, but no one said anything except Zeburee Nute, who quavered: "We allus knowed you was the smartest man that ever came to this town, and—"

"Close that mouth!" yelped Cap'n Sproul. "It's worse than an open hatch on a superphosphate schooner."

"You dare to leave that town farm, you or your wife either," the selectman went on, giving Mr. Luce a vigorous shake, "and I'll have you in State prison as quick as a grand jury can indict. Nute, you hitch and take him down there, and tell the boss he's to work ten hours a day, with one hour's noonin', and if he don't move fast enough, to get at him with a gad."

Mr. Luce, cowed, trembling, appealing dumbly for sympathy, was driven away while the first selectman was picking up the sack that still lay in the village square. Without a moment's hesitation he slit it with his big knife, and emptied its contents into a hole that the spring frosts had left. Those contents were simply rocks.

"In the name of Joanthus Cicero!" gasped Broadway, licking his dry lips. "How did you figger it?"

The cap'n finished kicking the sack down into the hole beside the rocks, clacked shut his knife-blade, and rammed the knife deep into his trousers' pocket.

"When you critters here in town get to be grown up to be more than ten years old," he grunted, surveying the gaping graybeards of Scotaze, "and can understand man's business, I may talk to you. Just now I've got something to attend to besides foolishness."

And he trudged back into the town house, with his fellow citizens staring after him, as the populace of Rome must have stared after victorious Cæsar.



THE  
**OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL**  
IN  
**NEW YORK**

By **Grace Margaret Gould**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. M. COOPER

IF Paris intends to continue the fashion center of the world she must look well to her laurels. New York may be young, but she's growing, and catching up with Paris in many things, and the fashions are one of them. Already in one respect she outrivals Paris, and that is in her shops. Le Magasin de Louvre is famous, to be sure, and so is the Bon Marché and the Galerie Lafayette, but not one of them in their display of fabrics or in their window dressings can compare with our big Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street stores. As yet we have no dressmaking establishments that can compete with the houses of Paquin, Callot Soeurs, Raudnitz, Drecoll, or the many others whose names are famous, but we can turn out smart, fetching gowns just the same, and our reputation for style and fit is growing. Already New York originates many a fashion that even Paris herself copies.

The out-of-town girl hopes to go to Paris some day; as yet she has got only as far as New York, and at present the big town is all sufficient.

One of New York's most distinctive characteristics is that she is always ahead of the seasons. To the stranger within her gates it is often a puzzling matter to tell, after sauntering through the shops, just what season of the year it happens to be, for flower-scattered muslins, filmy organdies, fluffy parasols, and straw hats always follow in quick succession the holiday displays.

Easter may be a little late this year, but it is coming, and this is enough to make the different New York shops look their loveliest, 'way ahead of time.

When the out-of-town girl arrived in New York the other day, she had no idea she would hear and see so much of the new spring fashions, but it wasn't long before she discovered that if it's a woman's duty to be well dressed surely all of her New York girl friends were striving hard to do their duty. They were all absorbed in the new fashions.

"If I can't have all the new clothes I want this spring I suppose I ought to consider myself lucky to know all about what's what in the fashions," reasoned the out-of-town girl to herself after returning from a shopping tour with the New York girl she was visiting.

"If I learn as much every day as I have to-day," she declared to her New York friend, "I will desert you and go off on a lecture tour through all the little towns up the State, and I'll warrant you I'd make money out of my fashion lectures. You think I don't know enough, you discouraging person? Well, just sit down and pretend you are the audience, and I'll give you an illustration of what I do know.

"I found out to-day that there is to be a pronounced vogue for the one-piece dress. In gingham, French piqué and linen it is going to be a big rival of the shirt-waist suit. These princess dresses are also to be made of mohair, light-weight serge and panama, as well as

silk, crêpe de chine, satin and chiffon broadcloth. Many of the gowns for dress and semidress occasions will be designed in the empire princess style, and the long skirts will be slightly gathered or laid in fine tucks where they join the short waist. Other of the cut-in-one dresses will have a smart tailored look about them. They will all be worn, of course, with a guimpe which will vary according to the fabric of the gown. Many of the satin princess dresses will show a guimpe of filet net darned in colored silks. Guimpes of fine lawn or inserted tucking will be worn with the plainer dresses. The lingerie dresses I noticed were joined at the waist-line with a belt of lace and embroidery. This vogue for the one-piece dress stands out most conspicuously in the spring and summer modes.

"I also learned and on the best authority, too," continued the out-of-town girl, "that the smartest of the spring tailor-made suits will all be worn with a waist-coat. The cut-away coats are still among the fashion leaders, and the more they show the waistcoat the better they are liked. White piqué and white linen waistcoats, covered with white silk soutache braid, are extremely good style, fastening with pearl buttons, and

they will be worn with serge and mo-hair suits. The new tailor-made skirts are longer than they were last fall, and few plaits are seen. In skirts I noticed any number of novelties. Many of them were made with a high girdle cut in one with the skirt and thus giving a high corset effect. Skirts trimmed with braid or stitched bands to simulate an overskirt are also displayed among the new modes and have Fashion's enthusiastic approval.

"Among the new things which I could talk of at my fashion lectures would be the introduction this spring and summer of the sleeveless coat. This will be much worn in filet net and also in all-over lace to wear with silk, satin and lingerie dresses. The smartest of these sleeveless coats show pointed sides, and a large armhole. Filet net waists embroidered in soutache are very fashionable. The broidering is put on in bands, and is either in self color or in white. A light écrù filet net waist looks very effective trimmed back and front with bands of the net elaborately



*One of the fashionable spring tailor-made suits, showing the cutaway jacket, the embroidered waistcoat and the gored skirt.*

worked with either white silk soutache or tan color. A waist of this sort should have a band of soutache embroidery as a cuff for the sleeve, and a tiny little black satin bow at the neck.

"I shall also assure my audience of the continued vogue of the lingerie waist. I can tell them with authority that the sheer waist combined with lace and embroidery will be worn more than ever, that invariably it will button in the back, and that its sleeve will be three-quarter length. There will be another waist model much worn this spring and summer which will be a style just between the severely tailored waist and the elaborate lingerie one. It will be made of fine linen or lawn and will have for its trimming bands of the self material embroidered in color; dots worked in satin stitch will be most used for the trimming. These waists will frequently be made with a frill which is also powdered with the colored silk dots.

"If I should take it into my head to go off on one of these lecture tours," said the out-of-town girl, "I should have to start with you on a regular millinery tour of inspection first, for I don't believe I know all that there is to know about the new hats."

"But I do. This is where I am the superior person, so you be the audience and I'll lecture at you," laughed the

New York girl. "We are coming to the small, or, I should say, the smaller hat; however, that doesn't mean that we are going to jump there all in a minute. Many big picturesque hats laden with flowers will be worn this summer, but the early spring hats to wear with tailored suits will be much smaller than they were in the fall. The high crown is coming into fashion. Sometimes it is more or less shapeless, but it's high enough to be conspicuous. Even the sailor will show a high crown and a rather large crown, too. The colored sailor hat, especially in such shades as Copenhagen blue and a bronze shade of brown, will be very good style trimmed with a band of white satin embroidered in Oriental colors. Such a hat has an added smart look given it by a pompon of coque in the same shade as the hat or in white. Another very smart trimming for a sailor hat consists of leaf-shaped pieces of shaded satin so grouped that they have the form of a big pompon.

"Sailor hats of satin will be very much the fashion this spring, and we decided the other day at the Renovation Club that we would make up three or four different novelties to use as trim-



*Fashion advocates the one-piece dress. It will be seen in a variety of fabrics from gingham to satin.*



*Waist fashions for the spring and summer. The filet net waist is embroidered with silk soutache; and the linen waist, both in its trimming and jabot, shows a touch of color.*

ming for a sailor. For instance, for a while we would wear the hat, say a dark-blue satin sailor, trimmed with one of the leaf pompons is varying shades of blue satin. Then, after we were tired of that, we would replace it with a big chou of cream-color lace, each frill of the lace edged with a narrow row of blue velvet ribbon. Then again we would do away with the pompon effect entirely and have a big gold rose caught at the side.

"We were talking over, the other day at the club, what a clever idea it is to always have some color connection between one's hat trimming and neckwear. It's awfully good style to wear a shaded blue tulle bow when the trimming of your hat happens to be blue, or to work a touch of gold in your collar if a gold flower is the smart touch of your hat.

"By the way, though I suppose you only require me to furnish you with millinery information, yet it would give me much pleasure to throw in for good measure a hint or two about some little imported novelties I saw the other day for decorating the coiffure, and I may also add that gray hair is at present the height of fashion. The young woman with gray hair is the envy of all her fashionable friends.

"Well, to go back to the hair ornaments which I observed in a box at the opera the other night, one consisted of a coil of black tulle intertwined with a twist of silver gauze. This was worn around a high hair-dressing, and at the left side it was finished with a wired black silk gauze butterfly studded with rhinestones. The effect, particularly in gray hair, was extremely stunning.

"Perhaps you know about the filets for the hair which are being so much worn right now on account of their suggestion of things Grecian. The newest consist of plaited gilt bands finished at each end with a gilt tassel, and they are worn encircling the high coiffure, and so arranged that the tassels fall over the hair at the back.

"But enough of the fashions, we've talked of them this whole live-long afternoon," exclaimed the New York girl. "I want to tell you of something that I think is really, truly new. It's a way of entertaining one's friends, and it's the way you're going to be entertained yourself next week, because I am going to give one. I want to tell you about it beforehand, because I need your help, and then I am just dying to know what you think about it.

"I am sick and tired of having my days at home every winter just nothing but stupid afternoon-tea affairs, and so



*A new coiffure ornament in black tulle and silver, with a butterfly at the side.*



*It is this style of sailor hat which will be fashionable this summer. The large crown is one of its features.*

I have thought of a way to vary the monotony. Instead of sending out my cards, say, for just Mondays in March, I have decided to have two days at home during the month. The cards that I shall send out at first will be merely my own calling-card and will have engraved in the left-hand lower corner the word 'picnic.' Now isn't that mysterious and out of the ordinary? Imagine the word 'picnic' on a girl's calling-card instead of 'bridge,' for instance.

"Well, what I plan to do is this: I am going to give a picnic on my first day at home, and it is to be held right down-stairs in the drawing-room. Instead of the usual five o'clock tea-table with the kettle and the dainty cups and saucers and dishes of cakes and bon-bons, I shall have a table in one corner of the room covered with real growing grass. I have already arranged with the florist about it, and he says he can carry out my idea perfectly; he will use sod as the covering for the table, which is to be a good big one.

"In the center there will be a pond



*A drawing-room picnic is the latest substitute for an afternoon tea.*

made by a deep pan filled with water, and the sides covered with growing grass and pebbles. In this pond I intend to have little mechanical motor-boats which the girls who will preside at this table will wind up every little while. At one end of the pond I plan to have a toy motor-boat club-house, arranged as to its furnishings, etc., just like a real boat-club. The pond and the little boat-house are to be introduced purely for decorative purposes.

"Scattered over the grass I will have little picnic baskets, just the old-fashioned sort with a handle. These will be filled with different things, such as salted nuts, stuffed raisins and candied fruits. It's a good thing our drawing-room is large, for if it wasn't I never could carry out my idea successfully; but as it is, it is just right and gives me room to scatter a number of small grass-covered tables about. They are to be just large enough for two.

"Now my idea is this: That as each guest arrives she will be handed a picnic basket with the request that she bring it into the drawing-room. As I receive my callers I'll tell each one that she has come to a real old-fashioned picnic, and that I'll be glad if she will enjoy the contents of her picnic basket at one of the little tables.

"The baskets are to be filled with the daintiest sort of sandwiches and little fancy cakes, besides any little dainty which the caterer chooses to introduce.

"I have two more novel ideas which I expect to carry out; one is, that I shall have lemonade served instead of chocolate or tea. I think I shall just ask one of the girls to serve the lemonade from a big old-fashioned pitcher and, perhaps, I will let her have one of the little grass-covered tables for this purpose. I had thought of having an old stone well effect with vines growing over it, and having the lemonade dipped out of the bucket with a silver cup. And then I thought it would be too much trouble and expense.

"But my other idea costs but little, and I think it will be novel. Each one of my guests will find in her lunch-basket what will purport to be a leaf. I have made a lot of them already. Little leaves not more than two inches long made of water-color paper, hand-painted. Some are green, and others are brown, and still others show much yellow in their coloring. Each leaf has a gilt number on it. Of course, every one will want to know what the little leaf is for, and either I myself or one of the girls who are receiving with me will explain that the leaf holds the key to each guest's fortune.

"A fortune mound made of leaves, which I shall have in one corner of the drawing-room, will be the big novelty feature of my picnic. The leaves are all to be made of hand-painted water-color paper, and they are to be natural size. On one side they will show a little gilt number, and on the other a gilt-printed fortune.

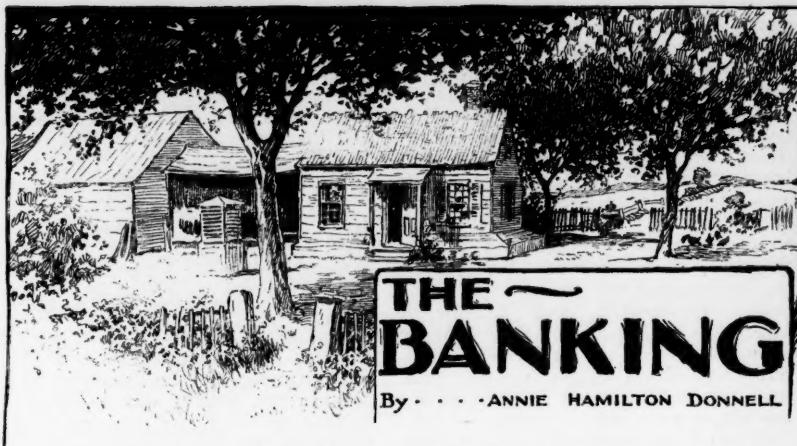
"In addition to this, I will have attached to the leaf sometimes at the end and sometimes in the center, a little souvenir which will be tied to it with brown, green, yellow or red ribbons. These little souvenirs will all be mere trifles and will be very light in weight. I'll have just as many jokes as I can.

"Now the way my guests will go hunting their fortunes will be this: They will have to hunt in the fortune mound for the leaf the number of which corresponds with the number on the little leaf which they found in their picnic basket. I can't see why it won't be real fun. Anyway, it will be out of the ordinary, and it can't be formal and stiff as so many days-at-home are apt to be.

"Now, my dear," talked on the New York girl, "what I want is an idea for my next day that will be equally as novel as the picnic, and I'll tell you right now that I count a whole lot on your thinking up something for me."

"Me!" exclaimed the out-of-town girl. "Why, have you forgotten already that I'm here in New York just to study the fashions, and then there is my lecture tour! I'll surely carry out my plan to tell all the unenlightened women out of New York what New York is offering right now in the way of spring and summer fashions."





ILLUSTRATED BY L. F. GRANT

JUDITH HILTON drew back from the window hastily.

"They're looking at the banking," she groaned.

How many times she had drawn back like that, had said those words! But it was worse these last years, since the summer folks came to Far Hills. There was much driving by in beach-wagons, buckboards, and even automobiles. Judith Hilton could not have told why, but she dreaded the automobiles most. The ladies in the back seats seemed, in the instant of sweeping by, to take in all the shabbiness of the little old, unpainted house. She never failed in that instant to read on their smiling faces: "What! Banking in summer! Did you ever?" So many people really said that when they went by the Hilton place, and so many more Judith Hilton credited with saying it!

The "banking" had been there sixteen years. If it had been made of beautiful green boughs it might not have been so bad. But it was common sawdust that Ammi Hilton, sixteen years ago, had heaped about the rough stone foundation of his house to keep out the winter winds. He and Young Ammi, twenty then, had set up the boards two feet away and filled in the

trench together, covering the top with a slanting little roof to shed the rain. It had done its humble duty sixteen winters, but for sixteen summers it had lain, a heavy weight, on Judith Hilton's pride.

Sally Sue was a little thing just come six then. She had pleaded for enough of the yellow stuff to make sawdust pies, but they had told her to wait till they took away the banking in the spring. They had never taken it away, and Sally Sue had never made her banking of sawdust pies.

Other things matched the banking: the ragged edge of shingles at the ridge-pole, where no saddle-boards had ever been put on; the unpainted clapboards, the ungraded yard. But one by one Judith Hilton had given up everything but the banking. She still hoped that would be taken away some summer season before she died. It was too late for Ammi to do it, but there was still Young Ammi.

"There won't have to be any banking in heaven," she sometimes mused, in her lonely way. "When I get there I can sit by the window and see folks go by without being ashamed; and I'm still hoping to do that just once before I go."

Young Ammi was a busy man and an excellent farmer, but his fields and his crops took all his time, unless it was that which he loved to devote to his beautiful stock. The little old house was a place to eat in and sleep in. It had seemed to his mother that better times were coming when he brought home a wife, but the slender little thing was buried a year later with her little white baby in her arms. Mother and son settled back again into the old rut: the son contentedly busy, the mother, in the intervals of her homely house-task, discontented and humiliated. When she could not bear it any longer alone, she went to little Sally Sue—Sally Sue would always be little. She took her knitting-work and sat beside the bit of a mound.

"Here I am again, dearie"—for she talked aloud to Sally Sue—"come a-grumbling. But you'll let mother, won't you? I've been waiting, hoping I could say the banking was away; but it isn't. I couldn't wait any longer. This is the sixteenth summer it's stayed there making me ashamed; you'd be twenty-two, dearie, if you'd grown up. You'd sit at the other window and be ashamed, too. So I'm glad—oh, dearie, oh, dearie, it's hard to have to be glad you never grew up!

"And you never got your little sawdust pies! I wake up in the night and wish I'd gone out and scooped out enough for that, dearie. You could 'a' put in stones for plums——"

She let the knitting slide into the grass beside her, and rocked herself as if in pain. Poor little Sally Sue had had so few things!

"I wanted things spryed up for you to see, dearie. Mother wanted 'em neat and nice; you always liked things just so. I made up a little story, don't you recollect, for bedtimes? It was about 'Once there was a little house all painted white, with beautiful green blinds.' You always asked for the 'little white house story.' And once you asked if they took the banking away from it summers; and, dearie, that night I cried instead of going to sleep.

"But I had to give it up. You never

saw things spryed up. But I said they should be—should be—should be for your little funeral! I went out in the night and tried to dig out some o' the banking with my hands; but it was all there when they came in their wagons, and the minister came. I had to give that up.

"When Young Ammi had that awful sickness, I thought it was all to do over again. I could see the way the people would nudge each other when they came to bury him. I made up my mind they shouldn't come to his funeral. Well, he didn't die, but Janey did, and it was all to do over again, for they came to her funeral in spite o' me. I wore my crape veil and sat with Young Ammi; but what I was thinking, instead of mourning as I'd ought to have been, was that Janey would never have to be ashamed year in and year out; and the baby'd never have to. The baby never opened his little eyes at all, dearie, so he never saw the banking hadn't been taken away, nor that there weren't any saddle-boards, nor anything painted and nice.

"I'd set a lot on rocking the little thing, same as I did you, dearie. I thought about it awake and asleep. I said if it was a little girl-child, and had little rings of yellow hair like yours—Well, it never drew a breath, and I was reconciled. You think o' me being reconciled, dearie! But I was. It was a dear little man-child, and when it grew up, mebbe its mother, Janey, would have had to be ashamed, same as I am, when folks went by. For I knew Janey'd have lived if the baby had.

"And I'd set so on rocking it to sleep! I'd been without anybody to rock so long. And I meant to tell it the little white house story. Janey wouldn't have known how to tell it stories. Well, I gave that up.

"Dearie, there's one thing I haven't given up, and that's seeing the banking cleared away once. I want to walk all round the house, and see the place where it was, and I want to sit by the window and watch other people see it! I sha'n't draw back, mortified, but mebbe it will be somebody I know, and

I shall nod my head and smile. It will be beautiful to nod my head and smile, won't it, dearie? I shall be glad to have 'em stop and come in then. I haven't wanted anybody to before, for sixteen years, because I knew they'd look at the banking, coming and going. Well, dearie, I haven't given *that* up, but if I have to, there's one other thing: I want it taken away for my funeral.

"Dearie, if you see lots of father—I don't know how it is about that, but if you do, don't tell him about my coming here and taking on like this; it's a little secret 'twixt you and mother, dearie. You always liked having secrets with mother. I don't want father's good time spoiled any. He meant right about things. I don't lay it up against father *now* a mite; it was only while he lived I did. If Young Ammi was to die I wouldn't lay it up against him. Mebbe it isn't exactly *laying up* now—just being mortified."

It was not very often Judith Hilton went with her troubles to little Sally Sue, but when she did go she came back home a good deal comforted. And on those nights she usually made something Young Ammi especially liked for supper.

Far Hills, before the advent of the summer people, as well as after, presented a trig, dressed-up front to the broad highway that bisected it. And its rear, if the summer people had ever investigated it, was no less dressed up and trig. It was a matter of pride with Far Hills to look as well behind as before.

And, for that matter, indeed, the old Hilton place at the extreme end of the highway was no exception to this code-of-honor rule. For the Hilton place was shabby behind and before. It was the only shabby house in Far Hills.

To-day, as Judith Hilton shrank sensitively away from the window, a young man came striding long, healthy strides down the village sidewalk. As Judith's face reappeared he was abreast of the shabby little house; he was turning into the weedy path! It was the minister.

If he had not been a new minister, and a young, beautiful one, like the minister she had meant for Sally Sue to marry, Judith Hilton would probably



*From her own rocker opposite, she took up her difficult confession.*

not have apologized; she had never apologized to any one before. But the heart went out of her as she saw the straight young figure come swinging up the path, with the banking ahead of him. It was mid-August, and she could not help apologizing.

"You must—must excuse the banking," she faltered, as she felt his big, hearty hand-clasp. She did not need, she knew, to add the unpainted clapboards and ragged ridge-pole, for if he could excuse the winter's banking in the middle of August, he could excuse the rest. "Young Ammi didn't have time to—to take it away this year." Then her honesty, born of vigorous New England stock, revolted, and pushed to the front. "I don't mean what I'm saying," she broke off quietly. "He had enough time if he'd felt like taking it. Young Ammi's mostly taken up with his farm. It's called the best one round here"—with a sad little pride.

She ushered the young minister into her small, bare sitting-room, and gave him a big, uneasy easy chair. From her own rocker opposite him she took up her difficult confession directly, without waiting for him to speak. She must get it over with.

"You've only been here a little while, but they'll tell you the banking hasn't been taken away for sixteen years; they've kept count as close as I have. It's likely they've told you a'ready."

They had told him. The handsome young face flushed uncomfortably. So much for coming without Elizabeth! Elizabeth would have known just what to say here.

"I declare I don't know what set me to apologizing!" Judith Hilton was saying. "I'd ought to have done that sixteen years ago this August! I guess it was because you're the minister, and new and young, and Sally Sue—and I always meant to have—and I always liked young ministers." She put out her hands suddenly in a strange little gesture of entreaty. "You won't look at the banking, will you?" she cried, trying to smile. "I declare I don't know when I've had a caller before

that I'd rather have things spryed up for!"

He got the talk into more cheerful channels presently by a big, un-Elizabethan effort; Elizabeth would have done it without any effort at all. More and more he missed Elizabeth.

"She would have come—my wife would have come with me," he said, "if it hadn't been for the baby. I wonder if ministers' babies are all a mischievous lot that their mothers can't leave? You'd think they ought to be the good kind, now wouldn't you!"

"The little dears!" softly cried Judith Hilton, and from the look in her face the minister knew it would be best to keep on talking about the baby. He related little tricks and funny ways. He told her how Elizabeth fed and washed and dressed the baby; how they frolicked and played; and how the naughty baby upset his inkstand, and washed his sermon in the bath-tub. In the end he was rewarded, for Judith had forgotten the banking. Her sweet, sad face was smiling when he went away.

He went straight to Elizabeth. There are things that will not wait.

"There you have it, dear. I call it a tragedy," he concluded his story. He had put into it all that had happened, and all the rest that his quick intuition supplied. Elizabeth set the baby on the floor and crossed to him, her dear eyes undisguisedly wet.

"It is one," she said, "but we mustn't let it stay a tragedy. Jody"—the minister's name was Joseph—"we must end it before it goes another step. Think if she should *die* before the banking was taken away!"

It was like Elizabeth to think of immediate remedying. There would be less troubles in the world if there were Elizabeths enough to go round.

"There's nothing can be done, I'm afraid"—gloomily from the minister.

"There's something must be done!" decisively from the minister's wife. "No, dear, don't say we can't go and order him to take his banking away—say something we *can* do. I thought ministers knew everything."

"Not ministers; ministers' wives," he corrected promptly. "Elizabeth-ones," he added. Already his faith in his own Elizabeth-one saw victory ahead.

"Well," she laughed, "let's put our heads together and see. A minister ought to be able to put his head together, anyway!"—punctuating her words with a series of fervent little caresses. The minister came out ruffled but smiling, picked up the baby, and sat expectant. Whatever Elizabeth planned to do would be done. He had known her five years, and in her irresistible, beautiful little way she had carried all before her. He had yet to see the mortal that could stand against Elizabeth.

"Go ahead," he nodded.

"Give me time; no, you needn't, either! I've got it now! Take care of that baby, Jody, while I change my dress." And she was off bewilderingly. She came back daintily exquisite in her simple toilet, and radiant with inspiration. While she kissed the two of them good-by, she proffered a tantalizing half-explanation.

"I'm going to see if Young Ammi won't have the Sociable next week at his house," she said gravely. "Good-by, Jody, and You Little Thing o' Sweetness. Don't either of you get drowned or burned, or tumble out of anything."

"Elizabeth!" he laughed. "Are you crazy!" Then, because she was Elizabeth and he trusted her, he waved her off.

"We'll leave it to her, son," he breathed in the baby's neck. "Remember this—it's always safe to leave things to mother!"

Young Ammi, at work in his field, was confronted quite without warning by a vision in white. It might have been an angel let down noiselessly from the clouds, if it had not been the minister's wife. Young Ammi had seen her in the pretty little parsonage yard.

"This is Mr. Ammi Hilton?" smiled Elizabeth radiantly. "Well, *this* is the minister's wife! And, oh, dear, I don't know what you'll say when you know the favor she has come to ask! And

the minister isn't behind me; it's my own particular favor. I saw you at work here, and picked up my courage and came, but—but I think I've dropped it!"

To Young Ammi, dazed by the sweetness of her and the unexpectedness of the vision, there came no speech. His tongue, never very ready, refused to be inveigled into utterance.

"I thought I was going to ask it, as big as you please!" went on the vision radiantly. "I was going to say, 'Mr. Hilton, will you have the Sociable next week at your house?' right off, like that, but now—won't you, Mr. Hilton? You know what the Sociable is—just a pleasant little social time together, with a picnic supper on the lawn. You don't have to provide anything but the tea and coffee—and the lawn! We do need a new place so much; it's been held at some places three or four times."

It was fully ten minutes after the minister's wife went trailing daintily back across the fields before Young Ammi realized he had said "Yes." Then he knew he could not have said anything else. The minister's wife was not one to say "No" to; it would require more courage than falls wontedly to a man's moral nature. Of course he had said "Yes," but—

"Great Moses!" sweated Young Ammi, in the throes of what he had done. It grew worse and worse, till in despair he decided to accept the inevitable and have an end of it. Why shouldn't he have the Sociable if he wanted to? If he wanted to—triumphant Elizabeth! He would go home and tell his mother in a matter-of-fact way, like this—he cleared his throat—"Mother, we'll have the Sociable at our place next time, I guess." But he knew it would not sound matter of fact to mother.

By six, when he went home across fields, the matter had put on a more natural aspect. He had succeeded, he thought, in making the best of things, and was ready to go ahead. But that was before he came in sight of home. When he came in sight—



*Young Ammi, at work in the field, was confronted by a vision in white.*

"Great Moses!" sweated Young Ammi, for he had forgotten how home looked. He had forgotten the banking, and the ragged, saddle-boardless ridge-pole, the unpainted house, the "lawn." They dawned upon him like new and evil things he had never seen before. In perspective, when he was still far off, they looked dreadful, impossible, *un-Sociable*. But as he came nearer and nearer, and saw everything in a new light—the light the minister's little wife had left behind—he groaned in actual pain. A mental picture of the Sociable *there*, right there, with that background of utter shabbiness, rose before him with startling vividness, and daunted him. He knew that in the morning he should go and say "No" to the minister's wife. And because the

same rigid, New England variety of honesty that was his mother's had descended to him, he knew, too, that he should have to tell her why it was "No." The shame of it reddened his brown cheeks in advance.

Judith Hilton said nothing at tea of the minister's call. Ammi Hilton said nothing of the minister's little wife's. They were both even a little quieter than usual. Young Ammi did his chores and went to bed on the edge of the evening. He wanted to get to sleep as soon as possible, but he did not think of dreams. How could he know he was to come upon worse in his dreams than this waking discomfort? He would have stayed awake if he had known.

The night noises filtered in to him softly; a night breath fanned the brown face on the pillow. He thought of crops and trees that needed pruning, and the last little soft-eyed heifer at the barn—he would not let himself think of anything else.

\* But he had to think, for suddenly it seemed to be daylight again—not morning daylight, but late afternoon. Had he overslept like that? Voices were in his ears, and the sound of steps un-

der the window, and carriages seemed continually arriving. Women laughed, and little children called each other. One voice and one sweet laugh seemed to be the minister's wife's. He sat up in bed and dully wondered. Then he heard things the voices said, and knew it was the Sociable on his "lawn." It was too late to say "No!" He must make the best of it now—he must put on his best clothes and go down there. He fumbled aimlessly with his collar and his tie, and the brush slipped out of his fingers when he tried to smooth his hair. At last he was ready.

They were having the picnic supper. He went out and saw them. They were sitting side by side on the banking, in a row. The row went 'way round the house. He followed it dazedly. On the front, the back, both sides, they sat on the banking eating the picnic supper. The little children's feet stuck out straight before them. No one now was talking; they all looked sober, and his mother was crying between bites of her bread and butter.

Young Ammi woke with a groan of horror. The sweat stood in beads on his face. It was morning, and he got up and dressed and went to the minister's. Early as it was, the minister's wife came to the door. The morning freshness was in her sweet face.

He began at once. "I came to take it back," he said; "but if you'll give me another chance I'll have it—I'll have it the next time but one." And because she was Elizabeth she understood. She listened gravely as he hurried on.

"I found out how shabby things were. I guess I've been stone-blind. It took a dream to wake me up"—he broke off, recognizing his queer figure of speech, but hurried on, next breath: "I dreamed the Sociable came and sat round the house on the banking to eat supper. I saw them eating it. If I ever dream another dream like that—I can't. They'll never set *there* again! All I ask is a little time."

When Elizabeth went back to the minister she was laughing, with her eyes full of tears. She caught up the baby and kissed him before she spoke.

"I've got the key in the lock," she cried unsteadily, "and I'm turning it, Jody! I think some of my ancestors must have made keys. You poor boy, you're only a minister; you can't be expected to be a locksmith, too!"

He caught her as she passed him, and drew her to his knee. "Now, then," he said, and she explained:

"He's going to take it away. I can shut my eyes and see it away! I mean Young Ammi, the banking—Jody, it wouldn't surprise me if he painted the house and put on a cupola! And I was afraid it would be a tragedy, and here it is a dear, lovely comedy! Everybody's going to live happily ever after. I'm doing it now!"

Elizabeth caught up her skirt and executed a staid little dance across the room. "I'm Elizabeth now—plain Elizabeth!" she laughed. "You don't think I'd dance if I was a minister's wife, do you? But when one is happy—Jody, I'm thinking how happy that dear woman is going to be when the banking is taken away! It ought to be a surprise—wait! It must be a surprise."

Elizabeth's "musts" were final. It was to be a surprise. The minister was going away to lecture, and would be gone a week. The minister's wife must not be alone with the minister's baby. Two and two, reasoned Elizabeth, made four. She went to call on Judith Hilton.

"Won't you come?" she pleaded prettily. "There'll be the baby to entertain you; and your son is willing to spare you."

"Yes," smiled Judith Hilton.

She cooked cake and bread and pies for Young Ammi, and went. That night Ammi Hilton began to take away the banking. He worked a little into the quiet moonlight, and began again at dawn. When it was done another trouble faced him. The clapboards had rotted behind the banking, and must be renewed.

"They look out o' keeping," he mused, when the last new one was on. And he harnessed his horse and drove away to get paint and painters. The

scaffolding was up and the work under way within twenty-four hours. Blinds next, he decided, the windows stared so at him; and out of the depths of his memory issued his mother's yearning cry for blinds. He rode away and ordered them.

The ridge-pole was set in shape, and the ragged chimney new-topped.

"Now for the 'lawn,'" Young Ammi laughed, "for the Sociable to sit on;" and he fell to work on it with a will. Queer how the banking had started the ball rolling! He raked and weeded and filled up inequalities, sodding over the bare spots with patient pains.

It was soft, early evening when Judith Hilton went home; not dark at all, but with a clear light over everything—it was over a "little house all painted white, with beautiful green blinds." There was no banking; there were no ragged edges.

"Oh!" exclaimed Judith Hilton sharply, and again in a soft passion of surprise. "Oh!" She stood quite still and took it all in. Her lined, lean little face worked like a child's.

"Oh!" Judith Hilton marveled in soft rapture. Only "Oh!" but Young Ammi saw her face and was satisfied.

The minister saw her face, and the minister's wife and the baby. They had followed a little way behind, because they could not stay at home. And Elizabeth was satisfied.



*She stood quite still and took it all in.*



# WHAT MAKES A WOMAN CHARMING?

~BY~

## FLORENCE AUGUSTINE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRIET ADAIR NEWCOMB

*A further chapter in the evolution of the dainty beauty; in which Polly learns the value of cheerfulness as a beautifier, and something of the complex nature of that most desirable of all possessions to a woman, charm.*

**O**H, dear! I feel so *blue* to-day," exclaimed Polly, throwing herself full-length on a garden bench and burying her head in her arms. "I don't care if I never get pretty. I'm as homely as a rhinoceros, anyhow, and beauty lectures don't do a bit of good."

The beauty doctor whisked up her head like a pinto pony sniffing danger. "Polly!" she cried in a short, sharp voice. And again: "Polly!"

There was so much brimstone in the tone that Polly sat up as if a cannon-cracker had exploded under her nose. "Yes!" she replied excitedly. "Yes—what have I done?"

The doctor laughed. "Never make that remark again in my presence," she said severely.

"What?" said Polly.

"That you have the blues."

"But I can't help it," persisted Polly

doggedly. "I feel that way—*just plain—ugly*," with a savage little emphasis on every word.

"And you look *just plain ugly*," mimicked the doctor sarcastically, "when you say it. Now, see here, Polly," she continued firmly, "if you *will* give in to depression like that, you merely make places for wrinkles on your face. You know that very well. I have wasted enough advice on that subject to have better results than this. Don't you know that the blues come from a deranged digestion? You want to get out in the sunshine and exercise."

"I did try those old breathing-exercises and all the arm movements for twenty minutes this morning," persisted Polly dolefully, "and I didn't feel a bit better."

"Well, if you looked like that when you did them, it's no wonder the frowns counteracted all the good of the exer-

cise," declared the doctor. "Why don't you smile? A smile stirs the blood. Try it." She seized Polly's arm and shook it roughly. "Try it—you little goose," she murmured.

Polly grinned sheepishly at first; then broadly, as the humor of the situation struck her; then she giggled outright at the doctor's comical parody of herself.

"There now!" exclaimed the doctor, satisfied. "Keep that expression and I'll go on with my talk.

"In the first place," she advised brightly, "when you feel an attack of the blues coming on, go straight to a mirror and force yourself to smile. There is nothing so blood-stirring as a smile; and nothing so absolutely poison-infesting to the whole system as a frown. Worry, anxiety, fright, or any extreme excitement of an unhappy nature has a depressing effect on digestion, not only in the stomach, but also in the intestines. The whole nervous system may be involved by a frown. And once you become a victim of nervous dyspepsia, there is small hope for your beauty.

*"Cheerfulness is the greatest conservator of beauty known to science—greater than any tonic or complexion-salve ever invented. And cheerfulness is merely the ability to project the mind*

onto some pleasant subject, to 'look on the bright side of things.' And it can be cultivated. Once you have compelled your mind to turn from an unhappy thought and fix itself continuously upon a happy one, you will be surprised to see how easy it can be done a second time. Soon you will fairly tingle with the consciousness of self-mastery.

"One of the greatest physicians of this century, Doctor William Pepper, possessed this power of mental detachment to such an extent that he could put himself to sleep at will, at any hour of the day or night, in the midst of the most pressing business cares, and wake up at the appointed moment. Great or small responsibilities never ruffled him. As a consequence, he looked at the age of sixty-five barely thirty-two.

"I often think that a good answer to those women who write so despairingly to a beauty doctor—women who have allowed their feelings to slump into



"I'M AS HOMELY AS A RHINOCEROS, ANYHOW, AND BEAUTY LECTURES DON'T DO A BIT OF GOOD."

blues with easy regularity three or four times a week: 'Oh, what shall I do for wrinkles?'—a good answer would be to send them the picture of a Chinaman. Did you ever see 'sagging lines' on the face of a Chinaman, or of a Jap, or of any of those Buddhist races, whose religion has taught them for generations to repress the outward expression of their emotions? The *placid* face of the Oriental is a stereotyped expression. And you can't guess the age of him to save your life, with any degree of certainty, if he's between twelve and forty-five.

"But apart from the question of the devastating effect upon your looks of giving way to bad feelings is the thought that it is the height of ill manners so to do. A certain Greek proverb speaks of a woman who goes about retailing her troubles by mouth or by manner as 'polluting the air of the morning with corruption.' The Greeks didn't mince words, you see, when it came to politeness. And, really, you can't deny

the aptness of the words when you think of some of those people who want to pose as gentle martyrs and make a tombstone of themselves.

"You know the girl who likes to be told that her eyes are sad. She cultivates the Madonna-like expression. She thinks it adds to the effect if she can make the inside ends of her eyebrows lift slightly when she laughs, giving a 'brave,' pained look. She wants the *tremolo*, not in voice, but in face. She might affect it in voice, too, if it weren't straining art a little too hard.

"Women who think that this pose is attractive make a big mistake. It might have been once, to a driving poet. Flesh-and-blood men like cheerfulness; so do sane women.

Buoyancy of spirit is the most valuable social asset a girl can have. Have you ever studied, actually studied, the manner of the girl who is popular—the girl who isn't especially pretty, I mean, but who wins by something entirely apart from clothes or money or looks? She is



"THE FRENCH COURT BEAUTIES WERE FAMOUS FOR THEIR CHARM."

almost invariably cheerful. She meets people with a gay little smile, and enters into their interests with a happy abandon that is as unselfish as it is sincere. She laughs, she flutters, she enjoys—and she *means* it all.

"This is getting very near to charm," asserted the doctor. "And charm," she added with a wise little smile, "is the quintessence of all that is beautiful in woman, the ultimate goal of all social strivings."

"What *is* charm?" queried Polly, deeply impressed.

"Ah! that is the great conundrum," replied the doctor oracularly. "Many philosophers in many ages have asked the same question, and none can answer. Charm is the mystery of mysteries, deeper than the Sphinx, more subtle than reason, more powerful than armies. It has made kingdoms and wrecked nations; spread religions and spoiled families. It has raised peasant girls to the rank of queens, and made scamps into kings. Most of the heroic figures of history have been distinguished by it. With all his boorishness, Oliver Cromwell must have possessed charm to a dangerous degree. Napoleon had it; Richelieu had it; Louis XIV. had it; Cleopatra certainly had it; and the French court beauties were famous for it. (Some of them were homely as mud, too!)

"Yet charm defies definition. It baffles every effort of the psychologist to catalogue it. It may bide for one in the lilt of a voice, for another in the flutter of an eyelid, for another in the gesture of a hand. It is never the same, never constant, but whimsical, elusive, ineffable. It is a quality of the spirit that infuses into the most ordinary action, soul and magnetism. Indeed we cannot tell what it is, but we recognize it instantly when a woman who possesses it comes before us. There is something in her manner—a fire, a sparkle, a constant change—that entralls us. There is contradiction, and at the same time perfect harmony, the blending of lightness with depth, frivolity with earnestness, abandon with reserve. Above all, there is ease, per-

fect poise, and intelligence. A beautiful woman with charm is a gift of the gods; but a homely one so blessed can make us utterly oblivious to her blemishes.

"Unfortunately, charm is not goodness. The old-fashioned story-books, indeed, would have had us believe that good little girls were always besieged by lovers and ended by marrying the prince with the golden chariot. But it was not long before we found out that goodness had nothing to do with it. It is not that the possession of virtue detracts—far from it! But the 'well-meaning' woman is too often the bungling woman through stupidity, or the repellent woman through austerity or self-righteousness, or the overbearing woman through conceit.

"Charm cannot exist where these qualities exist to excess: conceit, selfishness or self-consciousness.

"The first essential of charm is *a sincere desire to please*. And this is to *forget oneself* absolutely in doing for others. The girl who wants to please will not go about complimenting people with sledge-hammer intensity, for that would be gush, and gush is the most insulting of affectations. But she will begin by trying sincerely to *like* people, and to show this liking as much as possible. If you like a person, everything he does will appear in a favorable light.

"She will begin by studying people and adapting herself graciously to their preferences. She will humor the whims of older people and show them respect; she will enthuse with young people and draw them out on their favorite theme—if they have any; she will help the bashful to feel at ease, and never let them suspect that she thinks for a moment they are bashful; and she will be always gently civil to the obnoxious and the bold.

"The girl who wants to please will be *constantly alert to the comfort of others*. No crises of company will ever catch her napping. She will know when to make an introduction and when to *avert* one by a clever manipulation of chairs; she will know whom to ask to sing and whom *not* to, when a refusal would in-



"SHE WILL HUMOR THE WHIMS OF OLDER PEOPLE AND SHOW THEM RESPECT."

volve an embarrassing explanation; she will know how to bring the conversation around to some one's happy anecdote so that the recital will not seem forced, and how to steer it away from some one's pet aversion so that his feelings may be spared. She will never forget to include a newcomer into a group with a generously worded 'We were just speaking of—' And she will never—no, *never!*—drag in a compliment by the hair of its head for the mere sake of complimenting.

"At all times she will study how to save as well as to show off her friends. She will *not* remark, for instance, after some one has told a burglar-story, that it reminds her of one of Miss Jones'

sprightly anecdotes, and 'Oh, Miss Jones, *won't* you relate that remarkably clever story of yours about the robbery of your grandmother's diamonds?' But she *may* say, apropos of the same story: 'Why, that's something like the exciting time you had in *your* house, isn't it, Miss Jones? How did you say that man got into the house? Through the scuttle was it?' And thereupon Miss J. is launched easily and inconspicuously upon the recital of a dramatic tale, which gives her much joy in the telling.

"Of such repressions and shades of feeling is tact made up. True tact is never studied or premeditated, although it does require brains and intuition to

accomplish it. It takes effort, too, but not the positive labor that some misguided persons are wont to imagine they have to put into it. On the contrary, the moment tact becomes labored, it ceases to be tact and becomes rudeness.

"I know a woman who works awfully hard to remember the pet ambitions and accomplishments of her friends, and thinks she has pleased them when she introduces them in this fashion:

"'Mr. Brown, here is my friend, Miss White, who writes such cute poetry. I know you'll think she's the *cleverest* thing you ever met'; or 'Miss Barker, let me present Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams, you know, is a *direct* descendant of

John Quincy Adams and his mother is a great grandniece of George Washington'; or 'General, here is that pretty little niece of Colonel Bray's I told you about. Now *hasn't* she nice eyes? —There, there! my dear, don't blush—you know you *have* nice eyes'; and so on, down the list of her acquaintances with elephantine pleasantry.

"I know another woman who paves the way for the comfort of both persons before an introduction with a few well-chosen words; and then leaves a brilliant author, for example, with some such gentle railery as: 'Now don't roar too loud—she is very much afraid of literary lions,' or better, perhaps, with merely a bow and a smile.

"Some simple-minded folk think they



"SHE WILL KNOW WHOM TO ASK TO SING AND WHOM NOT TO."



"OF COURSE ALL OF US CANNOT HAVE A LINE OF BLUE-BLOODED ANCESTORS BACK OF US."

exhibit admirable manners when they make use of certain funny little frayed-out conversational devices, such as, tacking on a deferential 'As you say'—to an observation, or repeating reflectively the last three words of their vis-à-vis' statements. They think it conveys an impression of intense interest and approval. In reality it only insults the intelligence of the hearer. For no one less untutored than a backwoodsman would be taken in by such obvious

stock tricks. The machinery of tact must never show itself.

"Another fatal mistake is to overdo in an effort to be kind. I know a woman who, while entertaining as her guest a maiden lady of doubtful age but youthful pretensions, sought to save her feelings by pointedly diverting the conversation whenever it came near the subject of ages as well as by tabooing the term 'old maid' so carefully that every one was aware of the purpose. An-

other woman with more insight would have offered the lady the delicate compliment of allowing the ignominious term to go unchallenged in perfect assurance that no one's toes were being trod on.

"Necessities for charm, therefore, are a desire to please, intelligence and naturalness. To this may be added adaptability, although this is really included in the first two qualities.

"Naturalness and kindness are everywhere distinctive qualities of the thoroughbred woman. The true aristocrat is never haughty, overbearing or condescending to those she considers or wishes to consider her inferiors. It is only the *bourgeoise*, who is coming up from the ranks of the toilers—those who have had to fight and fight hard for existence—that bears these hall-marks of the struggle in her manners. The woman who is the daughter of several generations of established position and culture shows the effect of her sheltered, peaceful life in her gentle, kindly attitude toward all mankind.

"The gracious Southern woman is the oft-mentioned example of this royal grace of bearing. And, indeed, she seems to exhibit in her greeting a warmth that is nowhere so tender and so exquisite as in the South. She possesses that adorable faculty of making a guest seem to be the only center of interest. His remarks are listened to with delight, his opinions are sought, his slightest wish anticipated. As a consequence, he finds himself blossoming

out into unknown brilliancy. He shows the best side of himself. Hospitality that can make a man or woman feel like this is an art. It is certainly far more to be imitated than the mere gaudy display of clothes, food, and lackeys that hospitality has come to mean in so many wealthy homes to-day. It is the *personal interest* that counts in every social encounter; and when that is present, little else is really necessary.

"The person who thinks he can *buy* this kind of culture and charm is woefully mistaken.

"Of course all of us cannot have a line of blue-blooded ancestors back of us, to insure 'doing the right thing' with the same ease that we butter our bread; nor can any of us be sure that we possess the requisite amount of brilliancy always to comprehend perfect tact; but we can all be natural and we can all, at least, be kind in meeting others socially; and these two qualities will go a great way toward making us beloved by our neighbors and in developing *charm*."

The beauty doctor paused here as if she meant to say more, but was very tired, and Polly interposed to say that it was almost tea-time, and they had better postpone the rest of the talk to another day.

"Very well," agreed the little doctor, "only I am very anxious to discuss at length another vital quality of charm and good breeding in woman, and that is the voice. I shall hope to take up this subject next time."

NOTE.—Miss Augustine will be glad to answer, free of charge, all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health which do not require the professional advice of a physician. Private replies will be sent to those enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address: Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York.





## What the Editor Has to Say

FIFTY years ago the well-nurtured young woman who so much as dreamed of earning her own living, except at school-teaching and needle-work, was regarded as more or less of a freak. To-day the woman who does not give the subject serious thought is an exception to the general rule. Then the only career for a woman was marriage. To-day there is still marriage and giving in marriage, but it is safe to say that a very large proportion of the younger generation of girls have thoughts, if not of a career for themselves, at least of some gainful occupation which shall fill in the time that usually elapses between the graduation-day and the wedding-day.

EVERY woman who reads this is interested more or less in the problem of woman's work, which is becoming a bigger problem every year. If you do not earn your own living or help to earn it, you are thinking of doing so, or your daughter is, or perhaps your sister. In SMITH'S for next month Anne O'Hagan will discuss the problem for you in what we regard as one of the most important articles we have ever published. The tendency of women to seek work outside of the domestic sphere has far-reaching results. In many cases women are crowding men out of employments that have hitherto been regarded as men's prerogative. Everywhere the life of the typical American home has been changed ma-

terially by this new phase of our social and industrial development. In the article to appear next month Miss O'Hagan has set forth facts that should be read by every woman in the country—that none of you can afford to miss.

MISS O'HAGAN is exceptionally fitted to write an article of this kind. In the first place, in her own chosen work she is a conspicuous and shining success, a woman who has found her career in life and achieved in it usefulness and distinction. Her work as a writer has taken her among and into intimate acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of women; the kind that work and the kind that don't work, the kind that succeed and the kind that fail. She has been given a broader and deeper insight into the modern world of work and business than ninety-nine women out of a hundred can ever hope for. The article which appears next month is the result of wide observation, ripe experience and real sympathy. It is as entertaining as it is worth while.

IN opening her article Miss O'Hagan propounds the question: "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in the shape of disliked domestic duties, a small and haphazard allowance from one's father and straightened cir-

cumstances generally, or to take arms against this sea of trouble by enrolling oneself in the army of wage-earners?" She answers the question in a way that will interest every one, and goes on to other considerations. If a girl decides that she is going to work, how must she behave? "What shall she eat; what shall she wear; shall she remember at all times that she is a woman, or at all times forget the fact; shall she treat her fellow employees of the masculine gender, and especially her employer, with an hauteur like that of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, or shall she accord them the ordinary civilities of human intercourse?" These are all interesting questions, and the discussion of them, with its kindly sympathy, its wisdom and wit, is still more interesting.

trated with over a dozen new photographs of the singer in various rôles. In addition to this, music-lovers will be delighted with the third article by Rupert Hughes on American music.



**M**ONTE CARLO and Paris are the places visited by Beatrice Marsh in the May instalment of Mrs. John Van Vorst's "Letters From an American Girl Abroad." They are described vivaciously in a letter which also contains an account of some of the other characters mentioned in earlier papers. The second of the series, "Judith: Solver of Mysteries," will also appear in the May number of the magazine. In this story the girl detective has before her the task of finding the missing heir to a large fortune.



**N**EXT month's complete novel is by Adeline Knapp, and has the title "In a Far Country." The principal character is an American girl who goes to the Philippines as a teacher and finds herself ultimately in a cholera-stricken district. The lawyer who is in love with the girl and who follows her to the islands is an interesting and attractive figure, and the whole picture of American life in our colonial possessions is strong in its realism and fascination.



**N**EXT month's magazine will contain an intimate sketch of the work and personality of Emma Eames, the singer. The article is illus-

**T**HE STORY OF DELAWARE," which appears in the May SMITH's, tells how the State fell under the control of a gang of politicians, how it was used as their tool and plaything for a number of years, and how it finally regained its integrity and freedom. It is a fact-story as interesting as any fiction ever written. Holman F. Day's story, "Per Consetena Tate," which appears next month, is as funny as anything he has ever written. Charles Battell Loomis' sermon, "Concerning Addition," has a lesson in it for every one, and Wallace Irwin's new poem is something no one can afford to miss.



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At \$ 8.00 per acre	\$191.70	\$ 65.26 and nine installments of \$160.00
At 9.00 "	215.70	72.46
At 10.00 "	239.70	81.66
At 11.00 "	263.70	90.86
At 12.00 "	287.60	97.96
At 13.00 "	311.55	106.10
At 14.00 "	335.40	114.32
At 15.00 "	359.50	122.44

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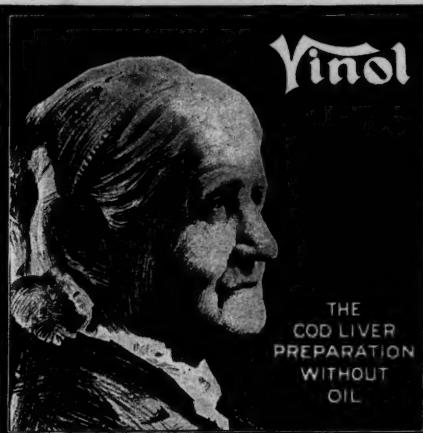


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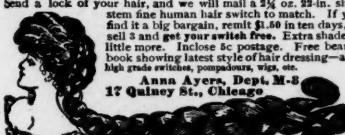
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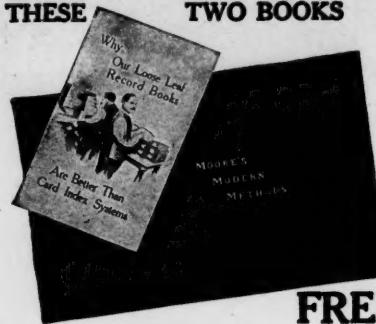
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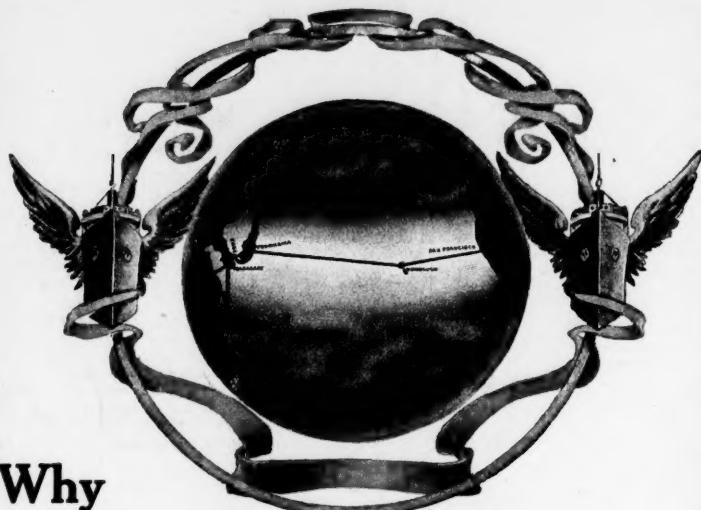
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